HAMILTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
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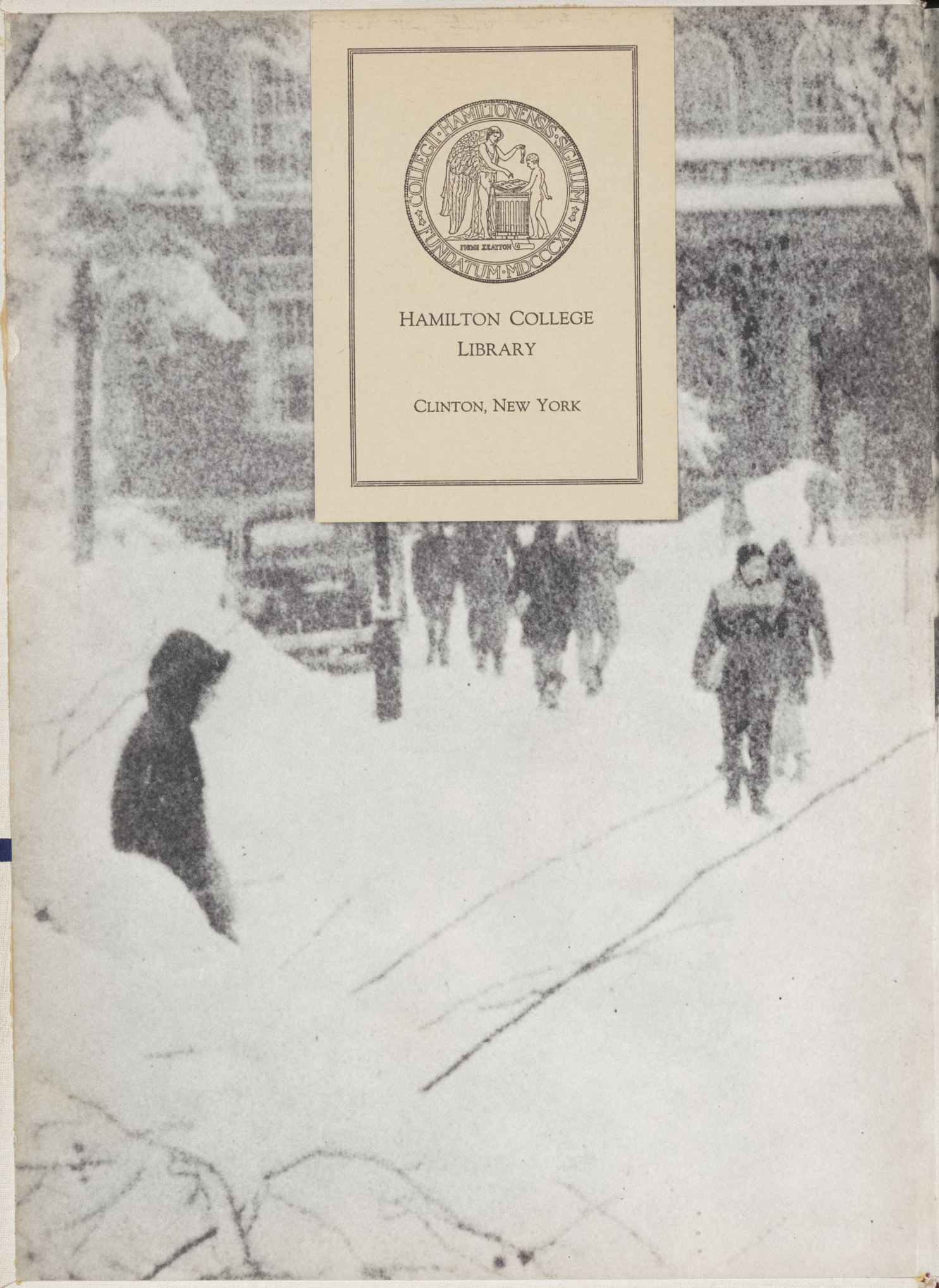
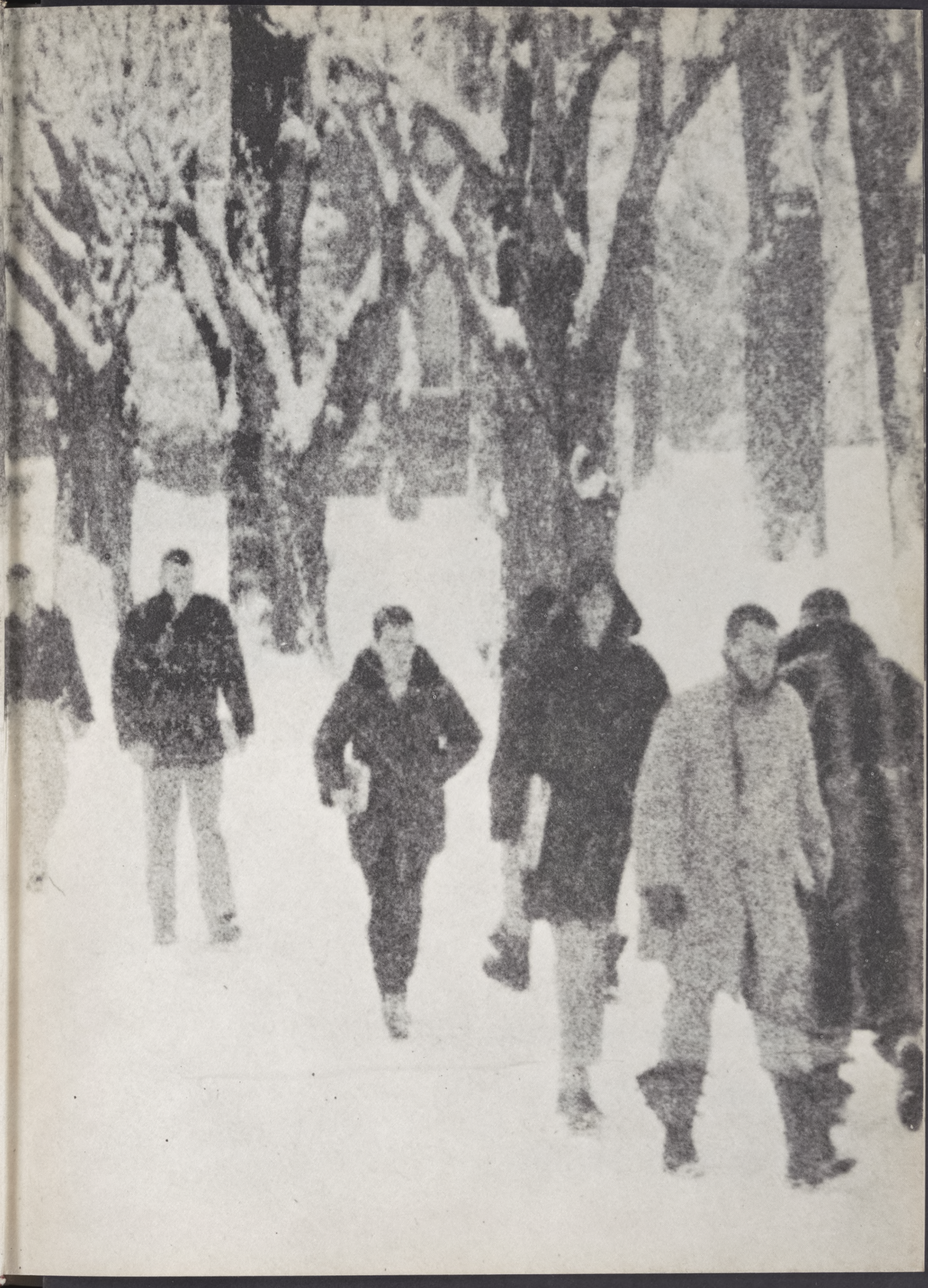
hamiltonian

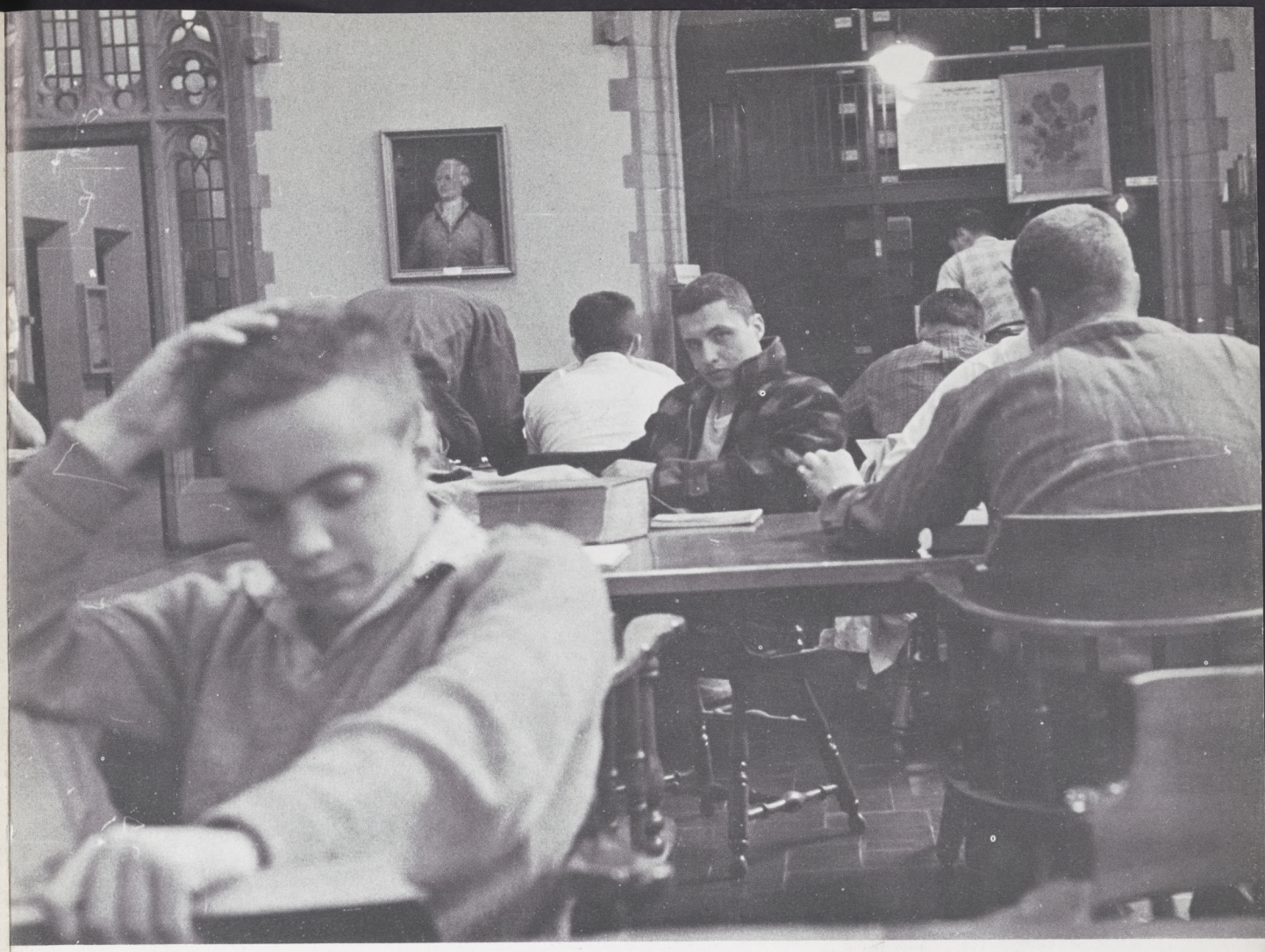
1958



HAMILTON COLLEGE
LIBRARY

CLINTON, NEW YORK





the class of
nineteen fifty-eight
hamilton college
clinton, new york

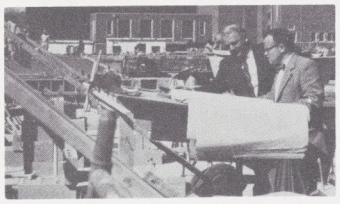
hamiltonian

1958

published by
hamilton college student publications

haskell e. s. rhett — editor-in-chief
gilbert l. fuld — business manager

contents



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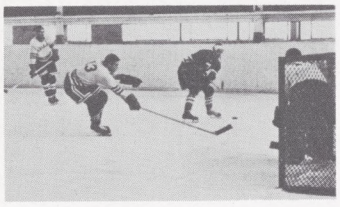

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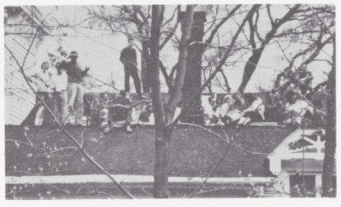
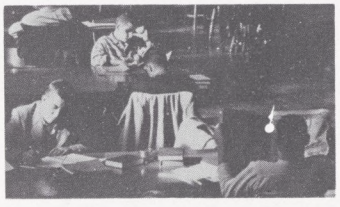


social 90



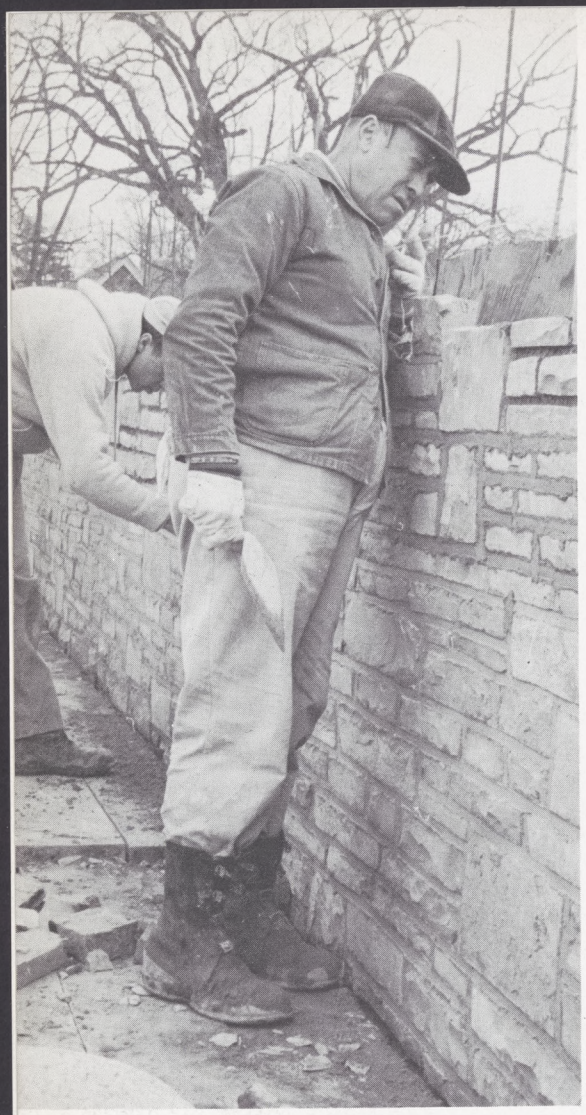
seniors 116

advertising 164

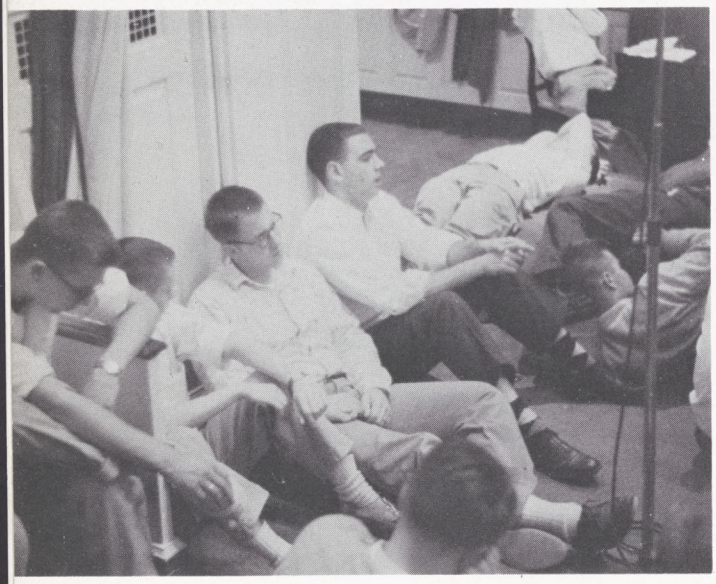
this book is gratefully dedicated to

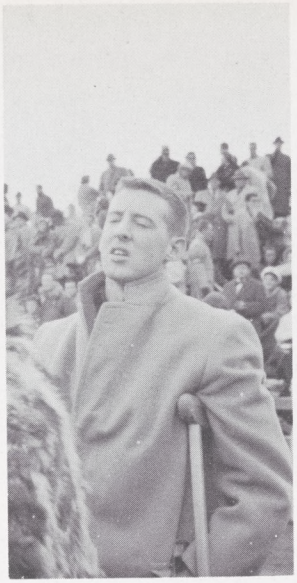
Robert Barnes Rudd

who, in forty-one years of teaching on the hill, has guided generations of hamilton men to the world of the beauty which is truth.

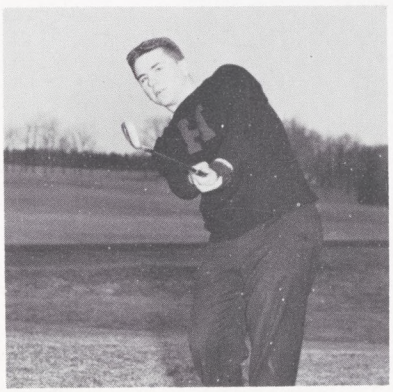


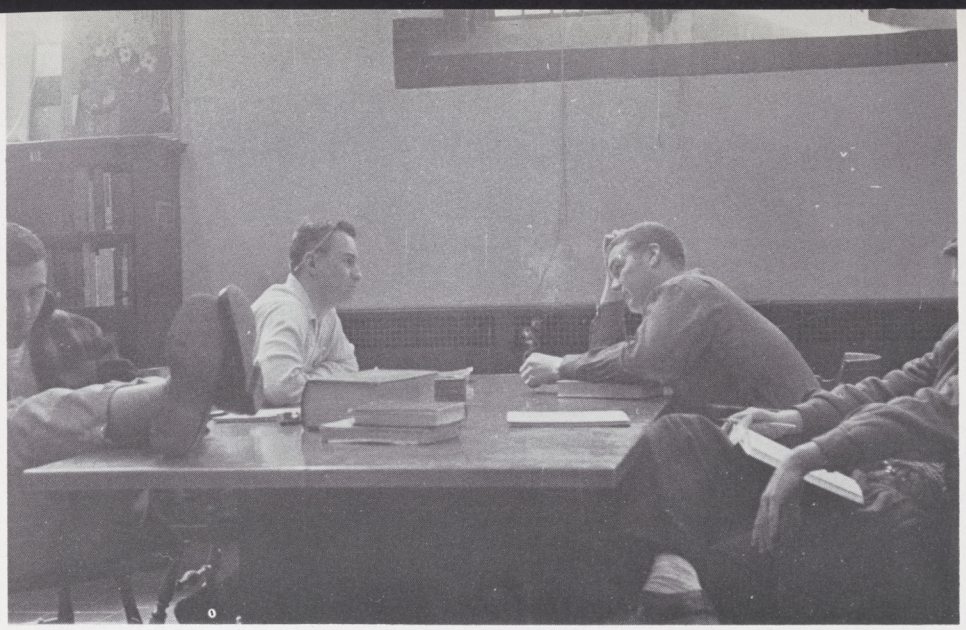
Looking back, we can see that this year on the Hill was composed of many things. The faces on these pages reflect the moments which pass so quickly, but are remembered through life as Hamilton College, 1958. *We see in these faces the freshman's nervous anticipation of a blind date, the fatigue of a choir session, the exultation of the traditional tug-of-war . . . football came, and with it pajama-clad rallyers, torches, and the determination of the valiant marching band . . .*

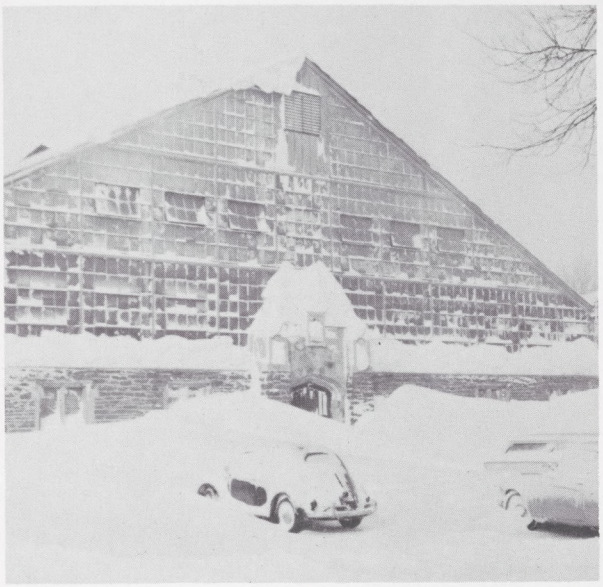


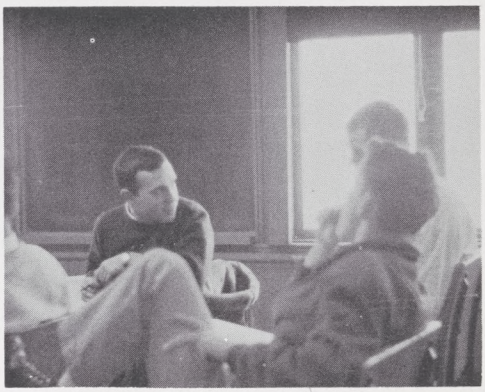


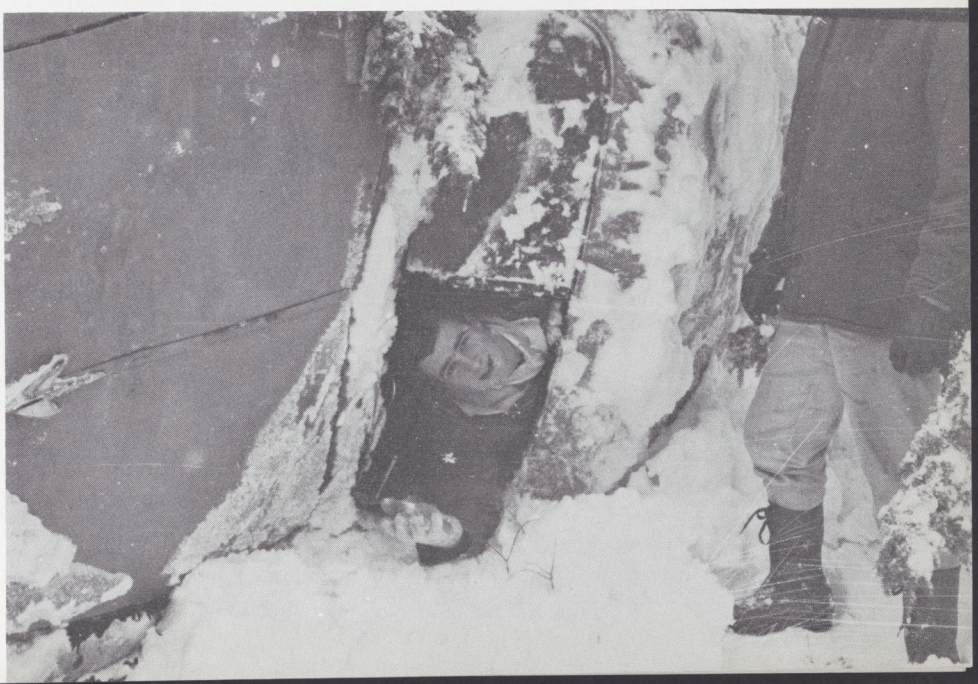
the faces in the stands reveal the spirit of the game . . . the exhortations of an alumnus, the martyred stare of the date who is freezing in stony silence, the terrible agony of a fumble . . . the new dorm was being hewn into shape, and the clinking of the stone chisels soon became a familiar sound . . . and classes brought out gestures, problems, friendships . . . and it was winter . . .



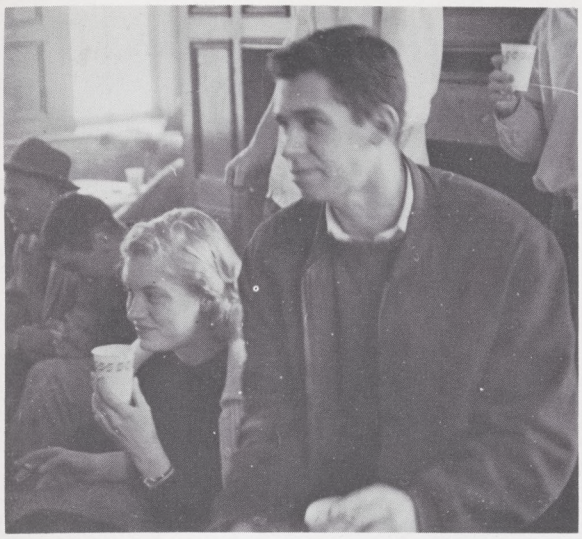




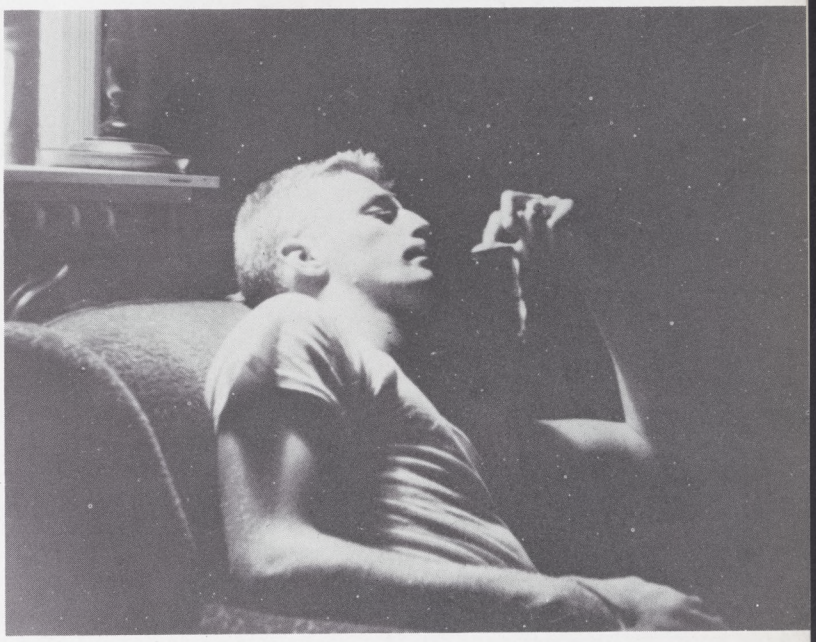


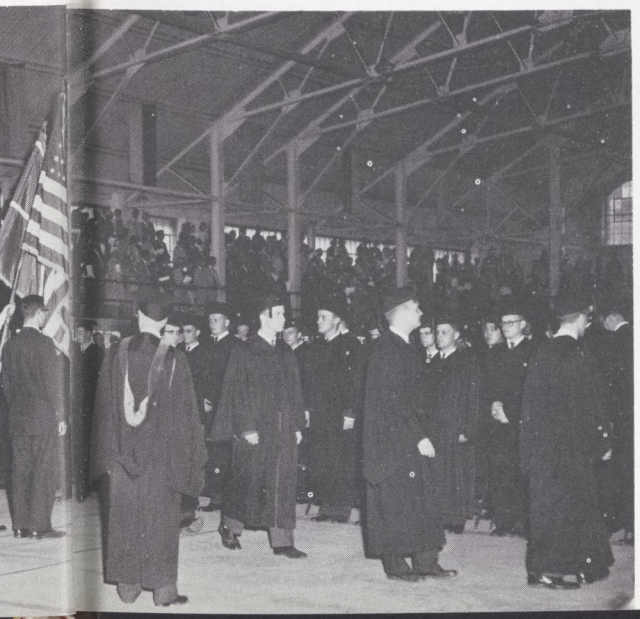


winter brought not only snow and more snow, but also the exhausted dejection of a losing hockey game, the concentration of snow-sculpting, the enthrallment of a concert rehearsal . . . hell week inspired stoic barbarianism . . . some shared pleasures, some memories . . .



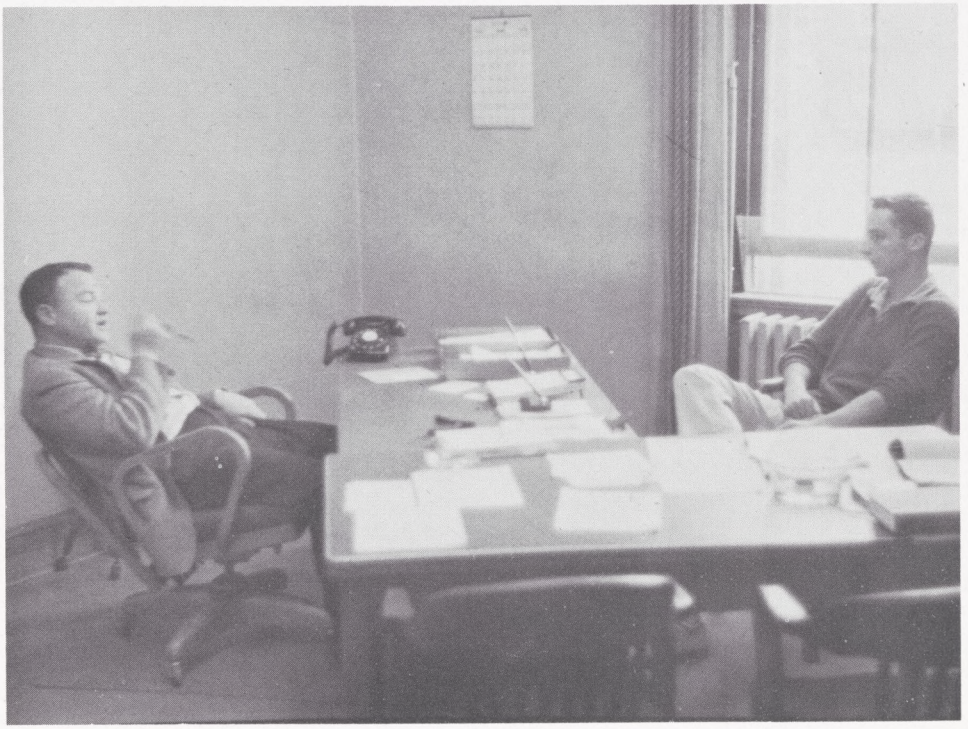
at long last spring arrived, albeit cautiously, and the campus became alive with tossed and trampled bodies, jazz, crocquet, frisbees . . . the year was waning now, and the splendid moments of Class & Charter Day were soon followed by the erection of the hallowed beer tent and the dignity of Commencement . . . the year, our year, was gone forever, only to be remembered by those who shared it . . .

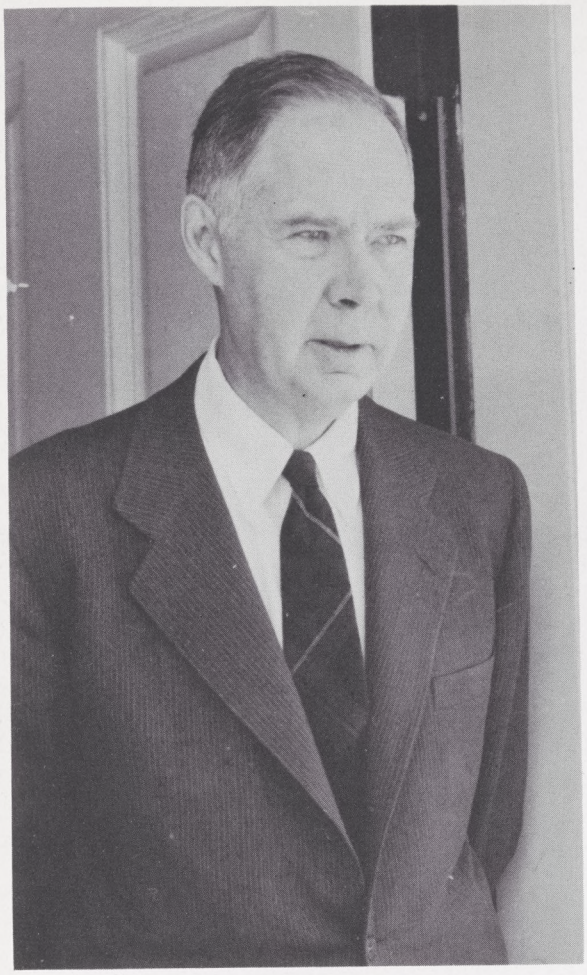




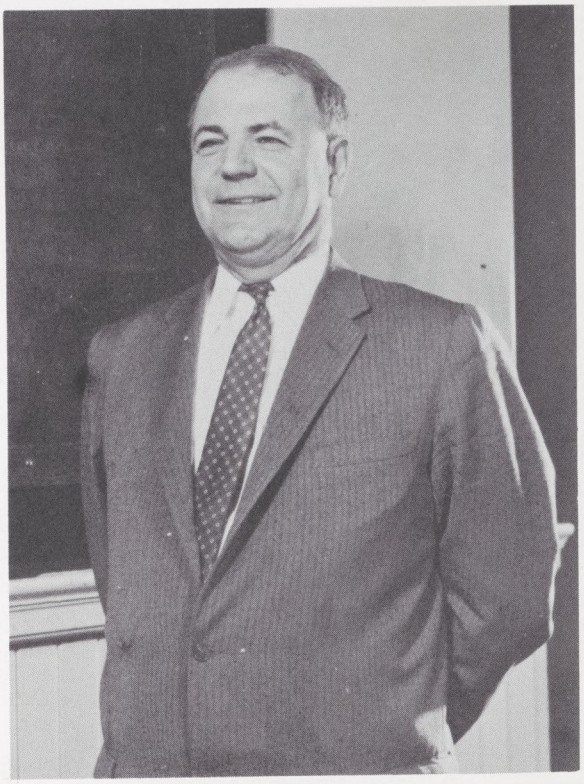
administration

F.D.





President Robert W. McEwen, A.B., B.D., A.M., L.H.D., Litt. D., Ph.D. Ll.D.



Dean Winton Tolles, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

Willard F. Prior, B.A., M.A., *Assistant Secretary of Admissions*

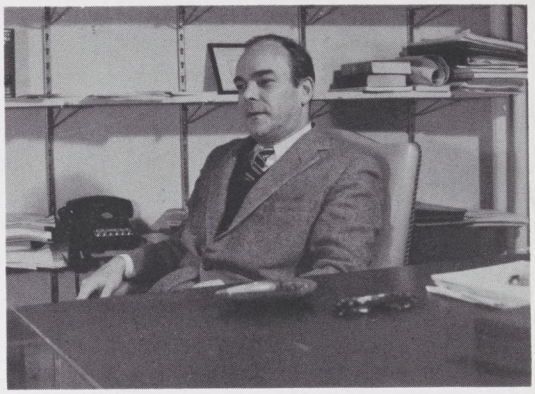
Norman G. Lewis
Assistant Business Manager

Sidney Wertimer, Jr., B.S., A.M., Ph.D.
Associate Dean

Walter Pilkington, A.B., A.M., *Librarian*

Herbert Hansen, A.B.,
Assistant to the President

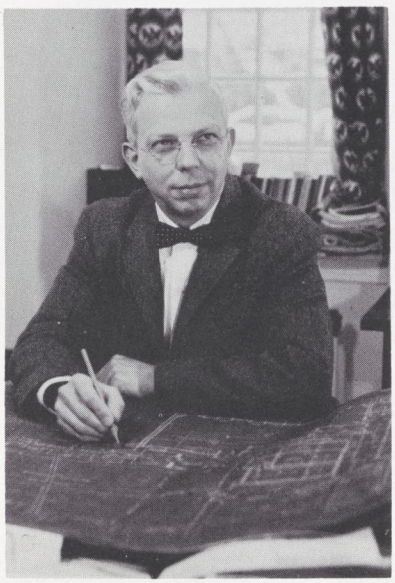
Colin F. Miller, A.M., B.D.,
Dean of the Chapel



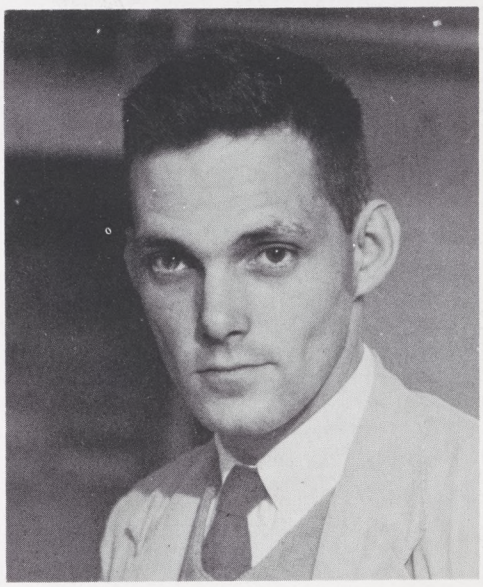
Sidney B. Bennett, A.B., *Secretary of Admissions*

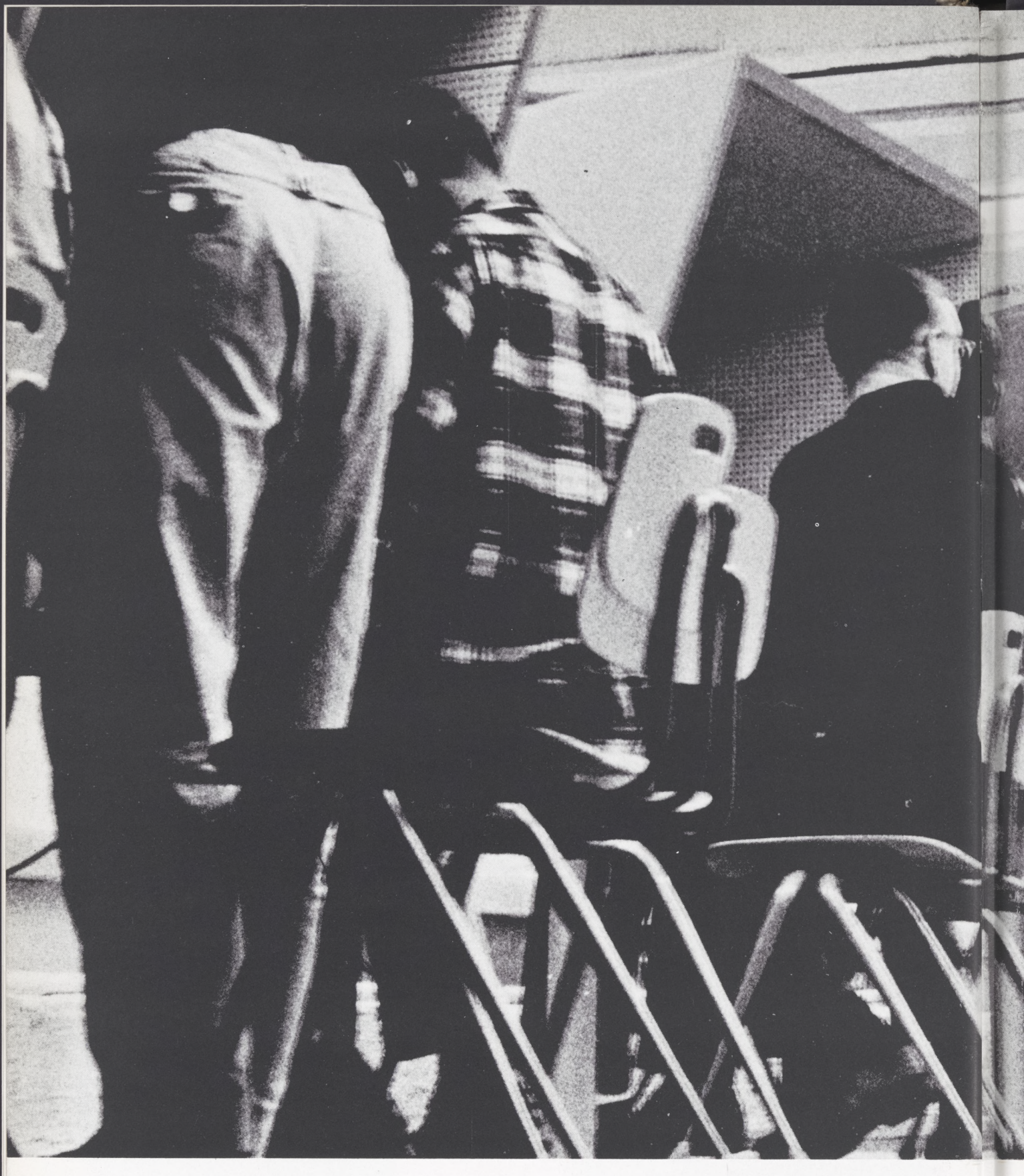
Wallace B. Johnson, Ph.B.,
Secretary of the College

Charles B. Sears, LL.B.,
Business Manager



Nelson C. Hyde, Jr. A.B.,
Director of Public Relations





faculty

ENGLISH: Robert B. Rudd, A.B., A.M., Hamilton B. Tompkins Professor of English Literature; Dwight N. Lindley, A.B., A.M.; George L. Nesbitt, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Jascha F. Kessler, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

ANTHROPOLOGY AND HISTORY: *Seated*: Earl W. Count, A.B., B.D., Ph.D.; Edgar B. Graves, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. *Standing*: David M. Ellis, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Professor of American History on the P. V. Rogers Foundation; William D. Starnes, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

ENGLISH: Austin E. Briggs, Jr., A.B., A.M.; Thomas C. Pinney, A.B.; David S. Perry, A.B., A.M.; Thomas McN. Johnston, B.S., A.M., Ph.D.

GERMAN AND SPANISH: *Standing*: Otto K. Liedke, A.M., Ph.D., Munson Professor of the German Language and Literature; Robert M. Browning, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. *Seated*: Karl C. Gregg, A.B., A.M.; Leo Martinez, B.S., A.M.

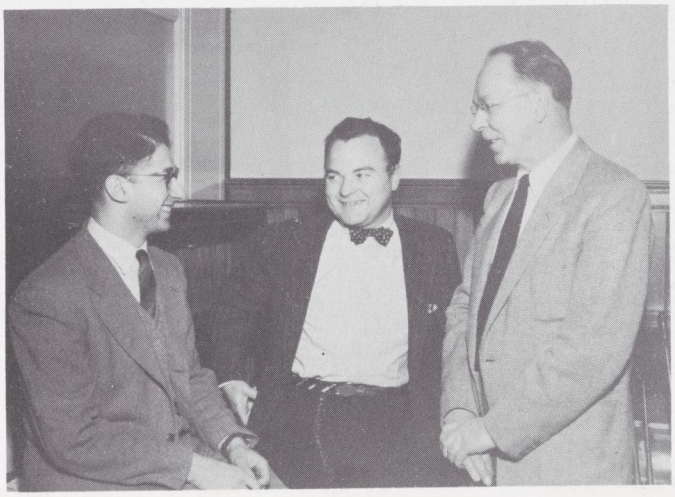
MUSIC AND ART: Berrian R. Shute, Institute of Musical Art; James Penney, B.F.A.; John L. Baldwin, Jr., Associate, American Guild of Organists; Paul Parker, A.B., A.M.

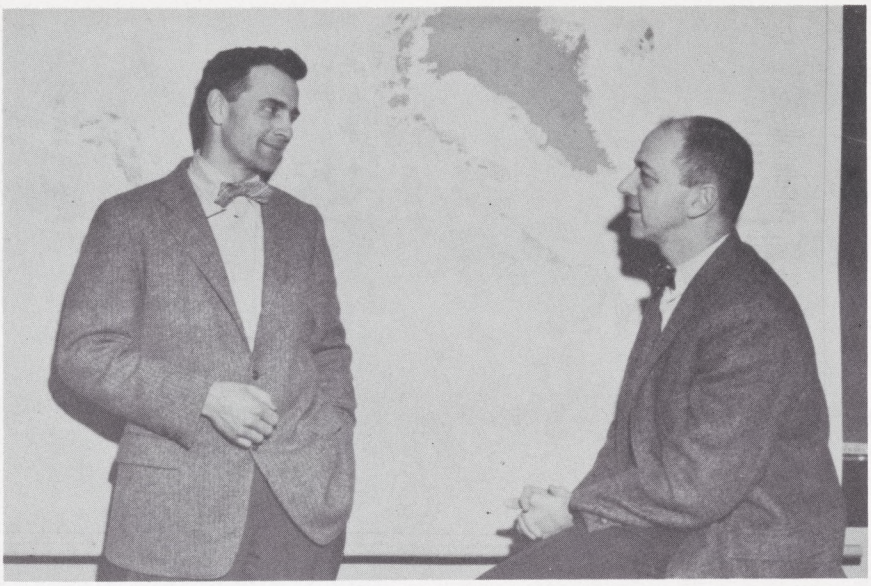
PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION: John H. Jacobson, Jr., A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Colin F. Miller, A.M., B.D.; John W. Blyth, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; John Stewart Kennedy Professor of Philosophy; Russell T. Blackwood, III, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

GOVERNMENT: Landon G. Rockwell, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., James S. Sherman Professor of Political Science; Donald H. Riddle, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Edwin C. Hoyt, A.B., LL.B.

CLASSICAL LANGUAGES: John R. Mattingly, A.B., Ph.D., Benjamin-Bates Professor of Latin; Herbert S. Long, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

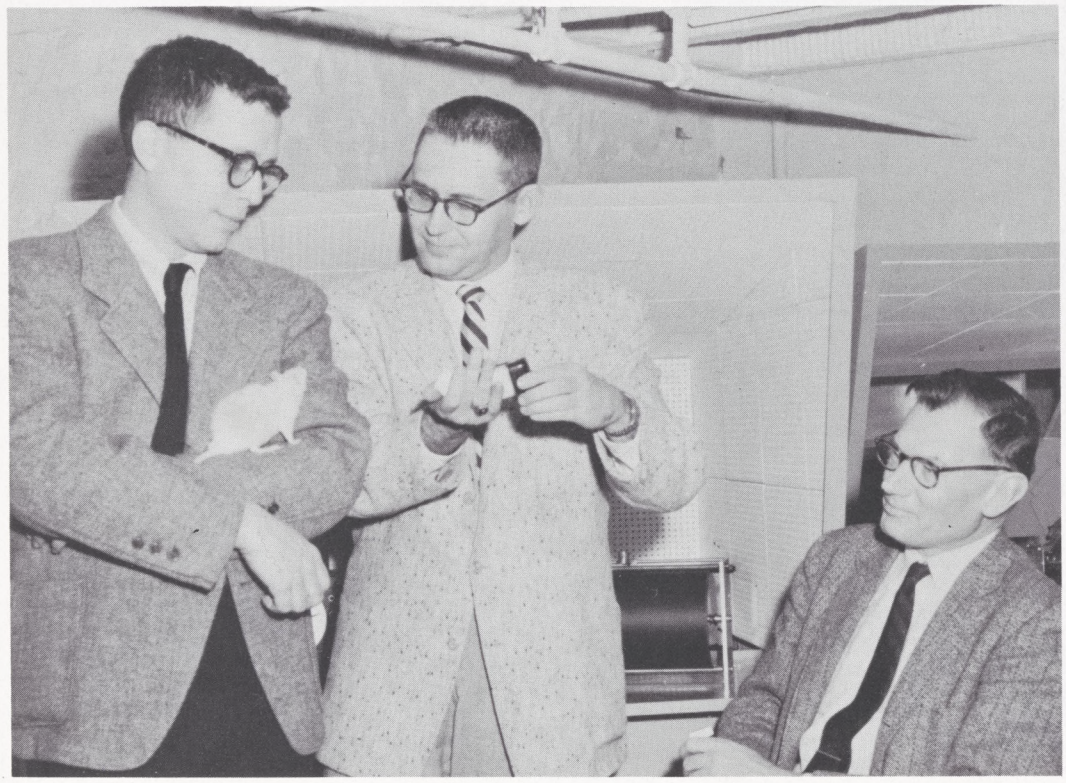
ECONOMICS: Thomas M. Klein, A.B., A.M.; Sidney Wertimer, Jr., B.S., A.M., Ph.D.; John S. Gambs, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Leavenworth Professor of Economics.





GEOLOGY: Donald B. Potter, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; David Hawley, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.

PSYCHOLOGY: William C. Stebbins II, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Robert W. Lundin, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Charles A. Godcharles, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.

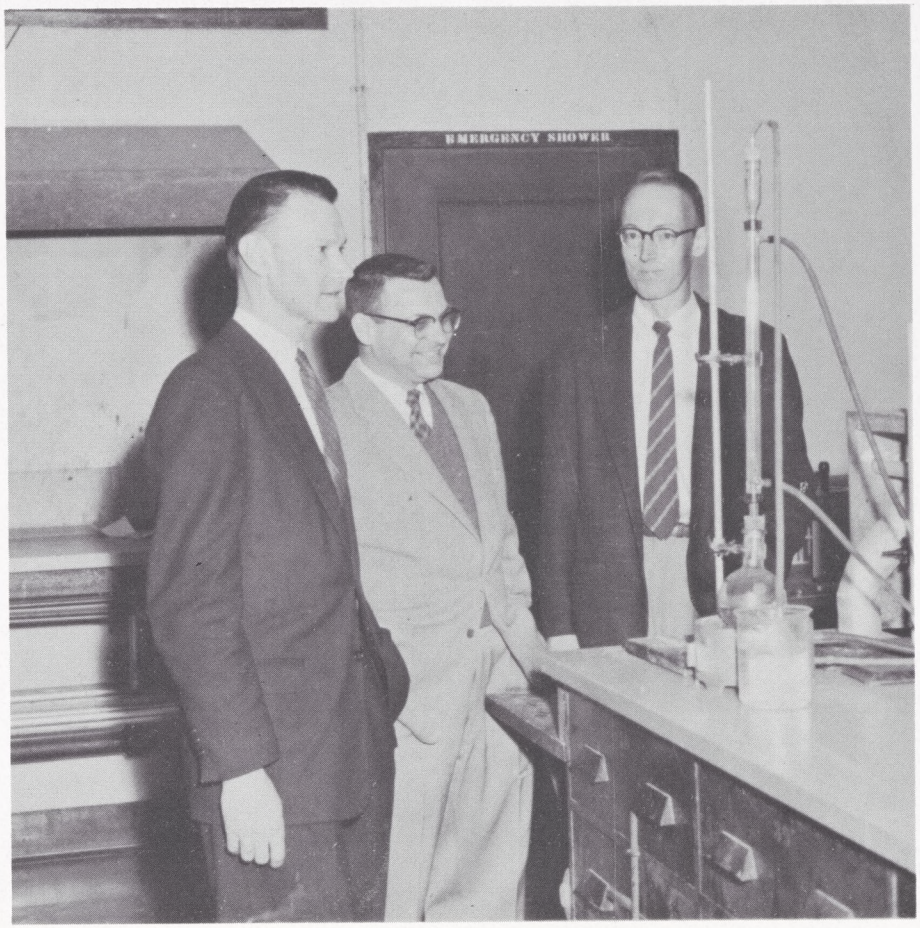


MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS: C. Stanley Ogilvy, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; James W. Ring, A.B.; G. Harvey Cameron, B.Sc., Ph.D.; Brewster H. Gere, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Samuel F. Pratt Professor of Mathematics; George F. Lowerre, A.B.

BIOLOGY: John B. Clark, A.B.; Nicolas J. Gerold, A.B., M.S., Ph.D.; Walter N. Hess, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Stone Professor of Biology.

FRENCH: Lorin A. Uffenbeck, A.B., A.M., Ph.D.; Franklin G. Hamlin, A.B. A.M., D.M.L.; Frank A. Piano, A.B., A.M.; Donald W. Tappan, A.B., A.M.

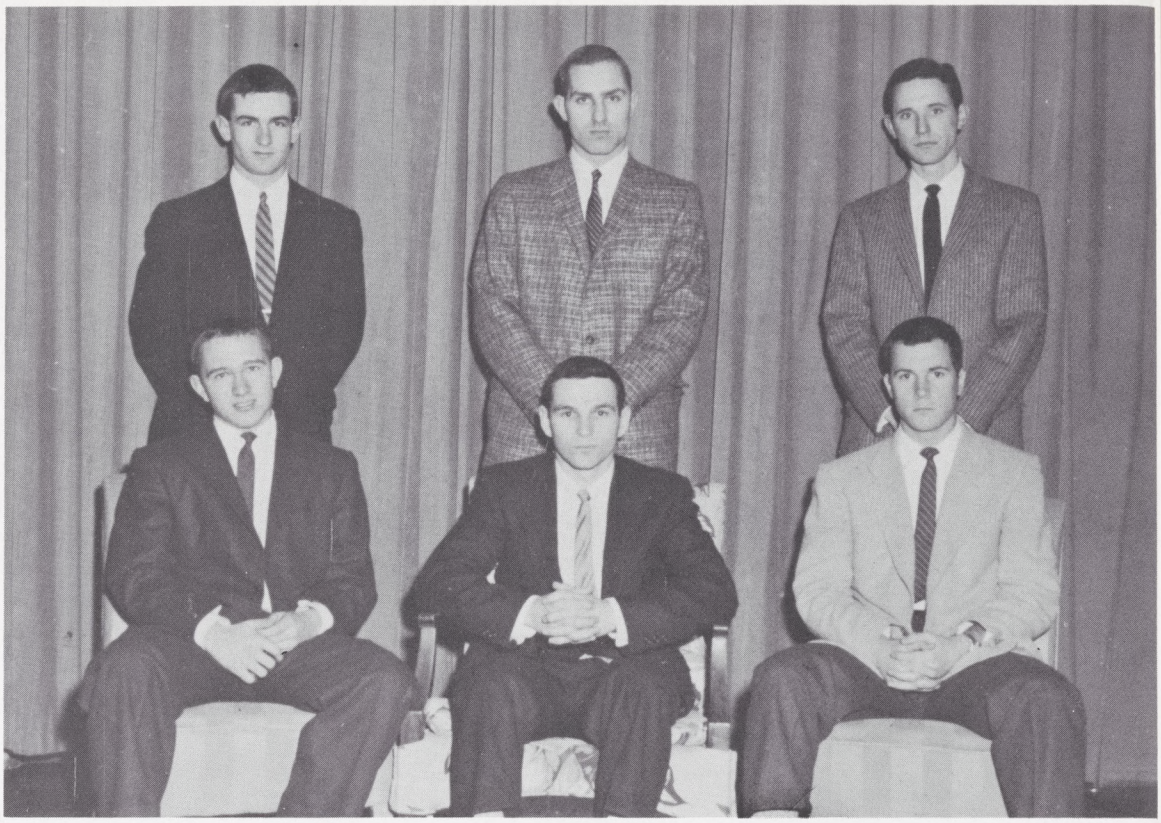
CHEMISTRY: Lawrence K. Yourtee, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.; Donald J. Denney, B.Sc., Ph.D.; Edwin C. Coolidge, A.B., Ph.D.



PUBLIC SPEAKING AND EDUCATION: Robert R. Carson, B.S., A.M.; Willard B. Marsh, A.B., A.M., Upson Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory; James R. McClintock, Jr., A.B.; James F. Hunt, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION: Mox A. Weber, A.B., A.M.; Kenneth S. Patrick, B.S.; Eugene M. Long, B.S.; Charles L. Hunter, B.S.; Gregory J. Batt, A.B.; Donald M. Jones, B.S., A.M.

activities



Front row: Eckerman, Bruck, Melius. *Second row*: Romans, Spencer, Flanagan.

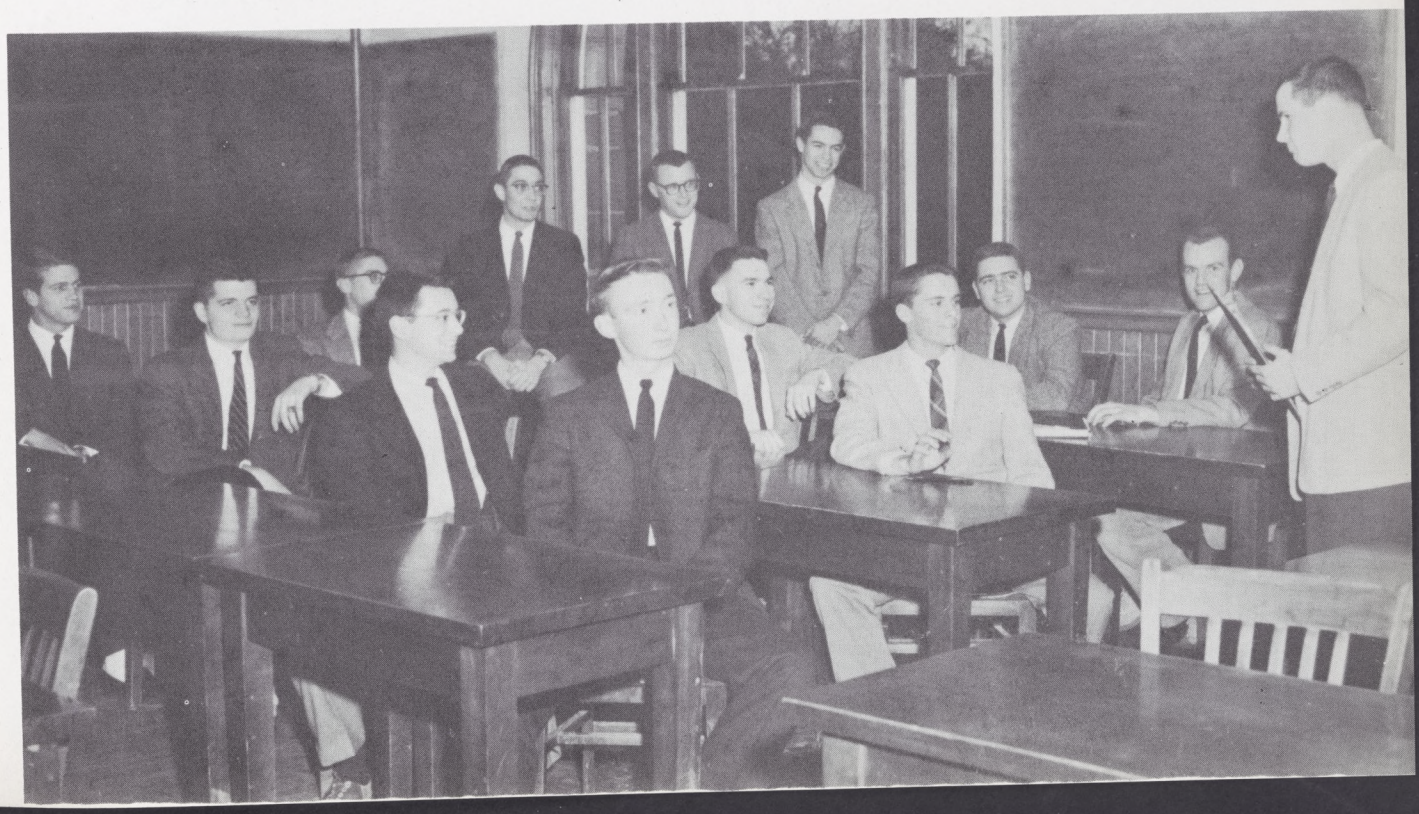
honor court

For almost half a century Hamilton men have governed their conduct in unproctored examinations, their work in English composition and their use of the library by the rules of the student-established Honor Court. The Honor Court continues to judge alleged violations of the traditional concept of individual responsibility for honesty in oral and written work. For members of the upper three classes the penalty for fraud is a recommendation to the Faculty of separation from College; for Freshmen, the recommendation of either suspension or expulsion.

student senate

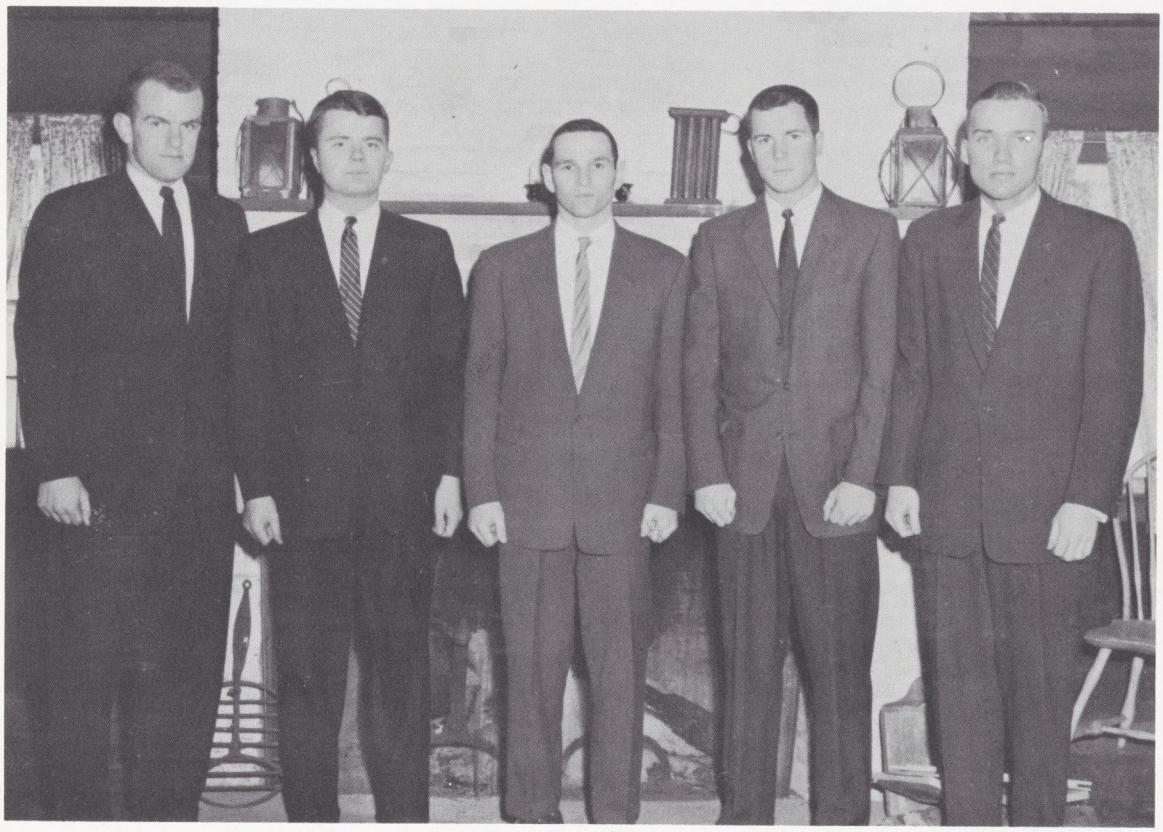
This year a new student government flexed its muscles on the Hamilton campus. The Student Senate, child of both the Student Council and the Interfraternity Council, had replaced its parents. This infant organization first found itself with no philosophy — no definite knowledge of its responsibilities or privileges, its powers or its limitations — and wasn't quite sure just where it was headed. The only course of action possible was to set precedents. So precedents were set, as the youthful student governing body began to legislate on matters ranging from social violations to the budget of the Foreign Film Society. Its maturing was always under the ominous shadow of the Administration, which, of course, could "re-evaluate" any of the Senate's decisions. Nonetheless, the Senate continued, undaunted, though often "re-evaluated," meeting problem after problem, so that next year's Senate will find life just a bit easier. Why? The precedents have been set!

Row one: Hawkes, Ingegno, Walsh, Goetz. *Row two*: Caldwell, Burner, Mattern. *Row three*: Miller, Hooper, Hatch, Scholl, Driscoll, President Melius.



pentagon

senior honorary



Driscoll, McMillan, Bruck, Melius, Hoffman

was los

junior

honorary

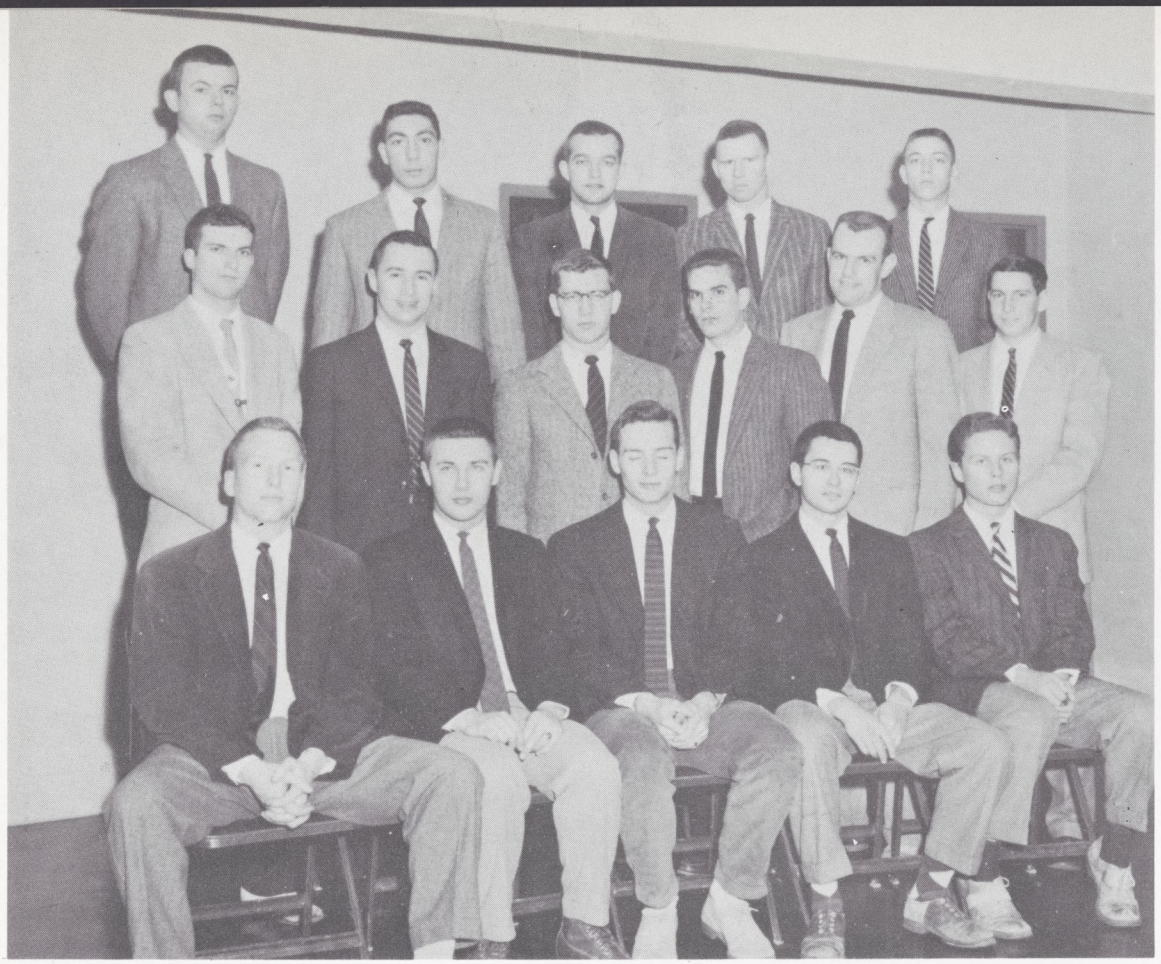
Murdock, Kittell, Spencer, Flanagan, Moore.

d. t.

sophomore

honorary

Row one: Norbeck, Howie, Cornell, Marshall. *Row two*: Downey, Romans, Colton. *Row three*: DiGiulian, Alofs, Jordon.



Row one: President Smelzer, Rickerson, Russell, Walsh, Ward. *Second row*: Stevens, Winiarski, Colton, Watson, Driscoll, Bartlett. *Third row*: Succop, Nicolette, Chapman, Hoyt, Brown.

block "h" club

intramural council

First row: Savage, Logan, Roberts. *Second row*: McLean, Stradling, Barker.

social committee

Chairman Bartlett, Cornell, Putnam, Kittell, Harkrader.

student admissions committee

Chairman Rhett, Allen, Burke, Ward, Smith, T. S., Roberts.

Row One: Winiarski, Kunichika, Graves, Hoffman, McMillan, Billings, Elliott, Andrews. *Row Two*: Langan, Rosen, Englund, Goetz, Leonhardt, Nagy, Sudfield, Ostrander, Newman, Rhett. *Row Three*: Burke, Haug, Logan, Williams, Allen, Schepmoes, Manitsas, Gottovi, Schumann, DeLuca, Feingloss.

spectator

Editor-in-Chief ----------Stephen Hoffman, '58

Associate Editor ----------David McMillan, '58

Associate Editor ----------John Graves, '58

Managing Editor ----------William Billings, '58

News Editor ----------Daniel Murdock, '59

Sports Editor ----------Robert Miller, '58

Feature Editor ----------Thomas Kunichika, '58

Business Manager ----------Gilbert Fuld, '58

Staff Photographer ----Raymond Zimmerman, '59

Circulation Manager -------William Murray, '58

Local Advertising ----------Theodore Smith, '59

National Advertising --------Dudley Hawkes, '58

the 1958 hamiltonian

Meyer, Putnam, Burke, Editor Rhett, Alcorn, Covert, Watson.

Editor-in-Chief _____Haskell E. S. Rhett, '58

Layout Editor _____Christopher W. Covert, '58

Senior Editor _____Kenneth J. Burke, '59

Activities Editor _____Thomas R. Putnam, Jr., '59

Sports Editor _____H. Ward Wettlaufer, '59

Photography Editor _____Terence J. Meyer, '59

Associate Editor _____Penn R. Watson, III, '59

Social Editor _____James McC. Miller, '60

Faculty Editor _____Clayton R. Alcorn, Jr., '60

Chaitman, Gillespie, Stevens, Editor.

continental

First row: Dungan, Parker. *Second row*: Burner, Editor, Peterzell, Dengrove.

royal

gaboon

publications board

Stevens, Hooper, Chairman, Rhett, Hoffman, Burner.

pi delta epsilon

McMillan, Hoffman, Stevens, Rhett, Burner.

press board

First Row: McClinchie, T. Smith, Manager. *Second Row*: Finn, Nagy, Sullivan, S. Smith, Mr. Hyde.

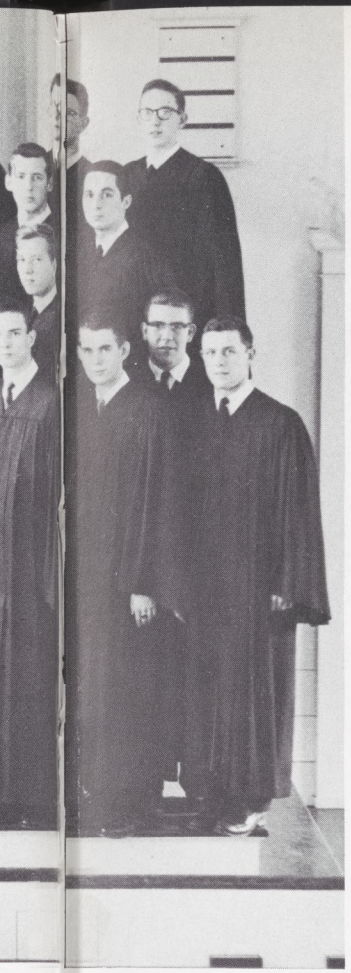
First Row: Director John L. Baldwin, Mazzola, Romans, Foster, Brooks, Citranglo, Ring, Bleezarde, Oatman, J. Benson, Alcorn, Hayes, J. Holmlund, Blinkoff, Walsh, Pinkerton, Roots, Becker, Ochs, A. Lord. *Second Row*: Ames, Moses, Bonbright, Mackey, D. Holmlund, Rockwell, O'Neill, Leard, W. Smith, Wilcox, Webster, Wieting, Healy. *Third Row*: Pritchard, Starkweather, Putnam, Storm, Skidmore, Manitsas, Sinnamon, Gottovi, Fox, Mason, Haug, Murray, Culbertson, Aitken. *Fourth Row*: Glezen, Meyer, Elfrink, deHaven, Wells, Richards, Madden, Solmssen, Hallock, Scholl, Melius, Kramer, Murdock, Perkins, Charbonneau.

choir

Uuder its director, John L. Baldwin, the Choir has successfully concluded another active year, presenting some twenty five concerts while continuing its duties at Sunday Chapel.

It all began in the Fall with German songs (and beer) at the Mannerchor in Utica. At Christmas time the New York City area was the scene of feverish activity with concerts at Scarsdale, the Cosmopolitan Club, N.Y.U., and NBC's Monitor, and concerts with the Smith Glee Club at St. Thomas' Church and Bronxville. With Smith, the Choir sang Handel's Utrecht Jubilate, one of the three joint works done with women's choruses this year. This Christmas Tour ended magnificently at the Cooperstown Pageant with Smith, Hamilton, and Warfield providing the music.

The seventh of March marked a great compliment to the graciousness of Hamilton men when the Emma Willard Glee Club gave its first away-from-home concert in its history — with the Choir at Hamilton. On March 21, 22, 23, Hamilton joined for the first time with the Radcliffe Choral Society. Portions of the Bach B Minor Mass were featured in concerts at Troy, Utica, and Cazenovia. On March 28, the Choir was off for Philadelphia on its Spring Tour. After Philadelphia came a concert at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, followed immediately by a mass exodus to the Southland. On April 18, the University of Rochester Women's Chorus joined the Hamilton Choir on the Hill and in Rochester the following night for concerts featuring the third joint work of the year — the Kodaly Te Deum. The Choir again sponsored the Interfraternity Sing, gave a concert Commencement weekend, and finished the hectic year with Hamilton songs at Graduation.



It was an active year for the 1/9th of Hamilton College that sings in the Choir, and a satisfying one — both because of the successful concerts already past and the promise of even a better future.

The Brass Ensemble was organized this year to provide an interesting musical contrast in Choir concerts and activities. Its members are drawn from the Choir, and perform in Choir concerts and services, although it is expected that the scope of its activities and membership will expand greatly in the future.

brass ensemble

Left to right: Mazzola, Pritchard, Walsh, Healy, Wieting, Sinnamon, Director John Baldwin.

buffers

Madden, Skidmore, McClinchie, Webster, Walsh, Scholl, Wieting, Mackey.

band

First Row: Parker, Rockwell, Anthony, Wells, Harris, Landers, Lawrence. *Second Row*: Arnold, Palmer, Flagg, Bayer, Eckerman, Wedding, Walsh. *Third Row*: Mazzola, Nelson, Leader, Sinnamon.

biology club

Stevens, Wieting, Schnier, Geer, Graeme, Cahn, Patient Meyer.

Left to right: Gaaserud, Storm, Rose.

emerson literary society

First row: Rickerson, George. *Second row*: Benjamin, Avronidakis, Fox, Brooks, Wodtke, Farsoun, Ward, President Easton.

international relations club

debate club

President Flanagan, Ramsay, Herbsman, Eastham, Wodtke, Leonhardt, Wagner, Dixon, Schepmoes, Miller, Ward.

delta sigma rho

Herbsman, Flanagan, Miller, Sinnamon.

spanish club

Landers, President Fay, Hayes.

french club

Mould, Denman, Tekulsky, Russell, President Meyer, Dengrove, Brown, Allen, Puschel, Allen.

nous onze

First row: Lord, Bourns, Chapman, Rizzo. *Second row*: Rhett, Gillespie, Thorp, Plumb, Pierce, Holbrook.

outing club

First row: Zeiner, Sleight, Rothmaler, Taylor. *Second row*: President Hanley, Dixon, Wieting.

literary society

First Row: Gaaserud, Chairman Storm, Stevens. *Second Row*: Davis, Marcy, Slater, Burke, Parker, Citranglo, Loder. *Third Row*: Benson, Frazell, Dunn, Rose, Tanner, Petrou.

phi beta kappa

alan duane fuller

paul james goetz

philip kuehne hooper

paul david leber

robert lee miller

richard lamott purple

john f. stanton

arnold victor talentino

brent merle wedding

charlatans

First Row: T. Hall, J. Loder. *Second Row*: W. Mould, T. Hayes, Director Tennant, T. R. Parker, R. Stevens.

The 1957-58 Charlatans attempted serious drama, played skillfully with light comedy, and once again gave the students a chance to write one-act plays.

The Charlatans were up against the same old problem of student apathy. It has been a long time since any real fire has been produced within the group. This year, the Charlatans, under the direction of Bill Tennant, survived from the cancer of apathy to produce two full-length plays and a series of one-act plays.

The Charlatans' fall production was Arthur Miller's *All My Sons*. Directed by Tennant, *All My Sons* was well received by the student body. Hamilton College students welcomed Marion Shoninger back to the stage as the female lead. Also appearing in the performance were Leon Gane, Art Romans, and Bert Hand, a very talented Freshman. This adventure into good drama should be an example for future Charlatans.

The Charlatans were fortunate to be able to present two student-written one-act plays along with a scene from a play by Samuel Beckett. It is to be hoped that student interest will never reach such a low that no one-act plays will be submitted.

The first of the plays, which were performed in the round, was Bill Poole's *You Can't Climb with a Clip-on*. This play, written in Creative Writing class, featured Marion Shoninger, Henry Hyde, and Terry Hayes. In Beckett's scene from *Waiting for Godot*, Art Romans, Gerry Moses, and Charles Starkweather appeared. The last play was Nelson's *Alto Ride*, which featured John Moore, Tom Putnam, and a very swinging band. The plays were directed respectively by T. R. Parker, Walter Smyth, and John Nelson.

The Charlatans' Spring production was *You Can't Take It With You*, the famous Kaufman and Hart comedy. Ably directed by Walter Smyth, Marion Shoninger, Leon Gane, Art Romans, and Mrs. Cameron gave the audience a good reason to laugh.

Alpha Psi Omega, the Hamilton chapter of the national honorary dramatic society, this year elected Leon Gane, T. R. Parker, Bob Fay, Walt Smyth, Terry Hayes, John Ring, Art Romans, and Marion Shoninger as members for 1958-59. Previous members were Bill Tennant and Grey Akers.

alpha psi omega

W. Tennant, G. Akers.

canterbury club

First Row: Kunichika, Murray, President Healy, Rev. R. J. Parker, Stanton. *Second Row*: Dungan, Pinkerton, Emerson, Winiarski, Riddle, Baldwin.

chapel board

First Row: Goetz, President Melius, McMillan. *Second Row*: Bradley, B. Geer, T. Smith, Colton.

student christian association

First Row: McMillan, President; A. Melius. *Second Row*: T. Smith, C. Colton, Goetz.

newman club

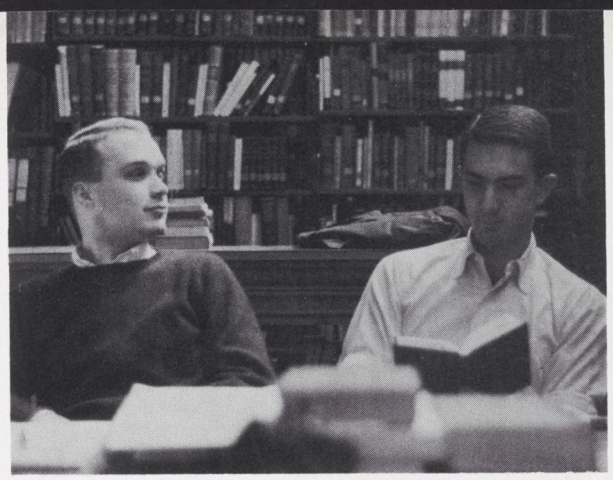
First Row: President Driscoll, Hoyt, Father Hayes, Nicolette, O'Reilly, B. Hall. *Second Row*: Boben, Casey, Slattery, Rockafeller, Mizner. *Third Row*: Adams, Gibbons, Normile, A. O'Day, Travis, Langan, Lennon, J. Joyce. *Fourth Row*: Ready, Merkelbach, Downey, Schoemer, Skinner, Sullivan.

wesleyan club

L. Rose, R. Larry, A. Melius, President.

sixteen hour club

First Row: Ladunsky, Snyder, Babcock, Stanchko, Peepers. *Second Row*: Newman, A. E., Leprechaun, Ellis, Flaggert, Blunck, Grinner, S.E.



etc.

athletics

First Row: Nicolette, Slattery, Murphy, Easton, O'Brien, Bruck, Downey, Mongeau, J. Stevens, B. L. Hoyt. *Second Row*: Coach Batt, Krupka, Svenson, Roe, Rickerson, R. Ramsay, Lies, Benjamin, Black, Townsend (Mgr.), Coach Jones. *Third Row*: Coach Patrick, Holden, P. Chase, Brewster, Turner, Gitzendanner, Payne, Blessing, Finegan, Thornhill. *Fourth Row*: Myers, Sanderson, Bushweller, Lawrence, Zeis, Chambers, White, Romans, Charvala, Schneider.

football

Don Jones and Forty-two nail-eaters convened late last summer to grunt and groan together a mechanism for terrorizing central NYS and points south. Jones, piloting his ninth clubful of Continentals, recognized twelve Block H boys among the group, not to mention a host of familiar but lesser notables. A sampling of the Class of '61 rounded out the calisthenics class. Gasping oaths and exhortations they descended into Clinton and the gentry realized that school had begun.

Jones's adjutants, co-captains Frank O'Brien and Hal Bruck, grunted and groaned the loudest in an effort to eliminate any and all spare tires developed during months of relative inactivity, and together they molded corpulence into a definite facsimile of condition. Toes began being touched, perspiration taken for granted, and the Blue looked like the Blue.

Pre-season anxiety could have been worse. Besides O'Brien and Bruck, Jones could turn to such honored veterans as Scott Finnegan, Mike Brewster, John Murphy, Bill Hoyt, Bill Easton, Howie Schneider, Bob Mongeau, Steve Downey, Joe Nicolette, and Mike Slattery. Although his 183 pound line was anything but gargantuan, he needed to find but one new face in order to complete his forward wall. O'Brien and Bruck, two of the swiftest halfbacks Hamilton has ever seen, were still around, and Mike Slattery was back in action in the fullback spot. Quarterback problems caused most of the concern. With Hasseltine and Marshall not among those present, Jones had to revamp halfback Joe Nicolette while keeping an interested eye upon freshmen Dick Blessing and Deming Payne.

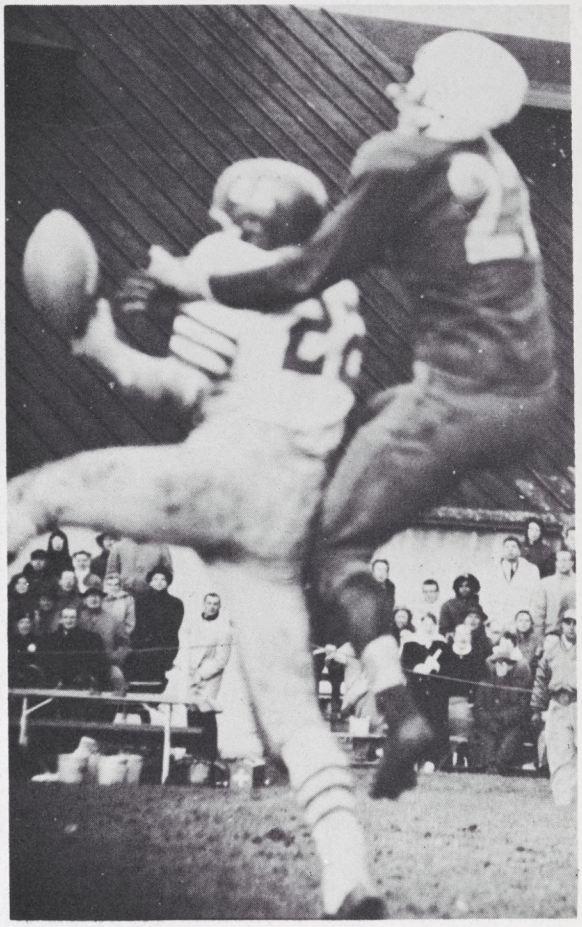
R.P.I. went up on the block first. Hamilton trouped to Troy on October 5 to engage the embattled Engineers in a contest which was supposedly decided before the coin. R.P.I. had crawled off to a rather slow start the previous week, being trounced by U. of Rochester, 32-6. The apparent pushover was deceiving, and R.P.I. kept the lid on

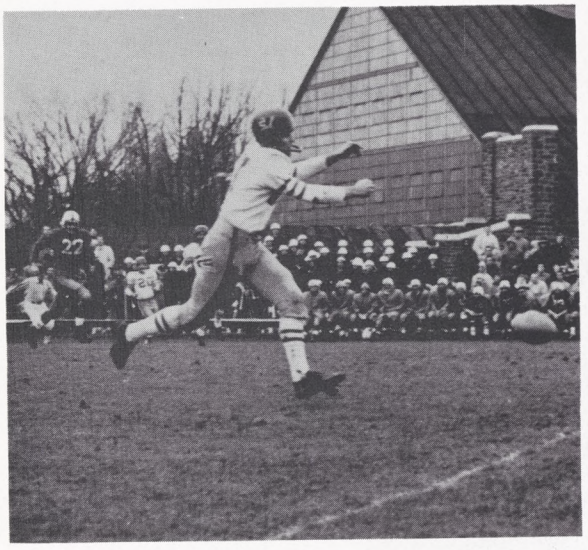
any chance of a runaway, holding the Continentals to a 14-7 victory. Freshman Deming Payne ran the Blue with creditable smoothness during his collegiate debut, but the Blue did not get rolling until O'Brien hustled a punt back 65 yards for the season's first score. Payne called on Bruck to do most of the toting, but, all in all, a not too propitious start.

The following weekend before a gala house-party crowd, Steuben Field witnessed its first struggle of the season. Against a background of co-eds and six foot scarfs, the Continentals impressively subdued Wagner 38-7. Post-game rejoicing in the eleven Greek mead halls was well justified, as the Seahawks from Staten Island found it impossible to halt the second, third, or fourth string Blue. Nicolette pushed the buttons in the quarterback spot, and the war could not have progressed more smoothly. The Continentals moved all day, rolling up 393 yards on the attack.

The following weekends produced encounters with clubs around the Philadelphia area. The Mainline proved indestructable. October 19 saw the Continentals putting down Swarthmore, 21-6, on enemy ground. The weekend following brought Haverford north where they were blanked, 19-0.

But we went to Ohio, and the rains came. The boys rode the rails to Cleveland and a bus to Kenyon where the roof descended rather rapidly. Perhaps Jones nutshelled all game reports with the capsule, "everything went wrong!" The yearbook is still having difficulty questioning veterans of this campaign and only has a handful of seemingly contradictory figures by which to determine what went





on. For instance, Hamilton collected 18 first downs to Kenyons's 15. Undoubtedly a factor in losing was the limited service of Frank O'Brien who was nursing a lame leg.

The following Saturday, Homecoming weekend, brought an equal share of woe to the Blue. Hobart dropped over for an engagement which was remarkably similar to a struggle for a bar of soap in a steamy turkish bath. Fourteen Hamilton fumbles were highly consequential to its second straight setback, 8-2. Art Lambert, Hobart's five-year, tenurial, little All-American quarterback, managed to fumble fewer times than the Blue, and the Dekes considered a black wreath for their front door. Returning grads discussed the flying wedge with more than the usual vehemence. Business was bad.

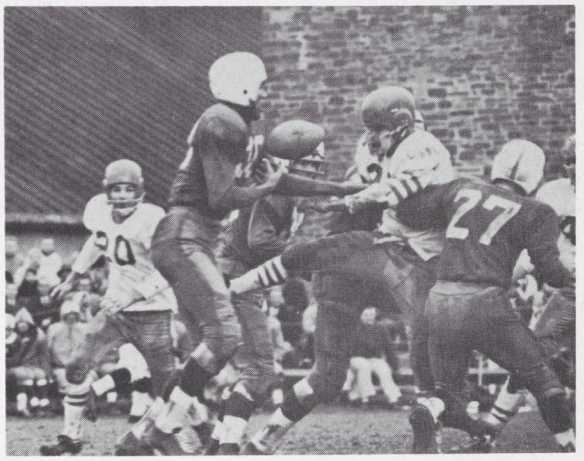
But the windup with Union, the 62nd classic duel between these powers of opposite ends of the Mohawk Valley, left the sun shining for Hamilton College. The Continentals caught the Dutchmen at the bitter end of an unimpressive 1-5 season, boasting their sole win over innocuous King's Point. Union was firmly intent on winning Sam Hammerstrom's last game as leader of Schenectady's football industry, but Hamilton adroitly wrenched the Dutchmen's machinations with a 21-7 subdual. A combination Homecoming-House Party-Hamilton weekend was critically dampened, but there was joy in Clinton. The Blue completed their third straight 5-2 Fall campaign.

Attempting to place a limelight on specific individuals is no more easily done than proving that one cog on a wheel is more valuable than another, but official recognition might be mentioned. Seniors Bruck, O'Brien, and Brewster received mention in the AP Little All-American listings, and Mongeau on the UP team. Bruck stacked up 618 yards as leading Continental ground gainer, and O'Brien collected 465 yards. Brewster, noted more, perhaps, for his defensive play, caught ten passes for a total of 138 yards gained.

With an eye to the future, nexts year's line from tackle to tackle will remain intact with a slew of promising ends. All three quarterbacks will be returning but will be handing off to a different backfield. O'Brien and Bruck will be missing, and the Blue will probably step up the airborne attack. The 1958 co-captains will be guards Bill Hoyt and Bob Mongeau.

A look at the ledger . . .

Hamilton	14	R.P.I.	7
Hamilton	38	Wagner	7
Hamilton	21	Swarthmore	6
Hamilton	19	Haverford	0
Hamilton	7	Kenyon	27
Hamilton	2	Hobart	8
Hamilton	21	Union	7



soccer

The 1957 soccer record of three wins and four losses was a disappointment to coach Chip Hunter, who had expected the Buff and Blue booters to turn in their first winning season in many years. The reason for Hamilton's poor showing can be mainly attributed to the inexperienced freshman line which scored only two goals in the first five games. The backfield, however, which consisted entirely of lettermen, showed the importance of experience as they consistently played well, holding the opposition to an average of three goals a game.

High scorer for the team was Al Ahrens, with Ben Henzey and Fred Hewitt tying for the runner-up position. Also strong offensively were Chuck Colton, Penn Watson, Bob O'Neil, Tod Schwgizer, and Rod Ramsay. Co-captain Tim Smelzer at halfback and Co-captain Tom Succop at full-back were the mainstays of the backfield, shining both on offense and defense. Toby Winiarski, Bill Hoyt, Bill Edmunds, Dick Lennon, and Dan Brewer also provided strong defensive support, while Tim Norbeck consistently played well in the nets.

In the season's opener, Hamilton was defeated by the Ithaca team 2-0. The two tallies of the game came late in second quarter as the Ithaca center forward managed to dent the nets twice in fifty seconds. The Buff and Blue next traveled to Oswego where they evened their record at 1-1, by downing the Lakers 2-1. Fred Hewitt broke the scoring ice for Hamilton late in the second period when he booted one in from the right inside position. The score was tied up by Oswego midway through the third quarter, making Ben Henzey's shot in the final three minutes the winning goal.

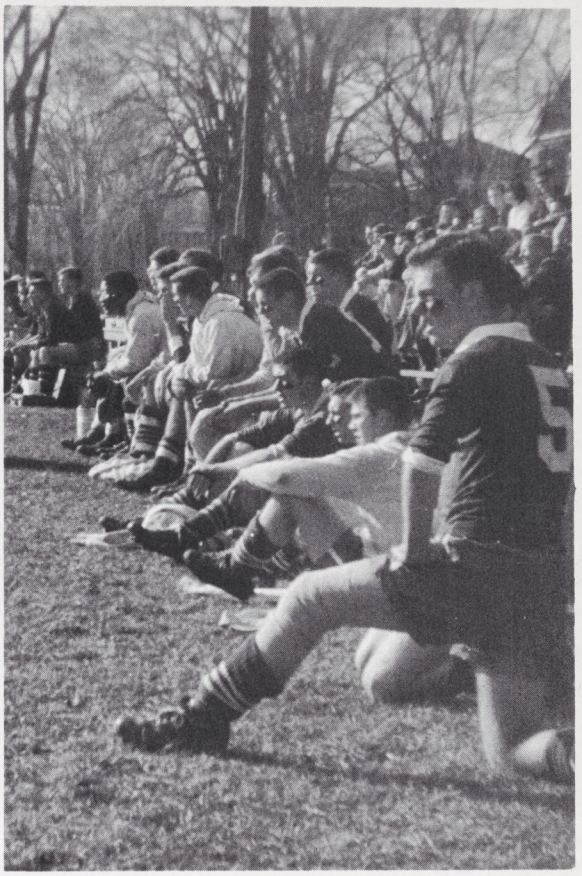
The Continentals' next contest was at Cortland where they suffered a 3-0 loss at the hands of the Red Raiders. The first two scores of the game came with only ten seconds remaining in the second and third quarters. The final goal was recorded midway through the final period. Tim Norbeck made 19 saves boosting his three game total to 49. The Continentals dropped their fourth game of the season to Colgate 3-0. Two scores came in the second

First Row: Hoyt, Kremer, Winiarski, O'Neill, Smelzer, Succop, Edmonds, Watson, Colton, Lennon. *Second Row*: Coach Hunter, R. Taylor, Schweizer, Ahrens, R. M. Ramsay, Elliott, Norbeck, Sullivan, Henszey, Hewitt, Brewer, Manitsas. *Third Row*: Rockwell, Allis, Bennett, Taylor, Hutchins, J. L. Fitzgerald, D. Burke, J. Smyth, Cadigan, Yellin, Sleight.

period and one in the third, Toby Winiarski was undoubtedly the outstanding figure of the day, playing in spite of abdominal pains which later proved to be appendicitis.

Rochester, heading for an undefeated season, handed Hamilton its worst loss of the year, 5-0. Fenby, Zornow, and Co. managed to score twice in the first period and once in each of the following periods. Although the Hill line did not score, they played quite well, giving an inkling of what was to happen in the final two contests of the season.

Hamilton finished out its year on a cheerful note by defeating Hobart and Union by the scores of 3-2. In the Hobart game the Continentals came from behind twice in order to win. The Statesmen drew blood first on forward Lundy Gordon's shot late in the first period. The score was then tied by Fred Hewitt, but once again the Statesmen forged ahead on another goal by Gordon. Al Ahrens, however, proved to be the hero of the day as he provided the tying and winning goals to give Hamilton its second victory. The final contest of the year with Union was not close, as the score would indicate. Hamilton held a 3-0 lead, on goals by Ahrens, Henzey, and Smelzer, until late in the final



period, when Union managed to score twice. The second Union tally was made as the gun announced the end of the game.

Looking toward next year, the scoring section of the soccer team should be much improved, as they all have received their trial by fire, proving their mettle in the final two games. The loss of Smelzer and Succop, however, will leave a hole in the backfield. The captain next season will be Toby Winiarski.

SEASON'S RECORD

Hamilton	0	Ithaca 2
Hamilton	2	Oswego 1
Hamilton	0	Cortland 3
Hamilton	0	Colgate 3
Hamilton	0	Rochester 5
Hamilton	3	Hobart 2
Hamilton	3	Union 2

First row: Mosedale, McMartin, Patton, Harkrader, Bartlett, Poole. *Second row*: Koloseike, Button, Baldwin, Tracy, Meisner, Langan.

cross country

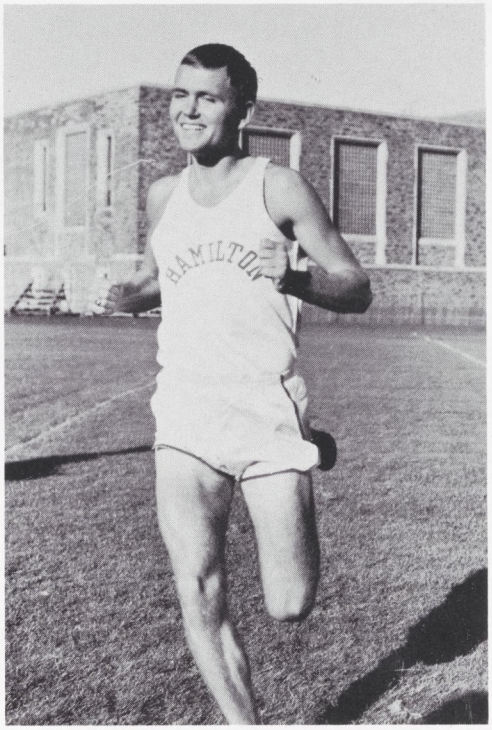
The Cross Country Team, despite the loss of Al Shaler by graduation, finished the finest season in its short history by remaining undefeated. The Continental Harriers were not only undefeated in dual meets, which included victories over Oswego, Cortland, Harpur, Brockport, and Union, but were also winners of the New York State Conference Championship Meet for the first time. At the beginning of the season, the team's outlook was rather pessimistic, for it was learned that the captain-elect Barclay Ward would not be able to come out because of an attack of polio during the summer. In Ward's absence, Milt Harkrader was chosen honorary captain and did a splendid job during the season by implanting great spirit into the team. The addition of a senior, Bruce Barttlett, a soccer vet of three years and sidelined this year with a head injury, and freshman, Dan McMartin, did a great deal to offset the loss of Ward. Bill Poole, a junior, stepping in to fill the gap left by Shaler, registered three first places in dual meets and also ran many races in times close to the former Hamilton captain's mark. Behind Poole was the needed depth that was responsible for most of the success of the campaign.

The most decisive win of the year was a 15-49 decision over Harpur, the Hillmen winning eight out of the first ten places, including the first six. Bill Poole finished first, followed by McMartin, Bartlett, Harkrader, Patton, and Mosedale. Harpur's Jensen took seventh place and Hamilton's Meisner and Tracy took seventh and eighth places. The State Meet, hampered by heavy winds and a wet snowy course in Buffalo's Delaware Park, proved how much depth the team really had. Fred Best of R.P.I. won and was followed by Alfred's Joe Bicamillio. Hamilton's Poole, doing an outstanding job, finished third and freshman McMartin came on to finish sixth. Patton, Bartlett, and Harkrader finished thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth to add the necessary winning points for the victory. The most strategic victory came at the end of the season when the Harriers defeated Union for the first time 24-32. McMartin finished fourth behind Poole, and Mosedale and Patton finished

seventh and eighth to end the scoring. Harkrader, showing the true spirit of this team, finished the race despite a badly pulled tendon and the loss of his shoes early in the race.

Captain Milt Harkrader, Bill Poole, Bob Patton, Bruce Bartlett, Dan McMartin, and Bob Mosedale earned letters this year and also received silver track shoes for their undefeated season. Poole and Barclay Ward were elected Co-captains for the 1958 season.

Despite the loss of Captain Harkrader and Bartlett by graduation, next year's team shows promise with the return of lettermen: Poole, Patton, McMartin, and Mosedale. The loss of Harkrader and Bartlett should be greatly offset by the return of Barclay Ward to the lineup. With these five as a nucleus, along with the improved runners, Bill Tracy and Jerry Meisner, next year's team should be just as strong, if not stronger, than this year's. Thus the 1957 season ended undefeated and with the depth that will insure the team of a fine year in 1958. To you Gene Long and your 1957 Harriers, our hats are off for a job well done. Best of luck in 1958.



basketball

This season marked the end of a brilliant playing career for seniors John Glezen, John Driscoll, Frank O'Brien and Rick Purple. Led by these men, the Hamilton squad worked together to form a team which ranked 12th defensively of all the small colleges in the nation. On offense the Buff and Blue scored a total of 936 points against their opponents, averaging 62.4 points a game. The leading Continental scorer was co-captain John Glezen, who accounted for exactly one third of the total team score, for a 21 point a game average. The 57-58 season saw the return of Vinnie Coyle from the army. Unfortunately though, Coyle, who was the leading scorer in the first few games, broke his ankle early in the season and therefore was sidelined for the rest of the year. This season also saw the Continentals play in an experimental tournament during Christmas vacation. The tournament was played under a modified set of rules. The basket was moved out 20" from the backboard and raised to 10 ft. 5 in. above the floor. Other changes awarded two shots for any foul committed in the back court area and gave three points for a shot made from more than 28 ft. out. Although Hamilton failed to win a game in this tournament, Coach Patrick said he was well pleased with the experiment.

The Blue took the court against Susquehanna to open the 1957-1958 season. Losing an early lead Hamilton trailed at the half by two. The Continentals scored the first basket of the second half, tying the score, but this was as close as they ever got. Susquehanna scored the next four baskets and went on to win 79-58.

The following weekend Hamilton snapped back with two victories in as many days, defeating B.P.I. at Clinton and upsetting Union at Schenectady. The Continentals overcame B.P.I. 63-58, as Coyle and Glezen led the attack.

Saturday in Schenectady, the Continentals rallied to defeat a Union squad which held the advantage over them in height. After a nip and tuck first half the Dutchmen led by five. Opening the second half, backcourt ace Coyle sank six straight overhead set shots. Although the lead changed hands several times in the second half, a hustling Hamilton defense enabled the Continentals to open a 5 point gap by the final gun. Coyle led the attack with 34 points.

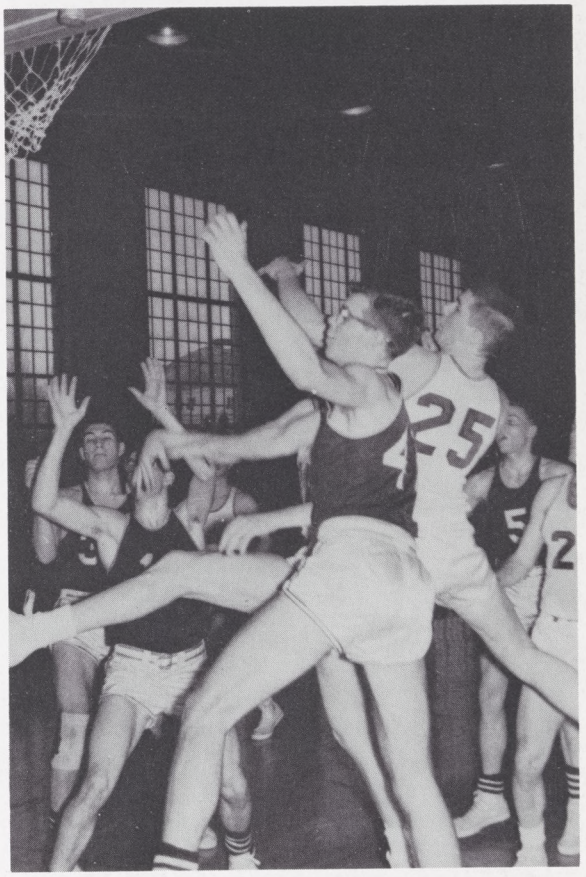
Hatch (Mgr.), O'Brien, Moore, Russell, Glezen, Driscoll, Dirvin, Turnbull, Moses, Ennis.

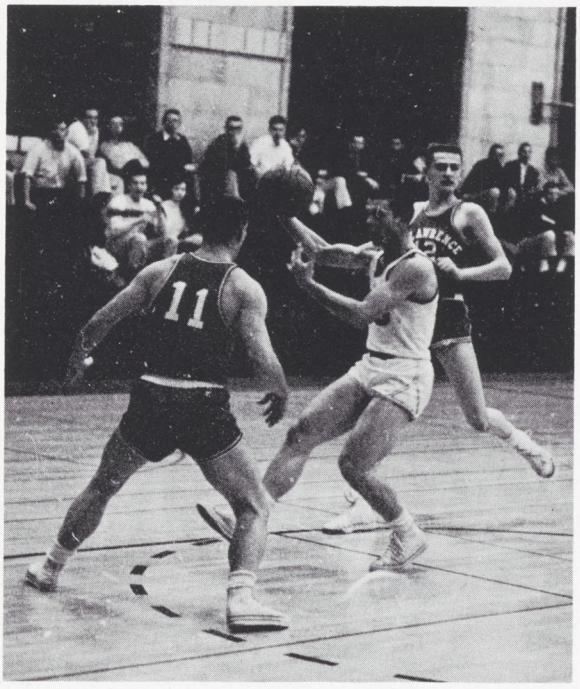
The Buff and Blue dropped to the .500 mark with a loss to Hobart. The Statesmen, paced by Lambert and Mendez, familiar faces to football fans, defeated Hamilton 79-57. Glezen had a fine night from the floor, netting 22 points.

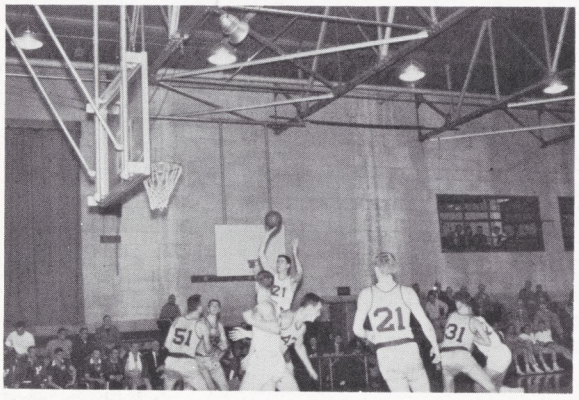
Hamilton extended its losing streak to three games by dropping contests to Norwich and Ithaca. Although Glezen and Driscoll both hit double figures, Hamilton still lost to Ithaca 73-62. The Continentals held a 38-35 lead at halftime. However, the Teachers overtook The Blue early in the second half. With three minutes remaining, The Continentals came within 4 points of The Bombers but then lost momentum as Ithaca opened the final 11 point gap.

Three days later Hamilton lost to Norwich 58-47. Norwich only scored one more field goal than The Continentals, but they tallied 18 free throws to Hamilton's 9. With three minutes remaining in the game, The Blue tied the score, but then, as in the Ithaca game, lost momentum.

The Continentals closed out the semester on a pleasant note by upsetting R.P.I. 59-55. The Blue left the floor at half time down by six points, 32-26. It was Glezen's 17 point second half which sparked Hamilton to victory. After the Engineers took a 40-33 lead, The Blue began to move. With 7 minutes to go Glezen tied the score at 48 all, with







a three point play. Rick Purple finally sewed up the contest for Hamilton in the last 45 seconds of the game.

Utica College handed The Continentals their fifth loss of the season, 67-58. The Utes completely dominated scoring in the second half. For Hamilton, Glezen and O'Brien were high scorers, tallying 31 points between them.

The Blue boosted their season record to 4-5 by defeating Clarkson Tech, 78-57. From the opening tapoff, on which Jim Turnbull scored, the game was the Continentals' all the way. Holding Bob Shepard, one of the leading small college scorers in the nation, to 7 points in the second half, Hamilton at one time led by 25. When the final buzzer rang, four Blue players had hit for double figures.

Hamilton continued its winning ways by defeating her next three opponents. Harpur was downed 75-34 in a contest that saw the second and third strings play most of the game. Glezen was high scorer with 24 points which he scored in little more than a full half of play. Outstanding for the substitutes were Neil Pilson, Rodger Moses and Dick Russell.

Rochester was the next team to feel the Hamilton axe. Although coach Ken Patrick played only five men during the whole game, the Buff and Blue were still able to gain their sixth victory against five defeats, and snap a five game Rochester winning streak. Led by Glezen, The Continentals opened a 6 point bulge, and when the half ended, the score clock showed The Buff and Blue in command of the game 38-32. This lead, however, was cut sharply midway in the second half, as Rochester drew within 2 points 52-50, and it looked as if the Continentals, who have suffered from second half slumps all year, might be in trouble. However, John Driscoll and Rick Purple made consecutive baskets as Hamilton went on to win 68-60.

Center John Glezen scored his 1000th point in college basketball as his teammates vanquished a favored St. Lawrence, 65-52. Leading by only two points at half time the Continentals suddenly caught fire and increased their margin to 20 points. However, due to sloppy ball handling in the final two minutes of the contest, this margin was decreased to 13.

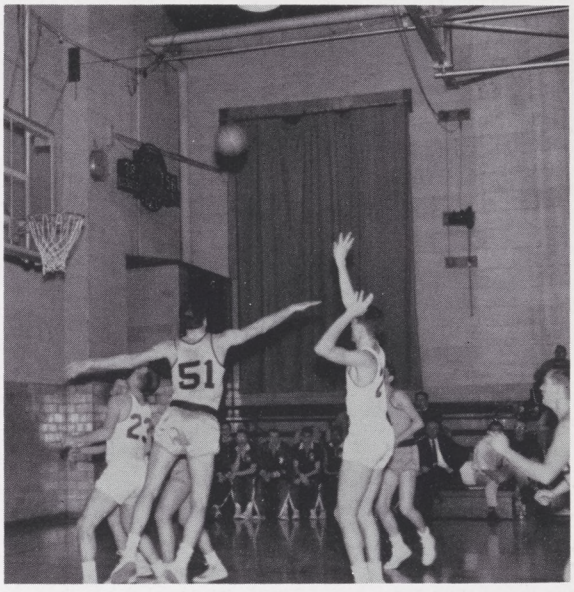
Hobart ended Hamilton's winning streak in a 63-59 heartbreaker. The Statesmen jumped to an early edge, but midway in the first half Hamilton

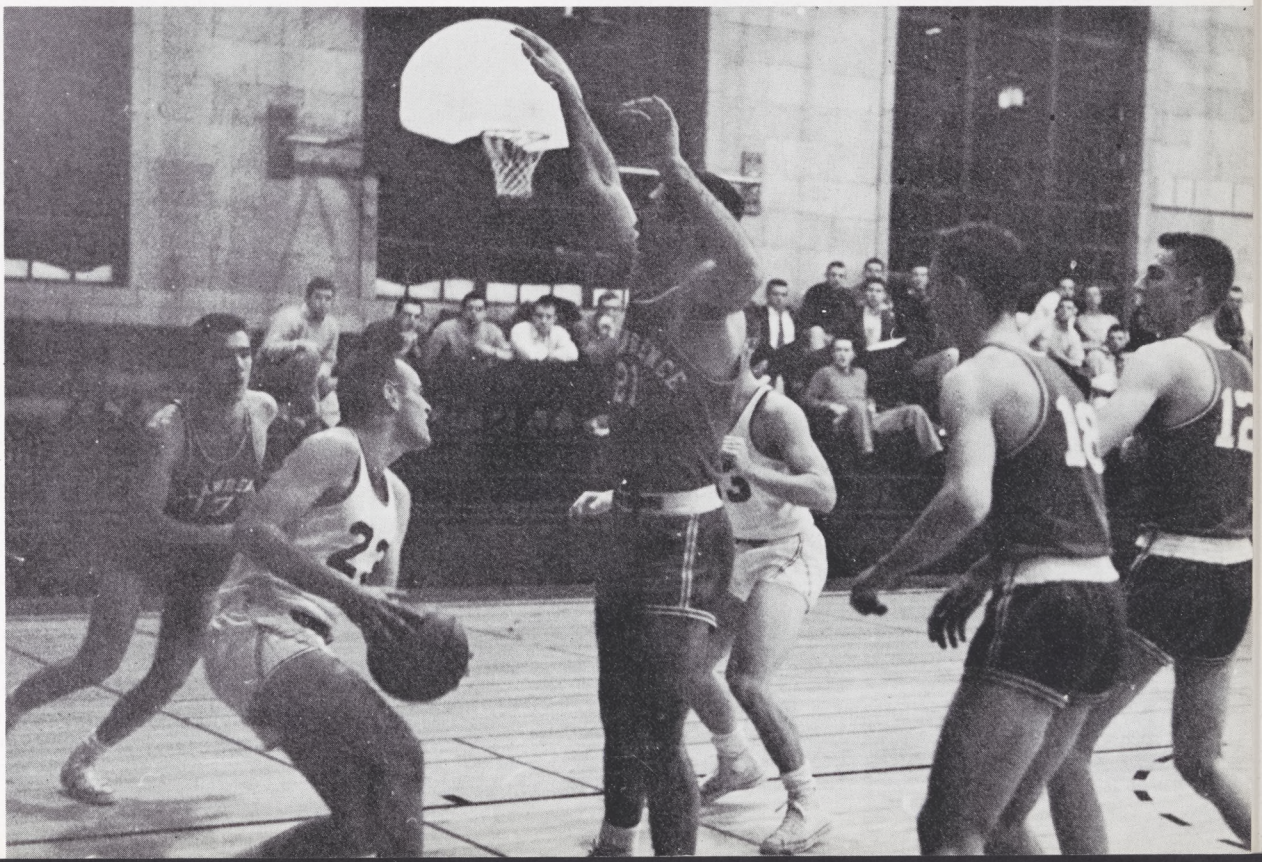
began to wear down the lead behind the scoring of Glezen and O'Brien. The third period saw O'Brien and Glezen virtually monopolize Blue scoring, with the Continentals holding down a 6 point edge with only half of the last quarter remaining. Then, while Hamilton scoring came to a halt, Hobart began to click. Three minutes remained when the score was knotted at 57 all. Seven straight points by Art Lambert gave Hobart its victory, while Hamilton was only able to counter with a field goal by Dick Howk.

By defeating Utica College 73-64, The Continentals assured themselves of a winning season. John Glezen was high scorer with 27 points. Frank O'Brien turned in a superb guarding performance, holding Utica forward Clary Forness to four points.

Hamilton ended its season with a 56-49 defeat at the hands of Union. After jumping to a 13-4 lead, the Buff and Blue slowed down and at half time Union held a one point edge. Although Hamilton came within 5 points of Union near the end of the second half, 8 quick points by the men from Schenectady eliminated the Continental threat.

Next season most likely will be a building year for Coach Patrick. He loses four of his starters to graduation. Returning will be Vinnie Coyle, who proved himself in the early contests of this year, and co-captains Dick Alofs and Jim Turnbull. Also returning will be Dick Howk and Roger Moses who still have three more years of varsity basketball ahead of them in which to develop their vast potential.





First row: Collins, Burke, Moore, Burns, Strawbridge, Chapman, Norbeck, Hudson, Spencer. *Second row*: Coach Batt, Copeland, Ripley, Miner, Porter, Perkins, Eastham (Mgr.), Jordan, Zeis, Brenner, Johnston, Rockwell, Heintz.

hockey

It was a season of broken bones and academic trouble, of missing ranks and wounded onlookers, a season which left the Battmen decimated after a plague of mishaps which swept through the Sage Memorial Rink with bubonic ferocity. It was a season of untested Freshmen and thoroughly tested opposition, of two lines and exhausting third periods, of giant-killing possibilities, then ill-fortune, then disappointment. It was a 6-9-1 season which should have sounded quite a bit more impressive.

Mox Weber's tennis lads finally vacated the rink, allowing Bill Humphrey and his boys to splash some water about, and Greg Batt *en troupe* invaded. Harry Chapman relinquished his late afternoon postal deliveries to captain the blademen from 4:30 on into the evening. With him were lettermen, Messrs. Robinson, Strawbridge, Norbeck, Thorp and Beebe. Norbeck and Beebe in particular, vitalized by a daily diet of wheatgerm, Geritol and the Hockey News, were expected to replace the crack scoring punch of last year's alumni, Scoones and Regan. Equipped with cryptic signals, directions, data, etc., the twosome approached a degree of animal magnetism which made the Rockettes look like so many clothes pins on a string of thread during a hurricane. Beebe unfortunately met an untimely demise during a practice scrimmage, Jan. 8th, with the cracking of an ankle bone, and was forced to retire to Faxton from whence he hobbled a few days later, nevermore to return to the ranks. A makeshift blade on the bottom of his cast worked for a half an hour one morning until fanaticism was equalled by exuberance, the cast split, and he decided to hold off until '58-'59. The same afternoon saw Hans Solmssen, second line center and skater of evertightening rink turns, meet a similar end with an unattractive sounding liver injury which also admitted him to Faxton, from whence it seemed he would never appear again. Solmssen's fantastic agility and rapidity promised to be a nightmare for slower moving defensemen, but this was not to be the case. These casualties were prefaced by the equally unfortunate loss of first line center,

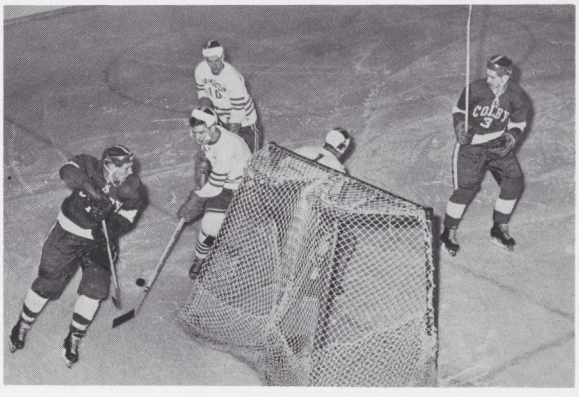
Phil Thorp, in the Colby tournament during Christmas recess. In six games Thorp had collected five goals and gave no inclination of slacking off. Such, such were the woes. Shifting of personnel had a kaleidoscopic effect. The Battmen were down to a skeleton crew.

The Blue opened up the Winter campaign, Dec. 6, against a powerful Colby group which was essentially the same club which had whipped Hamilton the year previous, 8-7. Harry Chapman opened the scoring season when, clearing the puck from the red line, he managed to bounce it in front of the goal, over the Colby goalie and on into the nets for the year's first tally. Hamilton gathered three more goals, but a Colby score in the last fifteen seconds of the final period deadlocked the game. An overtime and a sudden death period was resultless, and the opener stood at 4-4. On the same trip, the Blue knocked over Bowdoin, 4-1, without much effort. The following week, the roving Blue journeyed to Massachusetts, bowing to Williams, 3-0, and blanking a hapless contingent of M.I.T. engineers, 5-0. It was Don Spencer's first shutout in the Continental nets and a showing which was typical of his season of fantastic acrobatics within the crease.

The Continentals returned to Clinton to open on home ice, Dec. 17, by dropping a thriller to Norwich, 3-2. And while normal undergraduates traveled home to engage in some Christmas shopping, hockey players returned to Colby for a tournament with Colby, Williams and Bowdoin. Thorp was sidelined in the first game against Colby which Hamilton dropped, 2-1. The loss of his services was not felt so acutely during the tournament, however, as it was to be later in the season. Robinson pulled a hat trick in the second game against Williams to lead the Blue to a 5-1 decision, avenging the previous shutout in Williamstown. In the final game, Hamilton swept a much improved Bowdoin club which had subdued Williams in the first round of the series, thus splitting top honors for the tournament with Colby.

Following the vacation, the Blue took on Northeastern on home ice. Down three linemen, the Continentals put on a tremendous third period show, attempting to overcome a 5-1 deficit, but time and the hour cut short a three goal rally. The Colgate match the next week also saw time play an important factor; it was a matter of how many goals the Blue could pepper into the Big Red's nets in sixty minutes. Colgate's shipment of Canadian ringers won't begin arriving until next year, and the Continentals wasted no time trouncing Colgate in something. Norbeck picked up four goals while attack after attack swept down ice on benuded Colgate goalie, Pete Castle, who managed to thwart fifty-seven shots.

The Continentals spent the mid-semester break in Vermont. Final exams turned out to be just another pitfall for Greg Batt. With only fourteen academicly and physically sound have-stick-will travel specimans holding on, he spent an unenjoyable few days in the Green Mtns. discovering Middlebury and Norwich to be unsurmountable. In each instance he found it impossible to alternate two lines against three and still have it come out



even in the final period. For the remainder of the season, third periods were to be a study in exhaustion.

The Alumni game on Feb. 8th included many icemen of last year's vintage. Joe O'Brien couldn't move fast enough to knock somebody — anybody — down. Regan couldn't find anyone to receive a pass all night. But perhaps the hilight of the evening was when Burns bros. — Joby '56 and Baldy '61 — collided at mid ice in a catastrophic explosion which shook Clinton, literally and figuratively. Jamie McClintoch played because he was the only one to bring a puck. A host of alumni goalies had to pull 79 shots out of the nets. Pete Strawbridge, second leading scorer over the season, had a hat trick.

The remainder of the campaign was a struggle, losing to Army and Amherst, tying Williams, 1-1, losing to Middlebury a second time, and, of course, to R.P.I. The Blue did, however, manage to make a last stand against American International for a gala houseparty crowd. Hamilton, which, for one reason or another, isn't particularly successful in athletic endeavors at Carnival, watched the Continentals come from behind on several occasions. Senior Randy Minor broke a 3-3 deadlock in the final three minutes for the first goal of his intermittant hockey career at Hamilton. Norbeck went on to score two more quickies to wrap it up.

And not to go unmentioned are indefatigable defensemen, John Moore and, again, Chapman. Chapman averaged close to 60 minutes per contest, and Moore, 51, not taking into account a sizable accumulation of minutes wasted away in the penalty cooler. Moore, fondly referred to by reknowned campus intellectuals, as "the ram," was the club's bad boy penaltywise, but grew to be quite effective in intimidating enemy linemen of slighter stature. Chapman climaxed his four year career with a Winter of dazzling stick handling and also by stacking up 15 points from his defense position, undenyably meriting him the Sellers MVP Award.

Spencer will be captaining the club from the nets next Winter.

TEAM SCORES

Hamilton	4	Colby	4
Hamilton	4	Bowdoin	1
Hamilton	0	Williams	3
Hamilton	5	M.I.T.	0
Hamilton	2	Norwich	3
Hamilton	4	Northeastern	5
Hamilton	12	Colgate	0
Hamilton	2	Middlebury	3
Hamilton	0	Norwich	5
Hamilton	10	Allumni	5
Hamilton	2	Army	6
Hamilton	2	Amherst	4
Hamilton	1	Williams	1
Hamilton	6	American Intl.	4
Hamilton	10	Colgate	1
Hamilton	7	Middlebury	1
Hamilton	2	R.P.I.	21

swimming

Some said it could not be done, but this year they did it. After 37 straight losses over the past few seasons, the swimming team finally surfaced. Not only did the team win two meets this year, but also four new team records were set. Well, how did this happen? Mainly, the reason seems to be that five of the letter winners this season were freshmen. The medley relay team of Peter Stockbower, Ray Mohl, Clark Minor, and Woody Starkweather, all of whom are freshmen, set a new school record of 4:34.0. Starkweather also set new marks in the 220 and 440 yard freestyle events with times of 2:24.1 and 5:23.6 respectively, while senior co-captain Bob Miller lowered the 200 yard butterfly record with a 2:46.8.

Despite the loss of co-captains Miller and Vic Hopkins, and another senior Bruce Hall by graduation, the 1959 season looks promising. Starkweather, in the words of coach Hunter, will undoubtedly be one of the finest distance swimmers in the state in the next few years. Many good performances were turned in by freshman Leon Charbonneau and sophmores Pete Ensor and Fred Nichols in the freestyle and relay events. Divers Trent Smith and Pete Rasmussen, who will both be juniors next year, gained the necessary experience to help the team considerably in that event next season. Along with Starkweather, the rest of the record breaking medley relay team, Stockbower, Mohl, and Minor, will return to fill some of the vacancies left by graduating seniors along with improving in their own relay event. A great deal will also be expected of squad members Ed Allis, George Klimt, Dan Russell, and Bill Mattern to help round out next year's team and add the necessary depth. The future looks promising for once. Best of luck, and here's hoping in 1959.

	oppo.	*Hamilton*
Brooklyn Poly	32	53
Rochester	66	20
Cortland	55	31
Union	61	24
R.P.I.	69	17
Buffalo State	49	37
U. of Buffalo	40	45
Rochester	51	35

First row: Hall, Hopkins, Russell. *Second row*: Alexander (Mgr.), Allis, Hunt, Ensor, Nichols, Rasmussen, Coach Hunter. *Third row*: Starkweather, Stockbower, Mohl, Charbonneau, Klimt, Mattern, Van Scoy.

First row: R. Murray, Eld, Harkrader, Bartlett, Bruck, Vincent, Wilcox, Ward, Jordan, Gay. *Second row*: Townsend, McLean, Bonbright, J. Taylor, Benjamin, Wilkins, Ostrom, Poole, Hudson, Schmitt, McMartin, Mosedale, Sawyer. *Third row*: Langdon (Mgr.), McClinchie, Rockafeller, Paul, Moore, Patton, Moses, Meisner, Button, Coach Long.

track

This season, the Hamilton track team posted a record identical to last year's, winning three out of four dual meets and placing third in the New York State Track and Field Association Meet. The Continentals lost only to Union. Coach Gene Long felt that this year's team was the best conditioned, man for man, of any track team he has coached.

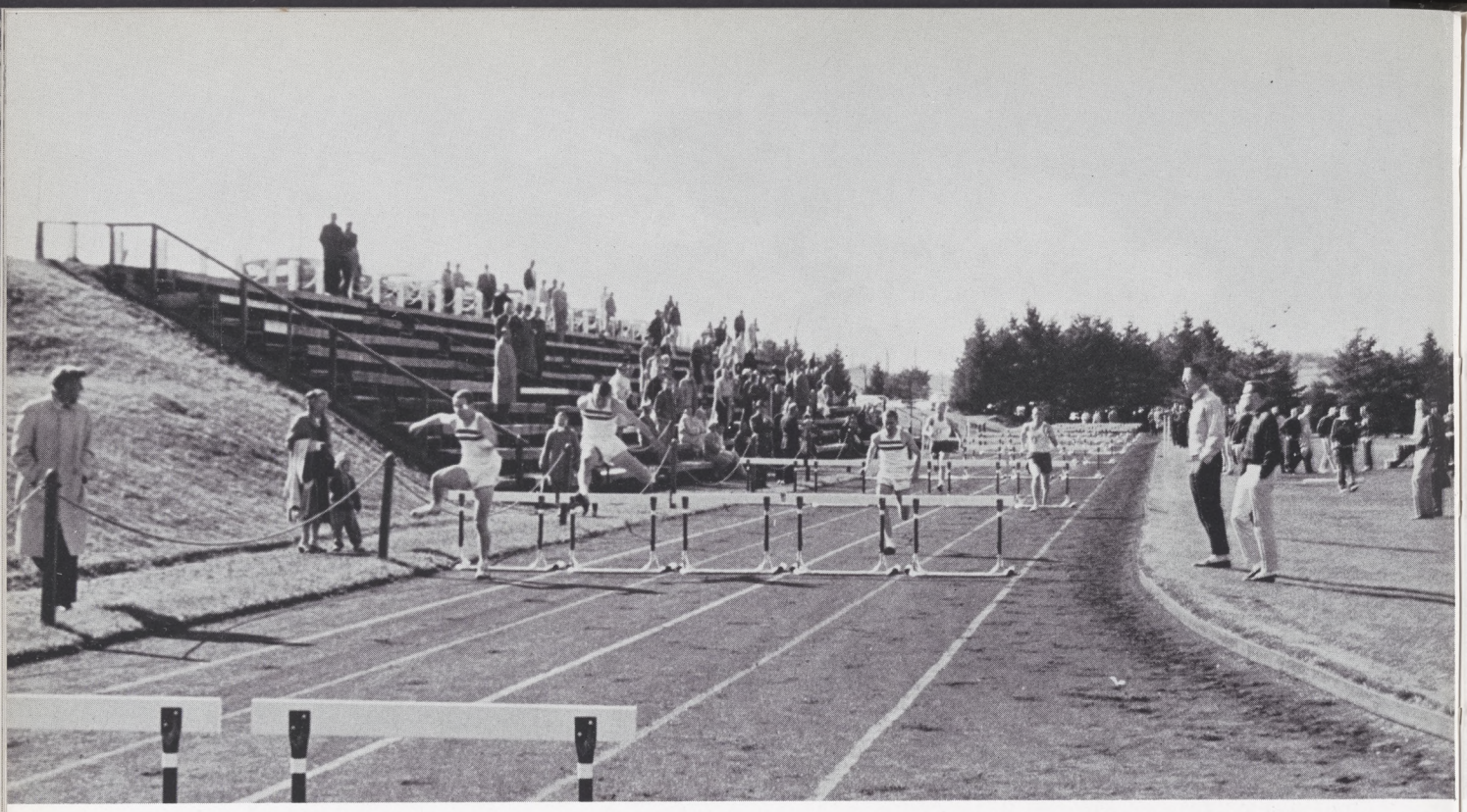
One new record was set this year in the final meet of the season against Ithaca College. Chic Vincent, Glenn Hudson, Milt Harkrader, and Doc Jordon teamed up to run the mile relay in 3:29.6, easily beating the old record of 3:32 set last year.

In the first meet of the season, Hamilton rolled to an easy victory over Oswego State, 103-28. The Hill runners took first and second place in all eight running events and third place in all but two. In the field, Hamilton captured two first, three second, and three third places and had two men in a three-way tie for first in the high jump.

Hal Bruck, Bob Wilkins, and Deming Payne finished in that order in the 100 yard dash. In the 220, Bruck again finished first, with Doc Jordon and Artie Benjamin taking second and third. Jordon won the 440, followed by George Paul in the second spot. Bob Mosedale took top honors in the 880, with Milt Harkrader and Dan McMartin taking second and third. Bill Poole, Glenn Hudson, and Bob Patton finished in that order in the mile, and Poole, Bruce Bartlett, and Barclay Ward swept the two mile. Terry Eld and Dave Ostrom took the one and two spots in the high hurdles; Eld was again first in the lows, followed by Wilkins and Dave McLean. Hamilton also won the mile relay.

Jim Bonbright placed first in the pole vault, and Ostrom and John Stevens share a three-way tie for first in the high jump with Proietti of Oswego. Bruck and Jordon took second and third places in the broad jump. Mal McClinchie took second in the shot put and third in the javelin, followed by Deming Payne, and took third in the discus.

Union provided the second opponent and only defeat for the Hill trackmen. Hamilton earned only two first places in the running events. Bruck was top in the 220 yard dash, and Poole won the two



mile run. The Hill runners also won the mile relay. Hamilton picked up points running by taking three second places and six third places. In the field events, John Moore placed first in the javelin and discus, and Ostrom and Stevens tied for first in the high jump. Bruck and Jordon tied for second in the broad jump, and Jim Bonbright took second in the pole vault. The meet ended with Union in front 75½-55½.

Cortland State was Hamilton's second victim, losing to the Hillmen 101½-29½. Once again Hamilton took all eight firsts in the running events and won the mile relay. Bruck, Wilkins, and Payne took all nine points in the 100; in the 200, Bruck was again first, followed by Payne and Benjamin. Jordon and Vincent earned the one and two spots in the 440, and Hudson, Wilcox, and Harkrader finished one, two, three in the 880. Poole finished first in the mile, Bartlett took top honors, followed by Ward and Jerry Meisner. Ostrom won the high hurdles and Wilkins was first in the lows; Eld took third in both hurdle events.

Hamilton captured first in every field event except the pole vault, where Bonbright placed second. Moore was again first in the javelin and discus. Ostrom won the high jump, and Jordon and Bruck were first and second in the broad jump. McClinchie placed first in the shot put.

In the State meet held at Union, Hamilton took no first places, but the Hillmen took three second places, three thirds, three fourths, and two fifths to place third among twelve competing schools. Hudson ran the 880 in a time well under two minutes to place second. Bruck was second in the 100, and the freshmen relay team also took a second place.

Hamilton overwhelmed Ithaca College in the final meet of the year, 103-28. The Continental runners took all three places in every race but the two mile and the high hurdles, when Ithaca men took thirds.

Jordon won both the 100 and 220 yard dashes, followed by Bruck and Wilkins in the 100 and Bruck and Payne in the 220. Vincent, Paul, and Harkrader finished in that order in the 440. In the 880, Hudson ran a 1:57.5 for first place, followed by Wilcox and Mosedale. Poole, McMartin, and Patton took the top three spots in the mile. Bartlett won the two mile, with Ward placing second. Eld won both hurdle events, with Ostrom taking second in the highs and Wilkins and McLean second and third in the lows. In the final running event, Vincent, Hudson, Harkrader and Jordon set their new mile relay record.

Hamilton recorded only two firsts in the field events, with Moore winning the javelin and Stevens

tying for first in the high jump with Bartle of Ithaca. Moore was second in the discus, as was McClinchie in the shot put and the javelin. Bonbright took second in the pole vault and Bruck was second in the broad jump.

Most consistent point getters for Hamilton this year were Bruck, 52; Moore, 39; Jordon, 34½; Ostrom, 27.85; and Poole, 27.

A good percentage of this year's team was made up of freshmen and sophomores, and Coach Gene Long expects good seasons for the next few years.

baseball

Pre-season expectations of the 1958 edition of the Hamilton College baseball team were very high. Coach Greg Batt had a nucleus of six lettermen back from last year's club, and several promising freshmen from which to put together a sound team. Because of the unusually bad spring weather, Coach Batt had to work his men in the gym for a long period of time. When the sun finally came out, the first game was only several days off.

The Continentals first encounter of the season was with a visiting Hobart team that had its own high hopes for a good season. Led by captain Mike Slattery at the hot corner, the Continental infield had Scott Finegan at shortstop, Pogo Collins at second base, freshman slugger Al Ahrens at first base, and a sophomore battery consisting of Bob Kliphon pitching and Don DiGuilian catching. Kliphon, as a freshman twirler last year, compiled a very respectable E.R.A. of 2.07. The potent Hamilton outfield had Norm Daily in right, Joe Nicolette in center, and Marty Hirsch in left. Rick Purple, the regular starting left fielder, was sidelined for the first three games due to illness, and Hirsch filled in admirably for him.

Coming back from a 3-0 deficit, the Buff and Blue turned back the Hobart Statesmen 5-4 in a very auspicous debut. With only a single to center by Pogo Collins to show for the first four innings, the Continentals erupted for two runs in the fifth. Norm Daily rammed a single to right to score Finegan for the first run of the season, and Marty Hirsch followed with a single to left to score Ahrens. Hobart then went ahead 4-2 in the sixth inning but the Battmen came roaring back with two runs in their half to tie the score. In the eighth inning pitcher Bob Kliphon's lusty triple to right field, followed by Joe Nicolette's neat sacrifice bunt, gave the Continentals their first victory of the season. Kliphon went all the way, spacing nine hits while his Hamilton teammates banged out ten.

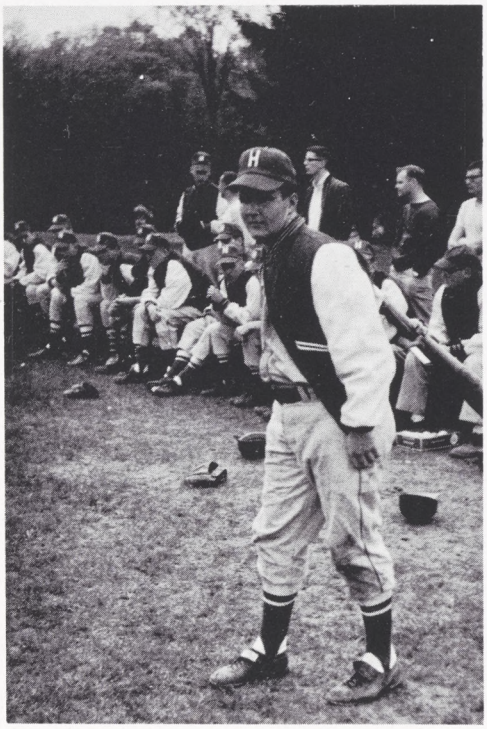
Unable to cope with the strong pitching and hard hitting of Stevens Tech, the Continentals lost to the Red on Parents' Weekend, evening their record at one victory and one defeat. The highlights of the game for the Blue were the strong relief pitching of freshman Dick Blessing and the booming homerun struck by Scott Finegan.

First row: Black, Purple, Nicolette, Slattery, Finegan, Daily, Collins. *Second row*: W. Jones, Ahrens, Castle, Kliphon, Ensor, Fanning, Mohl, Clark (Mgr.). *Third row*: R. Mann, Blessing, Kirkpatrick, R. Perkins, Ryan, Melius, Hirsch, DiGiulian.

Collecting a total of thirteen hits, the powerful Rochester University baseball team, still smarting from the double defeat handed them last year by the Continentals, went on to give the Blue its second defeat of the year. Hamilton could only muster six hits, scoring once in the sixth and adding another singleton in the eighth. These two games, against Stevens and Rochester respectively, were the only contests of the season in which the Continentals did not have a good chance to win in the latter stages of the ballgame.

Undoubtedly the high point of the season came when Hamilton racked visiting Colgate 10-8. The confident Red Raider team, a club that later went on to defeat Yale and Fordham, came to the Hill looking for an easy victory, and went away from it still looking. Rick Purple led the way for the Continentals, cracking out three hits in five trips to the plate, including a three run circuit clout over the right field bank. First baseman Al Ahrens started the Continentals off in the right direction when he socked a two run triple in the first inning. Going the route for the second time in three starts, Bob Kliphon recorded his second victory of the young season. The victory was a very pleasing and rewarding one for Coach Greg Batt, as his Continentals constantly came up with the big play to squelch a Raider rally, and did some fancy hitting on their own.

With the Colgate victory under their belts, the Continentals were ready the next week for the combined opposition of Houseparty and Utica College. A wild seven run rally by the Buff and Blue in the eighth inning turned a 4-4 tie into an 11-4 Hamilton victory. Once again Bob Kliphon went the entire nine innings, spacing ten hits and striking out



eleven. His third route going performance gave him three triumphs in four starts. The big eighth inning included two triples, a single, and four bases on balls; and enabled the Continentals to chalk up their third victory against two losses.

Traveling to R.P.I. for their sixth game of the campaign, the Buff and Blue dropped a tight 6-4 decision to the Engineers, and evened up their record at three and three. It took a two run homer in the last of the tenth inning to give the home team the verdict, and it was a tough loss to take for the Continentals. Although reaching Kliphon's pitching for ten hits, R.P.I. saw many opportunities vanish because of the stellar Hamilton fielding.

Hamilton dropped its fourth decision of the year, at Geneva, when Hobart avenged an earlier loss to the Continentals. Whenever these two rivals clash, it is usually a tight, hard fought game, and this contest was no exception. The Continentals quickly jumped to a 7-1 lead via a six run second inning but could not stave off a late Hobart rally. Two doubles, three walks, and Ahren's three run homer gave the Buff and Blue all their runs in the first two innings. Once again it was a case of the opponents scoring too many runs as Hobart won 11-9.

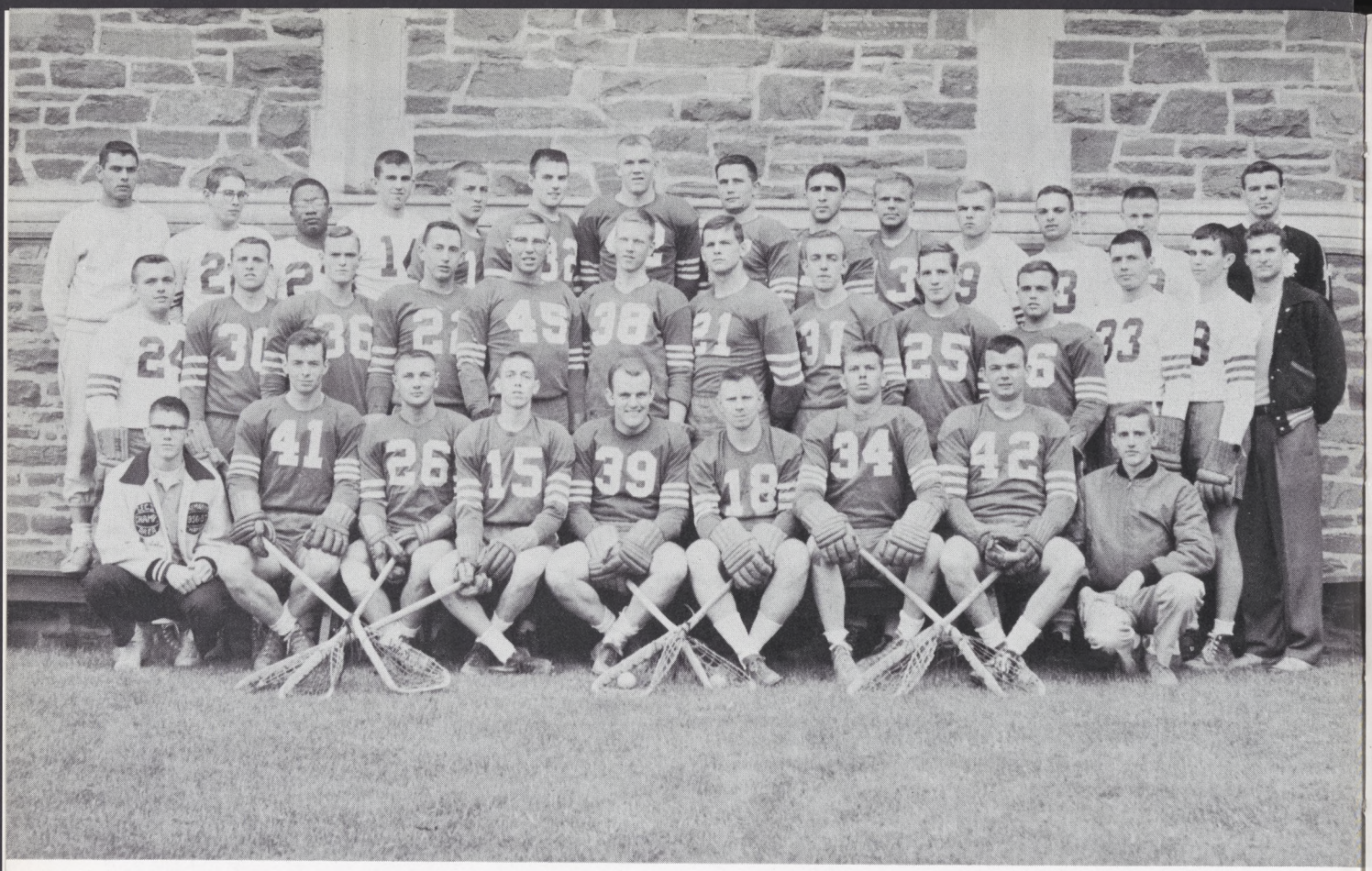
In an almost repeat performance of the Hobart game, the Continentals cracked out fourteen hits against Rochester only to lose 9-8. The Yellow Jackets grabbed an early lead in the contest, but the Buff and Blue came back strongly, pecking away at the lead. The last Hamilton rally fell one short, however, as the Continentals and Bob Kliphon lost to U. of R. for the second time this season.

After the final game of the season, the team chose Scott Finegan as the Most Valuable Player, and named local boy Joe Nicolette to captain the 1959 Continentals.

In their final game of the campaign the Continentals bowed to the Dutchmen of Union 13-6 in a game that was closer than the score indicated. After allowing Union six runs in a disastrous first inning, the Continentals settled down to play the Dutchmen even for the rest of the contest. The game was dominated by many miscues, with a total of 11 unearned runs crossing the plate. The big hit for Hamilton was captain Mike Slattery's long triple in the eighth inning that scored freshman Doug Kirkpatrick from first base. The only other extra base hit of the game for the Continentals came in the ninth inning when Pogo Collins drove Nicolette home with a double.

Although the 1958 season was not an outstanding one in so far as wins and losses go, the Buff and Blue must be given much credit for their well earned triumphs over Hobart, Utica College, and the Red Raiders of Colgate. With the defeat of Colgate especially in mind, the season must be considered a success. Rick Purple led the club in hitting with a .333 batting average, with Scott Finegan's .317 and Al Ahrens' .316 following close behind. Mike Slattery was on base an average of twice per game. Bob Kliphon also deserves mention for the clutch pitching that enabled him to win three games.

Since the team only loses three men by graduation, the prospects for the next few years look very bright. With 19 men out of a squad of 22 returning to next years club, plus another possible good freshmen turnout, the Continentals stand an excellent chance of a winning season in 1959.



First Row: Randall (Mgr.), R. Russell, Rickerson, N. Brown, Driscoll, Hoyt, Holbrook, Succop, Puschel (Mgr.), *Second Row*: Landers, Killion, Ramsay, E. Johnson, Lies, T. Perkins, Downey, Turnbull, Schoonover, Strawbridge, Travis, Samson, Stevens (Mgr.). *Third Row*: Coach Hunter, Bennett, Taylor, Zeis, Bushweller, Svenson, Fraser, Krupka, Holden, Pearson, Sanderson, Kerner, Dixon, Murphy (Assn. Coach).

lacrosse

March winds came. The quadrangle between Carnegie and the gym was converted into a speedway for out-of-shape Lacrosse hopefuls. Spring had arrived and Chip applied the whip. It was to be the most successful Lacrosse season Hamilton has ever witnessed. Paddy Hoyt and John Driscoll co-captained the early aggregate of sweatsuits and helmets into working order. While the college community hovered in dorms, seeking shelter from the elements, Lacrosse players hustled through snowdrifts with a celerity which made Napoleon's retreat from Moscow appear to be a tortoise race. Lacrosse originated as a game for bloodthirsty, oblivious Indians, and Hamilton, progressive as it might seem, reverted temporarily to primativism. They had to play the game.

And while undergraduates wandered South during the Spring holidays, Hamilton's stickmen ended up on Long Island trying to scare up a game. In years past a large percentage of Lacrosse men have been prone to follow their less fanatic roommates to sunnier beaches, but this year's turnout included all but three of the first day's squad. This enthusiasm, considering individuals covered their own expenses, was to be a recurrent theme throughout the season.

Chip Hunter managed to engage top-ranking Hofstra's J.V.'s twice in scrimmages, emerging successfully in both. After a long leaden winter, the boys were anxious to mix it up, aggressiveness reared the Swiss watch level, but individual showings were remarkable. After many a year, Chip finally had some matter to mold. Closing out their pre-season activity, the Blue returned to Central New York to polish off the Syracuse Lacrosse Club, a group with whom Lacrosse is as basic as breathing. They were ready . . .

Indeed, they were ready. Union toppled down, 9-0 as Tom Perkins spent a spectacular afternoon in the nets. Freshmen Rod Ramsey and Joe Schoonover led the scoring in their collegiate debut. Coach Hunter employed the lineup he was to use most of the season. At the attack were Pete Strawbridge, Neal Brown and George Holbrook, creaseman. Midfielders were John Driscoll, Jim Turnbull and

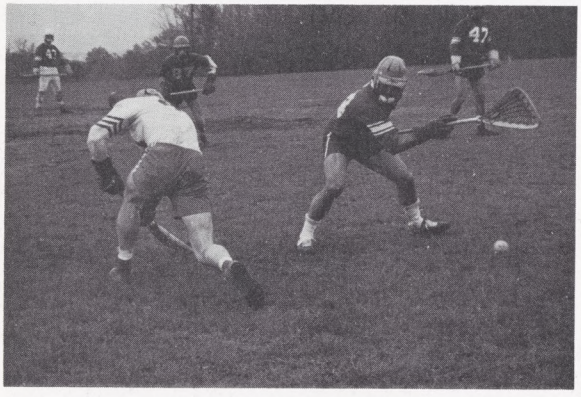
Schoonover at center to begin with, and Earl Rickerson, Dick Russell and Ramsey in the second midfield. Tom Succop, either Steve Downey or Bert Lies, and Paddy Hoyt composed the defense. It was a cooperative group.

Middlebury didn't throw in the towel quite so early the next afternoon. The Continentals moved on to Vermont the following day, minus scoring ace, Strawbridge and defenseman Lies. After a nip and tuck duel, the Continentals pulled a 9-8 victory out of the fire. Teamwork and passing were off, but then quite a bit of Lacrosse had been consumed in two days.

The hockey affairs with Colgate during the Winter were somewhat amusing. The subduing of the Big Red's nine was interesting, but tiny Hamilton's protracted jinx this year on our somewhat atheleticly emphatic neighbors reached its high-water mark in the Lacrosse department. Sports-writers wondered. Interested parties marvelled. Hamilton 8: Colgate 6. Nine of the Red Raiders who trounced the Blue last Spring, 14-1, were still around, but apparently had aged considerably. Co-captain John Driscoll threw in three goals unassisted to abet the Blue's cause. Perkins had another afternoon for himself in the goal. Twenty miles south of the Hill on Route 12 there was no joy nor laughter.

And then came houseparties and Cortland and defeat. Bill Tomik, a former Hamilton Lacrosse coach, brought a contingent of teachers for the weekend, stayed long enough to win, 10-5, and left the party early. A superabundance of penalties, linked with overanxiousness, all helped to let down a large, co-ed crowd.

But the succeeding weekend was more gratifying. CCNY held the Continentals to a 3-2 first half, but couldn't keep up with an eight goal spree of the Blue's in the third quarter which broke the back of the game, not to mention the City Collegers. Strawbridge chucked in five of Hamilton's fourteen scores while the defense rationed CCNY's attack a single goal in the second half. It was Hamilton's most extensive scoring effort.



Hobart edged out the Blue in the final contest, 10-9. It was Hamilton's best showing of the year. Unfortunately, it was Hobart's. It's not a particularly just universe. And so the season closed—the Lacrosse team's first winning season.

Yearbooks are notorious for painting Seniors in unduly lavish colors, but such must be the case because of performance. Neal Brown led the club in assists from his attack position. George Holbrook, also an attack man, roughed it up all season around the enemy crease. John Driscoll was the undenyable backbone of the midfield as well as being one of the club's top scoring pounches. Tom Succop was seldom heard but always felt. Perhaps the most oblique, and yet, highest compliment which can be paid to these four Seniors is that there are only four of them leaving.

Tom Perkins has been mentioned several times and could be mentioned quite a few more. Pete Strawbridge led the team in goals and has deservedly been mentioned in the paper enough. On the other hand, people like co-captain Paddy Hoyt don't ever get their names in the paper. Freshmen Rod Ramsey and Joe Schoonover show promise of sustaining Hamilton's Lacrosse potential which they helped to originate this season. Individually and team-wise, all conventional praise falls short.

An innovation in the athletic department this year was assistant Lacrosse coach, John Murphy, a Senior, who plans to continue in education and wanted some coaching background. Chip Hunter could not interject enough superlatives in reference to Murphy, who had never played Lacrosse. His supervision and scouting were invaluable.

Next year's co-captains: Earl Rickerson and Paddy Hoyt.

HAMILTON		OPPONENT
9	Union	0
9	Middlebury	8
8	Colgate	6
5	Cortland	10
14	CCNY	3
8	Hobart	9

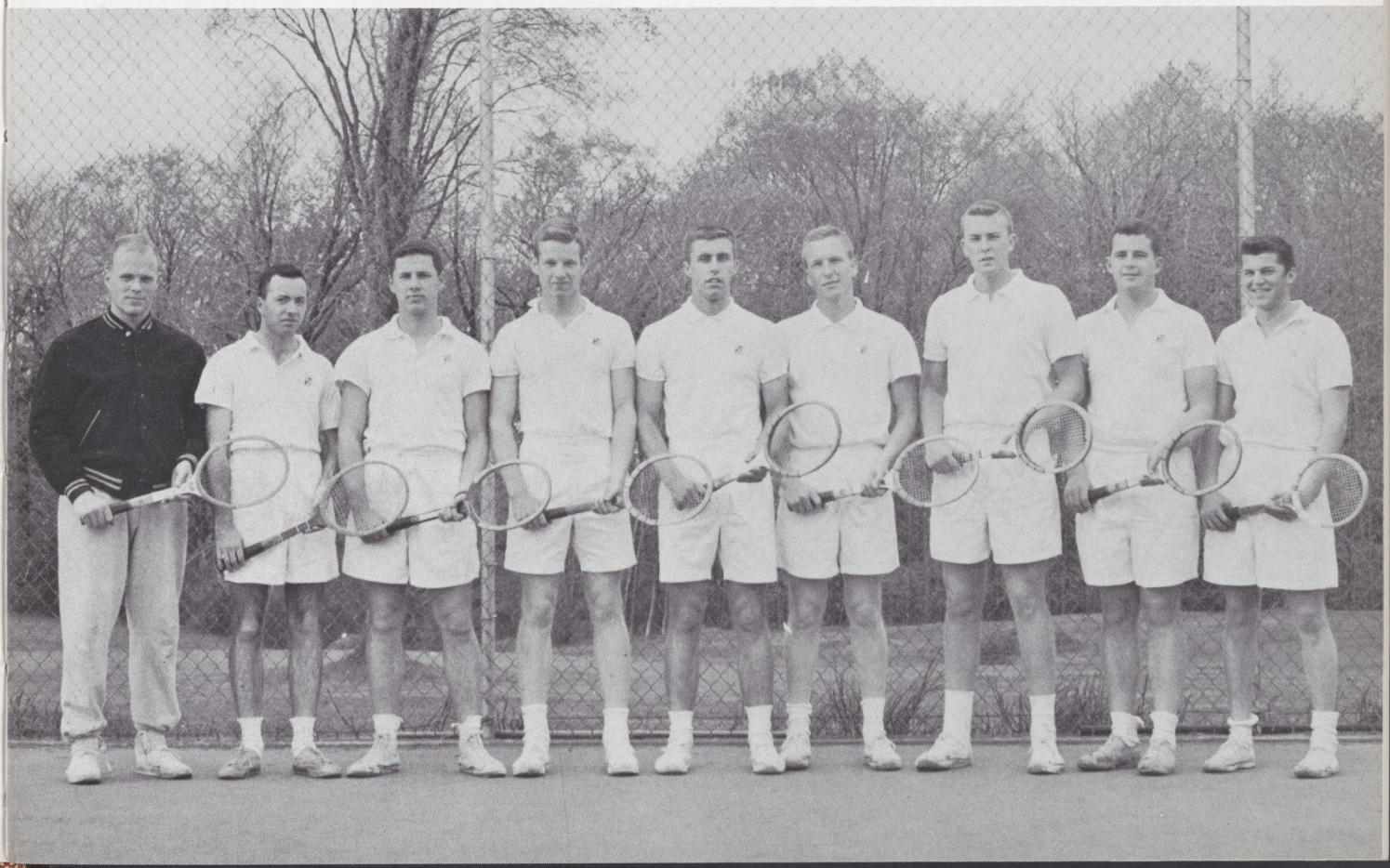
tennis

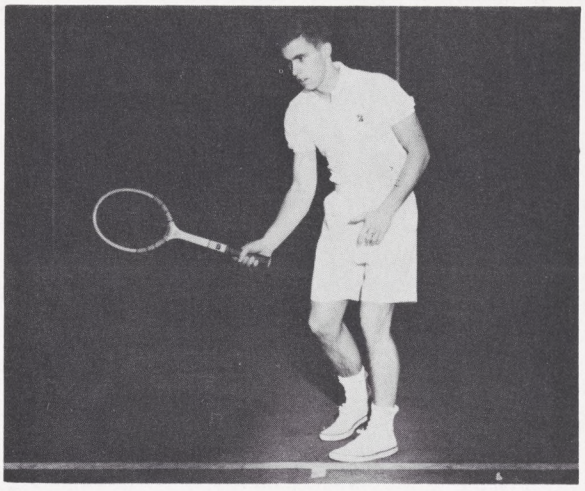
The Continental tennis club, under the discerning eye of Coach Mox Weber, continued to run rampant around the State, leaving behind a swath of battered raquets and more-battered raquet players. It was an undefeated season, which, even for the tennis team, is noteworthy. It was a season of high hopes and equally high expectancies. In recent Springs, the Continental netmen had dropped a notably scant four matches in seven years. The Hillmen had a 7-1 season to follow, with basically the same club which made it. Returning were lettermen: Craig Henzel, Gerry Dirvin, Don Kittel, Chris Ravndal and Tim Smelzer.

Syracuse, a rising tennis power, offered the only sizable resistance all season, dropping to the Hamsters by a slim 5-4. But the match was the last of the excitment which Mox Weber's boys were to see. It marked the eighty-second victory over a period of twelve years. Coach Weber has commented that tennis sprees are usually of a cyclical nature, lasting about five years during which a zenith of two seasons is maintained. But a zenith has obviously lasted since World War II.

Ithaca was run through with no more trouble than a pound of butter might be with a steak knife. It was the tenth time Hamilton has swept the double faulting bunch of teachers in as many years. The outcome, 9-0, was representative of the season's play. Seldom during the Spring did individual matches run to three sets. Hensel and Ravndal paired up for the number one doubles matches. Smelzer and Kittell usually played second, and sophomores Hadley Roe and Butch Logan, unseeded for individual match play, were successful as the third combination. Roe and Logan will be called upon next year to help fill four of the six

Ramsay, Logan, Roe, Ravndal, Henzel, Smelzer, Dirvin, Lord, Kittell.

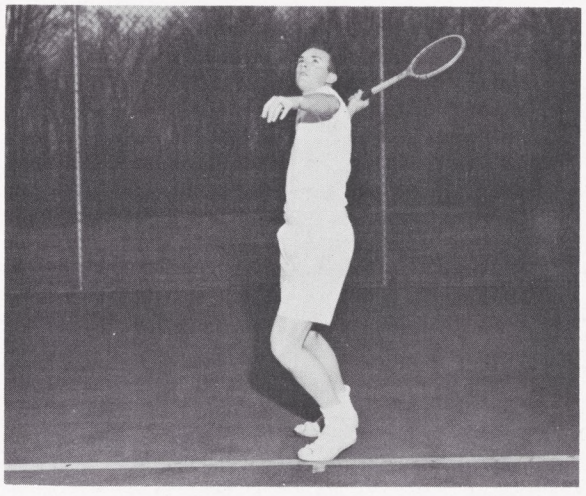


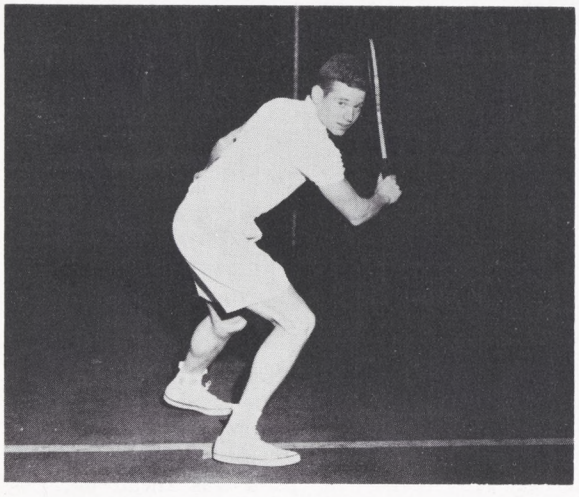


sneakers which will be leaving in June, *ie.* Henzel, Smelzer and Ravndal who are ranked first, second and third respectively.

Hobart was engaged, minus the services of Henzel and Lord, but could only put up a losing 2-7 effort. Rochester toppled, 8-1. Harpur and Hartwick were both shut out. It wasn't an interesting season at all.

But apparently the golden age in the tennis world on the Hill is to enter a recession. According to Coach Weber, the necessary shifting of the number four, five and six players to the top rungs will be too sharp a transition, and no freshmen of particular magnitude have appeared on the horizon. But coaches since the Athenian games have bewailed out-with-old, in-with-new situations. At any rate, Phil Lord and Don Kittel will be co-captains.





Thomas, Hakanson, Walsh, Jackson, Wettlaufer, Mongeau, Kremer, Merkelbach.

golf

The 1958 Hamilton College golf team promised to be as good or better than the previous year's team with the loss of only one letterman, Kim Levene, who was in France. Lettermen Ward Wettlaufer, Bob Mongeau, and Jerry Walsh along with Paul Kremer, Carl Hakanson, Dick Jackson, and freshmen Doug Trenner and Dick Merkelback comprised the strength of this team. However the team did not measure out to all the previous expectations with the record of six wins and four losses. But it must be mentioned that the team registered impressive wins against strong Union and Hartwick teams.

On April 26th the team opened its season by defeating Harpur handily by the score of 7-2. "Goose" Mongeau, the second man, turned in the lowest round of the afternoon, a 76, while Harpur's Joe Lapsoly tied captain Ward Wettlaufer. Freshmen Doug Trenner and Dick Merkleback made their first intercollegiate appearance, sharing winning points Dick Jackson and Jerry Walsh.

A week later the team traveled to Hobart to compete with Hobart and St. Lawrence. Ward Wettlaufer led the team with a 72 to a 4-2 win over Hobart, while the team lost 1-5 to St. Lawrence. Merkelback, Kremer, and Jackson all added to the tally in the win against Hobart. The following day Rochester interrupted the team's plans with a 4-5 defeat. Peter Bush of Rochester playing par golf defeated Wettlaufer 3 and 2.

On the following Monday Hamilton again ran into the buzz saw in a 2-4 loss to Syracuse. Warren Simmons, last year's Eastern Intercollegiate champ, defeated captain Wettlaufer 2 up in a 3 under par effort on his home course. Dick Jackson and Jerry Walsh were the only two team members to post wins in this match.

Two days later in a pouring rain, the team bounced back to defeat a weak Oswego team 6-3 paced by the sharp golf of captain Ward Wettlaufer. That weekend the strong Rochester team appeared to hand the Continentals another defeat by the close score of 4-5. Merkelback and Wettlaufer led the team by defeating their opponents easily.

The next week the team traveled to R.P.I. where they lost their fourth and last match 4-5 to the strong Troy team. The team was ahead but was handicapped by darkness during the last holes of this encounter.

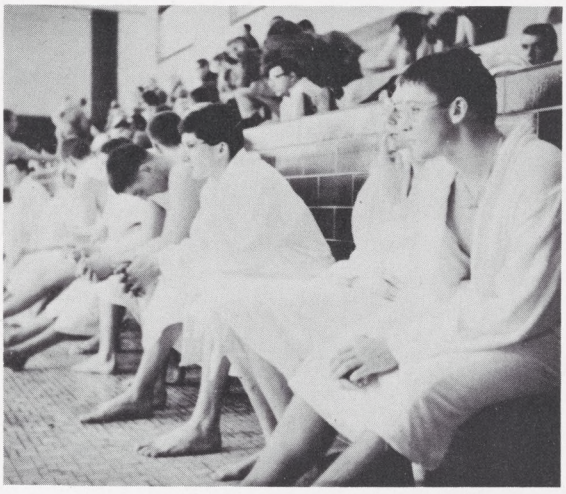
After these two losses, the team came back strongly to win the last three matches of the season against Union, Hartwick, and Cortland. In fact Union match at Schenectady, Ward Wettlaufer played outstanding golf to beat a previously undefeated Union golfer by the score of 5 and 4. Dick Merkelback, although he lost his match 2 and 1, played extremely well, shooting a 76. All the members of the team showed outstanding form in this match and the two following. Freshman Al Thomas, in his second intercollegiate showing, chalked up his second win.

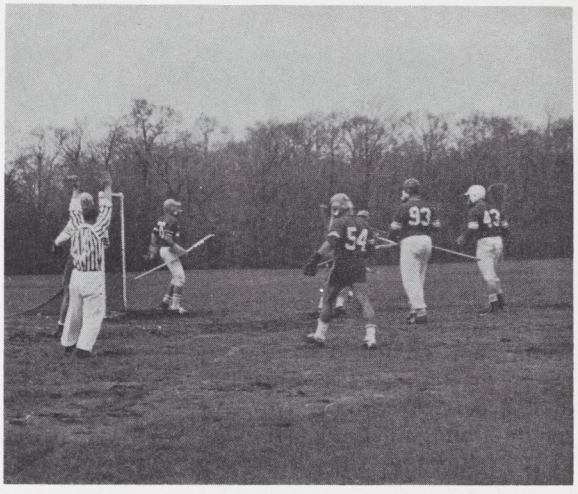
Returning to the fairways of Clinton, the Continentals met a strong Hartwick squad. In the two matches of the day Ward Wettlaufer and Bob Mongeau teamed to take three points. The entire team showed the same ability that had beaten the strong Union team.

In the last match of the season, Cortland traveled to Clinton to be overwhelmed by the strong Continental team that refused to finish the year with anything but a winning season. Team members Merkelback and Walsh exemplified the competitive spirit of the entire team while easily posting wins over their opponents from Cortland.

Although this year's golf team did not register an impressive record, it must be noted that they finished up very strongly in winning their last three matches against teams that were as good as Rochester and R.P.I.

Although the team did have somewhat of a difficult time this year, Coach Don Jones certainly is enthusiastic over the prospects next year. The team will loose only one letterman, Jerry Walsh but will gain who knows how many freshmen. Kim Levene will return from France, and Peter Hankin will be able to return to the links when his arm heals properly. Bob Mongeau will return to full time play, and the remainder of the team will have benefited from a year's experience. With this added strength, Coach Jones anticipates a team capable of an undefeated season.




54
93
43

social

First Row: Bleezarde, Pettet, Pomeroy, Smyth, Burns, B. *Second Row*: Webster, Ellis, Rhett, Hawkes, Bartlett, Plumb, Alexander. *Third Row*: Miller, J., Boben, Jones, Hudson, Solmssen, Wettlaufer, Gillespie, Smith, Hutchens, Jordon, Norbeck, Hoyt, Hatcher, Burns, R.

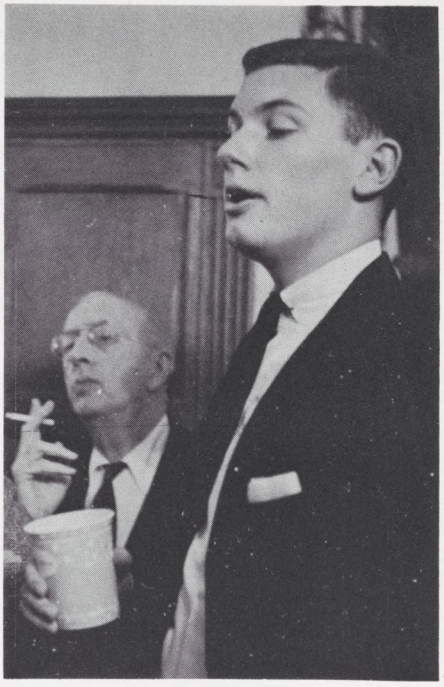
sigma phi

One bright shiny day in the dimly-remembered past of September, 1957, a sturdy green Chevy tore up College Hill and ground to a stop in front of the revered Halls of the Beta. With all the eagerness of a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed freshman, a large, clumsy quadruped with coarse hair and a very short tail sprang from the car and burst into the house, his beady eyes glimmering and a look of pleasant anticipation on his rotund visage. The darling of Fort Jay, Whitney Ellis, had returned, and so began the 127th year of the Beta's glorious existence.

Master Organizer Hawkes returned to guide the wayward Sigs, though unfortunately he and Hud were a little bit the worse for wear after their summer in Europe. Nonetheless, the year pulled itself together and began to get off the ground as rush week came upon us, and the Beta, under the ever-smooth direction of rushing chairman Hack Rhett, pulled in five little neophytes and began to inculcate them in the sacred mysteries.

A few of the boys thought the house needed a little more life, however, and donated to us a succession of canine friends known respectively as George, Frisbie, and one that didn't stay around long enough to acquire a name. There was also Prince, who made a return engagement under the direction of Marston Jones, but a certain faction decided that these were not man's best friends, and the dogs fortunately were not booked for extended runs.

Jumping Joe Smyth added his name to the list of Beta jocksters as the soccer season rolled around, and Norbs again showed his prowess as a goalie. Came Homecoming Weekend and Whit and Dud, aided by a conscientious group of stalwarts, conspired to launch a rocket display for the annual contest. The house walked away with second prize. Clod Pomeroy had dreams of a rocket party ("Oh,



Fellow Rotarians. . .

really?"), while Bill Hoyt, Phil, and Hud began the traditional safaris to strange and wonderful haunts in Saratoga and Poughkeepsie.

The approach of winter sent the usual crew to the ice for Hamster, and though hampered by early-season injuries, the Sigs once again took the lead for Greg Batt's boys as Nimmy Norbeck slapped the puck through the nets enough to end up as high scorer, and Jolly Cholly Hudson and Baldy Burns earned choice positions on line and defense. Back at the Hall, the iron hand of Julius Caesar Miller began to be felt as a stringent economy drive went into effect and Willy and Ella, scared into submission by threats of "Back to Buchenwald!", served pottage du jour six days a week—or so it seemed.

Snow, and more snow, and still more snow, and the freshmen were kept on the kitchen roof almost every day, shovelling when they were not subjected to a barrage of snowballs from wacky Ward Wettlaufer or bumptious Bill Boben ("Look, Dad, it's a Bohen!"). There was plenty of snow for Carnival, and for once the Siggy Poos started early on their display. So fervent were their efforts and so snowed (ahem!) were the judges, that for the second year in a row the Beta carried off first prize and remained the only house on the Hill to have its name carved on the Social Committee Trophy.

By the time we recovered from out frenzied activity, we discovered, amidst all the snow, a small but effervescent patch of Smog which had found its way home to the Beta at midyears. Jamie was back, better than ever after a sojourn in Washington. And Shambler Gage returned for Carnival with glorious tales of the Midwest, promising to come back and take his old place in the green room gambling den.

Marston Jones had gotten energetic, and under his capable direction the Sig bar received its desperately-needed redecoration. New paint, new furniture, and the demise of the Army cots and lumpy mattresses gave the room a bright new look. Theo was prevailed upon to come out of his Middle Dorm spook chamber ("After all, he's only a Dorm Sig") long enough to decorate the bar chimney with the emblem of the Thrice Illustrious.

At last the cold gray winter was left behind as Hack and the boys, even Spooky Boots, took off for Bermuda to initiate the 1958 Sun Is Health club meetings. The vacation over, we returned to discover that several of the fold were to enter in the state of matrimonial bliss during the summer, and Phil, Hud, and D. Zander held parties to announce their forthcoming entanglements. Nimmy Norbeck got his beautiful green pants muddy as Was Los tapped him and Fat Ward and the other boys tromped across his slender frame. Dudley, consistently capable, energetic, and popular as president, handed over the reins to Theo (sigh!) after April elections, and with the coming of the softball season and G. & T. time, another highly successful year in the annals of the Beta drew gradually to a close.

Have you joined the Four Roses Society?

First Row: Hand, Mason, Spaeth, DeWitt, Barron, Howk. *Second Row*: Cadigan, Baldwin, Fitzgerald, de Haven, Johnston, Thompson, Pravis, Landers, Castle, Elferink. *Third Row*: Schoonover, Miner, Andre, Holley, Ibach, Weed, Gibson, Smelzer, Strawbridge, Lord. *Fourth Row*: Groome, Nichols, Wheeler, Perkins, Wright, Montgomery, Robinson, Brenner, Lawrence, Lennon. *Fifth Row*: Rockwell, Colton, Lyon, Crosier, Putnam, Kremer, Rusling, Reed, Roberts, Watson, Lord, P.

alpha delta phi

It all started with Rush Week. Thirty-eight sons of sam were called into active duty by Rush Chairman A. B. for the important task of Freshman snowing. Seventeen of the new-comers succumbed to the A. D. "physical plant," low board, and Frau's cooking. The "rich and mellow" life had begun again.

Smel and Ran headed the political machine, which wasn't very interested in politics, toward another successful season of parties, flicks, and dirty laundry. Fall House Party was high (lighted) by a Roaring Twenties theme. There was an abundance of gin in the bathtub; in fact, with the fine stumplifters and the clinging clothes of the girls, many men decided that they were living in the wrong age. But that didn't bother Cork Landers, who was firmly of the opinion that the flicks of today can't be beaten. At Homecoming, we couldn't get the display built because the wind was too strong. The Alpha Delt play was again a huge success with the last act of eggnog being the most popular part of the show.

The Frosh all came back for second semester to face Mike and his Gyrene D.I's. To rival the civic minded Dekes, our charges illuminated the Chapel Tower. Botch replaced wishy washy Charlie Soule as linen empressario, and new President Ran promised the Traveling Secretary to write the National more often than Smel had.

We found the House Constitution at Psi U. and Harry Groome, who had been lost in the woods between here and Vassar ever since deer season. Dan Brewer succumbed to the climatic urge and is now giving readings of Schopenhauer at Graumans Chinese Theater.

Carnival was Glib's creation as drink and date mixer while Dutch grew sideburns to play a joint concert with Boyd Raeburn. Peepers plowed up a hell of a big sculpture although the judges didn't recognize the tune, but tragedy really struck when M. P. couldn't talk her way into the Queenship.

Rooms were rearranged again in dispair when averages came out, and now the 270 through 30.06 arsenal is consolidated and trained on North Dorm. Mort became the "plus one" in the Catotonic Five while Mouse demonstrated abnormal rat behavior at Mt. Holyoke. Radcliff sang for their supper and snowed Kremer. Harry led the white hunters with eighteen chucks, four crows, and a female nebbisch, but Barney came back from the farm with tales of a Holstein doe and several cats.

Luke took civic interest plaudits for heading up a Utica clean up squad while Reeder showed his misspent youth by buying a pool table with his bridge winnings. Charts was impeached for ice cream monoply but found Bert Hand's pin in the bank and was reinstated.

Five dates, three kegs, and J. J. Johnson eased the pain of finding ourselves caricatured in Rock's play after vacation. While Wheeler took geo trips, the rest of us studied the rocks at Toga town. Gleeze captured Waiter of the Year honors and was knighted with the cleaver. Put led the song birds to victory in the Inter-Fraternity sing with some man made tenori while Ralph was out-argued by Chip's dog.

Luke is likely to be in the pad, but Gleeze is probably on the B. Ball court. A. B. is probably working over in Silliman with the Choir while Smel is leading the Block H Club. King is over at the House more. The guy who plays banjo? That is Dutch. Reeder is probably downstairs playing pool while I'm here writing this.

So once again it is time for graduation and vacation, and she haunts our hearts in absent days.

Help send these boys to camp!

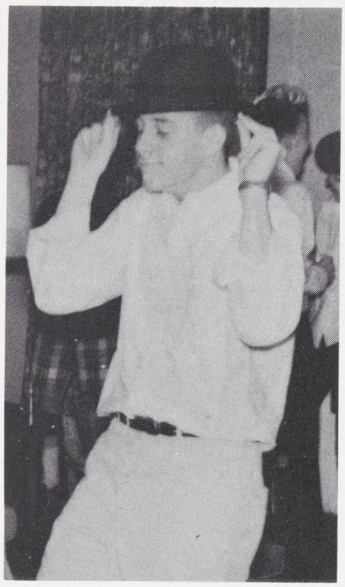
"I dunno, Marty, whatddayou wanta do?"

Who's bringing the mixer?

psi upsilon

Psi Upsilon was first on the Hill this year. Pulling in from the hinterlands early in September, we set ourselves to the task of being fraternal host to the annual convention of our national brethren. Convention Chairman Caldwell's diligent labors made the occasion a memorable one. Steeped in Scotch and tradition, we lay back to view with jaded eyes the tardy return of the campus's more laggardly houses.

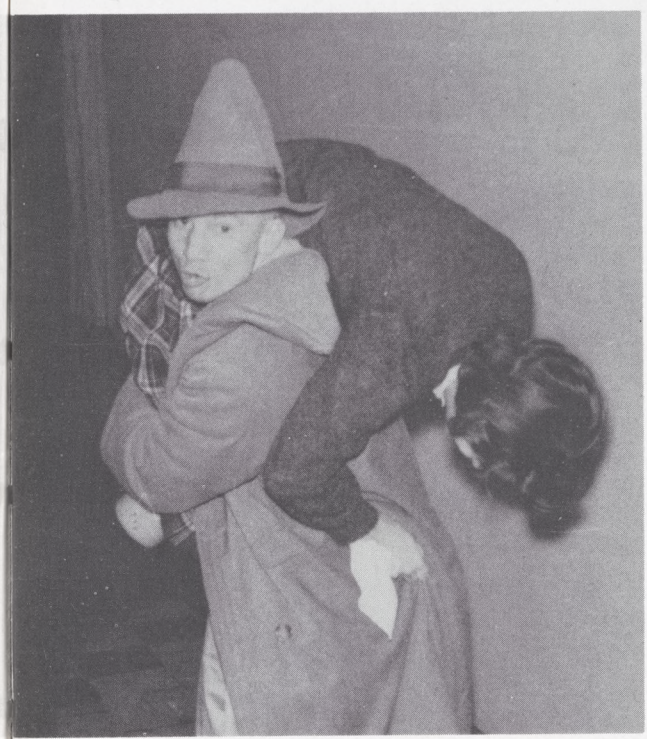
Remaining seated throughout Rush Week, we garnered an amusingly low number of plebes whose paucity in number, however, was more than compensated for by superiority of character and achievement. By this time, we had decided that it was time to start achieving ourselves, and achieve we did. Academic, athletic, and social are the premier categories of Psi U. accomplishment in the fall, 1957. The House ranked first among Hamilton's national fraternities in the academic ratings issued by the College after the first semester. Lacking outstanding individual scholars, we owe our success to a general record of hard-working consistency. Psi U. fielded fourteen athletes in the College's successful fall varsity sports program. Among them was Frank O'Brien, who co-captained the gridders to paydirt. Later in the year, Vic Hopkins led the Hamilton Aquatic Society to its most successful season in many a moon. Pentagoner John Driscoll co-captained both the basketball and lacrosse clubs to winning seasons. Socially, Psi U. boasted a sparkling roudelay of consistently popular parties lavishly produced by Stern Bob Hastings. Winter Carney was the highlight of the season featuring jollity, frivality, and rock 'n' rollity.



All Shook Up.

The winter of 1958 may well be long remembered in owl annals as "The Time of the Clubs." Abandoning our traditional cliques of backbiters, we enlivened the drear season with a rash of small clubs within the House. First to organize were the bronzed beauties of the "Sun Club", ably captained by cosmopolitan Bob Brooks, who established a Michigan branch later in the season. The "Swing

First row: Charbonneau, Becker, Kirkpatrick, Ready, Schmidt, Sanderson, Berkeley, Mosedale. *Second row*: Sykes, Taylor, B., George, Caldwell, Brooks, Murphy, O'Brien, Brown, N., Hastings, Rawls. *Third row*: Hughes, Killion, Braisted, Magzis, Richardson, Schumann, Robbins, Di Giulian, Kliphon, Carrol, Charvala, Button. *Fourth row*: Martin, Fox, Patton, Eld, Friend, Hurley, Roe, Faringer, White.



Whistle while you work.

"It Yourself Club" was the next to appear, financially backed by Tom Kunichika, host, epicure, and samovar scrubber. Soon to follow were the "Orange Club", the "Cocoa Club", and the "Glug Club" — not to mention the "Wells Club", the "Waiters' Club", the Flying Saucer Club", the "Bird and T. V. Watchers", and the "Roller", who rolled to Florida on twenty-three cents during the Spring recess.

Well-remembered, too, will be a number of colorful incidents which occurred during the year. There was the time that Ch'hiamh Keeme was mesmerized by Stern Blicks of Bob Riddle fame. There were the times when Bill George moved and when the Goam stopped cackling. John Murphy and George provided a plethora of provender for all — except boy wonder Neal Brown, who stayed upstairs for intimate cocktail parties.

While the Psi deplores the departure of all the thirteen Seniors to grad school, it eagerly awaits next year's infusion of hot French blood.

First row: Adams, Haines, Mann, Fitzgerald, Mann, Lathrop, Burke, Christensen, Nucci, Smith, R. F., Rosen. *Second row*: Bremer, Relyea, Hatch, Bourns, Edmonds, Hoffman, Foote, Healy, Oberkircher, O'Neill, Mackey. *Third row*: Stevens, Gillespie, Scott, Langan, Moore, Davis, R., Stock, Ward, B., Alcaro, Eastham. *Fourth row*: Poole, Dungan, Smith, T. A., Brown, Elliott, Aitken, Smith, N., Hewitt, Andrews, McLean.

chi psi

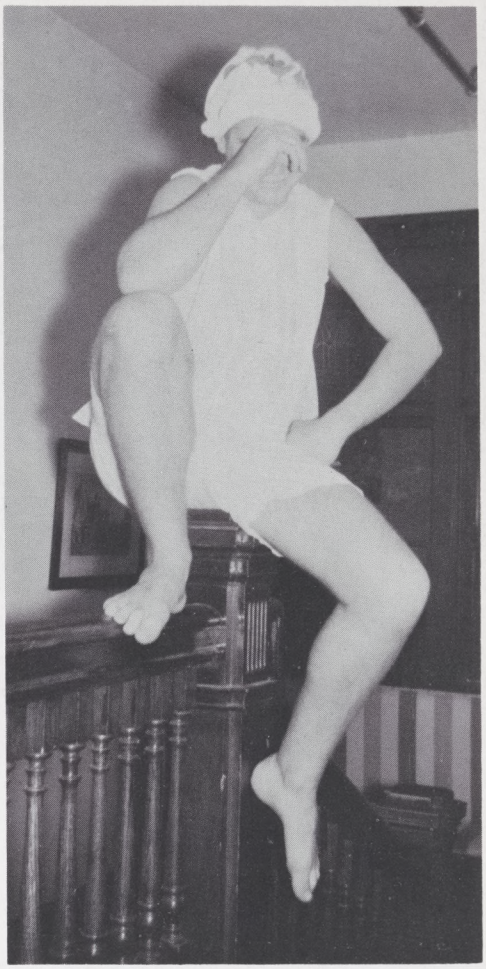
The Logites returned to the Hill to find Tony, the downstairs halls, and the pantry covered with a new coat of paint. The brothers moved the furniture around until most of the cracks were covered and dug in for a hectic rush week. After the dust had settled, Chi Psi found itself with fourteen still-rather-wet-behind-the-ears freshmen.

War broke out at Phi early in the fall and continued throughout most of the year with the bigger battles occuring during houseparties. The Lodge was invaded by Jazz and Rock an' Roll. These forces (called barbarians by their opponents) came from the direction of Chicago and were led by Lothar. The protectors of the Roaring Twenties entrenched themselves in their fur coats next to the phonograph, claiming squatter's rights. Led by dancing Dick Stevens and "weep Russia, weep" Fay, they put up a valiant fight but have managed so far only to keep out Brubeck. The close of the "Twenties" may have finally reached Chi Psi.

The year was yet young when the Phimen began to feel the effects of the P. H. S. (Power Hungry Steward). Brother Bremer soon developed a fanatic gleem in his eye and a mania for saving money. It was all the brotherhood could do to keep him from cutting out meals altogether, let alone open the kitchen.

Under the swizzle sticks of Alcaro and Smith, houseparties this year were a great success. Popular innovations included hors-d'oeuvres at the faculty champagne party and sours on Saturday morning. Led by the "Five Womb", the roof parties were a smashing success.

The lid blew off the lodge at the beginning of hockey season. Coach Milli put everyone who could stand on skates out on the ice, and after much shouting and many hard falls, the Chi Psi hockey team took the championship.

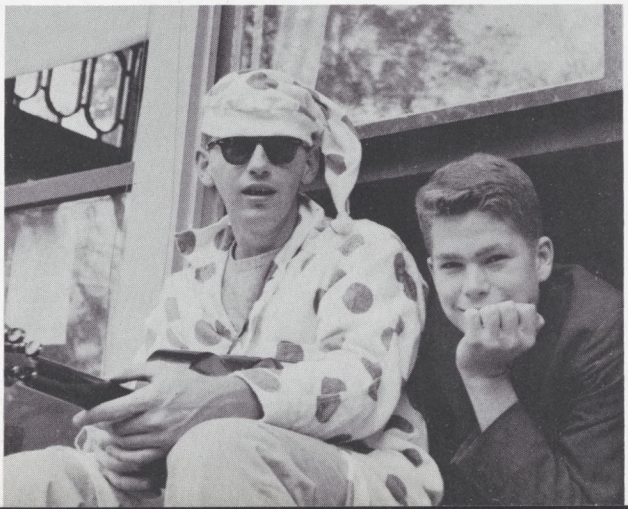


Il Penseroso.

In connection with the lodge's expansion and remodeling program, an interior decorator arrived in early spring. With her arrival, we became happily confused, very enthusiastic, and a little nostalgic about the beat-up old lodge. She stuck knives in the woodwork, peeked behind shower curtains, and kept muttering to herself about leather walls and dinner by candlelight. "It's got to go" and "junk that" were her favorite phrases.

Lodge life fared well under the able leadership of Hatchmo while Steverino and Lois kept the Spectator offices buzzing. Poole managed to burn up the track, his typewriter, and every girl in the Northeast. Cuker held the distance records this year by commuting to Centenary. For problem solving, Foote had his couch while Brown had his bottle. Stevens and Gillespie managed to turn the Continental into the "Chi Psi Lit. Mag.", and Andrews piloted his Subway car between Clinton, New York, and Boston. All in all it was a very educational year.

Baby Snooks and friend.



delta upsilon

Well tanned (that is, excepting one) the D. U. sun gods returned in the fall ready to tackle almost any problem, the most pressing being the intramural football championship. Led by our "Liliputian Giant", the D. U. squad rock 'n' rolled its way to victory. Little did the vanquished know that our exodus to 'Teri's after each game proved to be the only opiate for the stalwart six.

However, we had other problems — eleven of them who tried the patience and benevolence of the Brotherhood and found them wanting. Tempers were quick, and the Chambers-Redmond team flashed a transient muscular threat in behalf of the Freshmen. Fortunately, the upper-classmen had the Mangan-Horan duo in which they could confide. From then on, it was a case of mind over matter, and we are still not sure who came out second best. In the end, the "Old Ode" acted as a philter for our bovine eleven, and all managed to pass through exams and Hell Week unscathed.

On the eve of Homecoming Weekend, the Wizard of Art, "Reet-zo" and his confreres worked hard in the early hours of morn to create their prize winning display. Fortunately, it survived the elements to receive the plaudits of the judges. And who can belittle the part played by the old grads in making our slogan, "Not Worth a Continental", a feasible aphorism.

Lacking only the Talbot Brothers and salty sea breezes, the D. U. House was metamorphosed into the Isles of Trinidad during Fall House Party. Tom "Elsa Maxwell" Blaisdell passed the witches' brew around, and we all became virtual (or is it virtuous) monsters. Finally, the calypso decor had inerbriant powers (at least that's what we told the Dean the-morning-after) that made our oft-used and indefatigable "Hi-Ho Steverino" sound like a South American chant.

As the Yule season approached, the Brotherhood busied itself with preparations for the com-

First row: Lucky. *Second row*: Finn, Paul, Clapp, Cooney, Chambers, Mohl, Lennox, Redmond. *Third row*: Gibbons, McCarthy, Townsend, Miller, J. S., Wormuth, Jones, Alexander, Hirsch, Stratton. *Fourth row*: Fuld, Robards, Carter, Rockafeller, Blaisdell, Hendel, Kittell, Hobbins, Cornell, Kadick. *Fifth row*: Rizzo, Driscoll, Dunn, Smith, W. J., McClinchie, Ensor, Slattery, Skidmore, Mangan.

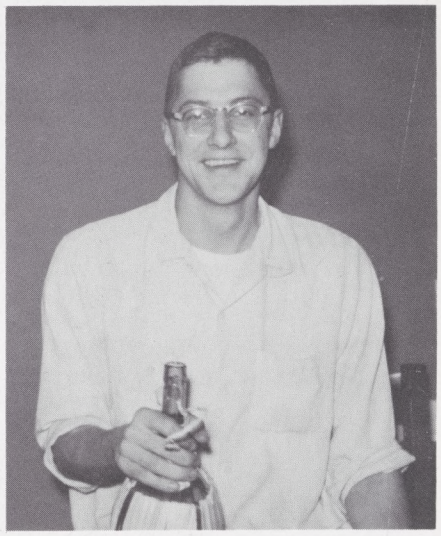
ing social events. The Faculty Cocktail Party was an overwhelming success — the Chapter had its highest academic record since 1948. We wonder! Just before Christmas vacation, Santa Townsend and the D. U. House treated a group of orphans to hotdogs and cokes. Much fun was had by all.

The New Year issued forth some new problems, namely mid-terms and Hell Week. Fortunately, we managed to pass through both with the minimum of trouble. In retrospect, we might consider the initiation process a bit the tougher. For some reason, the kitchen silverware, milk pitchers, and other utensils managed to disappear with alarming regularity — much to the enjoyment of the Freshmen. After a week of infamy and ten minutes of the Dean's much appreciated humor during the initiation banquet, the pledges became bonafide D. U's: Brothers Clapp, Chambers, Cooney, Finn, Kadick, Lennox, McCarthy, Mohl, Paul, Redmond, and Robards. The banquet was followed by our annual Saturday trip to Old Forge, where Brother Dunn's preparations (chicken and cherry turnovers) put the finishing touches on a very exhausting week.

With the advent of a new administration, the Brotherhood made a concerted effort for our new wing project. Brooks-Brothers cannot compare with our sartorial display a la Ghandhi. In sack cloth and ashes, we have accepted only the menial comestibles of subsistance — patties and jello — in order to economize. What did you say about the menu, Marty?

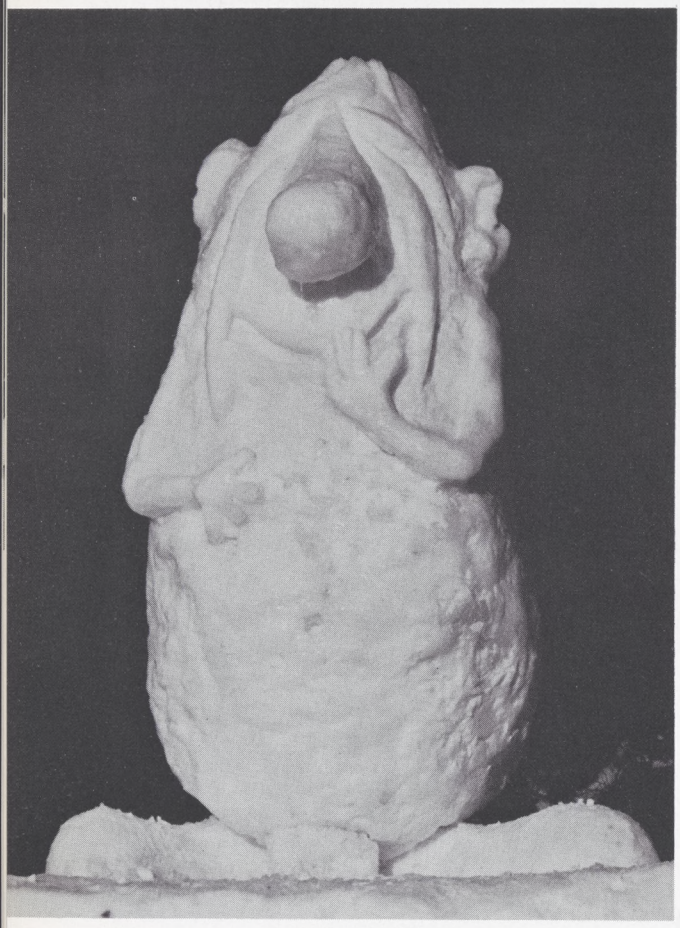
As we approach the parting of the ways, a sentimental chuckle arises over the zoological nomenclature of the D. U's: wombat, cat, chimp, bear, mouse, lion, robin, and, of course, Lucky. How can we forget them?

"Dear Mom . . ."



Have you met Jack?

delta kappa epsilon



Nebbish . . .

With the arrival of the 'Sine and twenty-five football players, the fall season, er, semester got underway. We painted our rooms and the bar, and with the Rebal as our Rushing Chairman, we snared eighteen of the finest and biggest on the Hill. Fall Houseparty with Sunday Rock 'n' Roll, milk punch, Behnke, and twelve kegs proved that we still have the best parties on the Hill. Bridge gave way to a Casino craze, and the T. V. Club grew by leaps and bounds. While the coaches argued about moving football skull sessions down to the Deke House, Goose, Hal, and Ralph became Little All-Americans. Keene led the thin-clads on Saturday afternoons and the thinner clads on Saturday evening.

Echoes: It's a high. Listen up, you guys. Whaddaya mean it's five a.m. Monday morning, we beat Union, didn't we? Wally: "I haven't heard so much noise in thirty years!" The Psi U's: "Anybody lose a golf ball?" How old are you? . . . youse all! Haircuts at three. What sport do you play? Gonna see your true love? It's a shoot 'em up!

Second semester arrived and so did the auditor. By this writing, however, Tau has lived through and climbed out of her financial debacle. Winter Carnival brought us first place with Keene's Queen, second place with the Nebbish and the return of Behnke for his twenty-second consecutive. Frankfort brought us jazz and Ferocious, and our keg total soared to fourteen. Winter sports saw Purple, Dirvin, and Russell on the basketball courts and Spencer, Moore, and Beebe on the ice while Dick Barker led the intramural teams through another successful season. We turned Hell Week into a Help Week with our painting trip to Washington Mills, and thanks to Nick, rituals went off in true Greek style.

A semester and a half saw eight of Bachelordom's finest falter as Langdon, Harkrader, Holbrook, Downey, Lord, Spence, and Hakanson passed out pins and Dooley snared a potential wife. Along with the leaves, the Shummobile turned green and so did Guerin when he got the bill for his peanut butter sandwich.

Hamster's all-Deke outfield of Daily, Purple, and Nicolette from last year's nine will be rounded out by a near-Deke infield as Black, Fanning, and Ennis push for starting spots. Lacrosse finds Hoyt as a co-captain and Lies, Russell, and Rickerson among the prominent faces.

With Hal carrying the whip, Demi, Keene, Sumo, Tank, and Jean Plus comprise Tau's contribution to Gene Long's track season while Lord and Dirvin take to the courts and Goose, Carl, and Crash tour the links.

What, me worry?

With the ushering in of Spring, Tau ushered in new officers. The Beta robe passed from Bruck to Hakanson, the Sigma from Purple to Spencer. Moore takes over as Pi, Russell takes Berkes' place as Rho, and Goose takes the reins from Dooley as President of the T. V. Club.

Active sport participation, balanced with a good share of campus politics and a renewal of Tau social policy provides a good picture of Delta Kappa Epsilon for 1957-58. Take all of these things in mind, and, although we've gone through three years of Morals Committees and innumerable variations on the ten o'clock rule, in days to come, when we look back at this year, let it ne'er be said, "the days of the old Dekes are gone forever."

First row: Holden, Zeis, Schweizer, Sawyer, Normile, Trenner, Payne, Blessing, Turner. *Second row*: Slaughter, D., Munro, Langdon, Winthrop, Harkrader, Hayes, Holbrook, Berkes, Barker, Avronidakis, Rasmussen. *Third row*: Russell, Moore, Goebel, Downey, Johnson, Mikell, Hill, Lord, P., Daily, Spence, Bruck, Hakanson, Spencer. *Fourth row*: Munro, Sullivan, Gitzendanner, Bushweller, Richerson, Fanning, Rehberger, Hopkins, B., Warner, S., Fisher, Rose, Ross, Lies, Beebe.

First row: Marsted, Hall, Renert, Senson, Stone, Disney, Schoemer, Woodworth, Merkelback, Klimt, Petri. *Second row*: Succop, Wells, Collins, Hunt, Polk, Plant, Ring, Miner, Griffith, Hudson, G., Benson. *Third row*: Stevens, Johnson, Bonbright, Covert, Henzel, Thomas, Pierce, Hayes, Tennant, Bailey, Levitt. *Fourth row*: Reville, Werner, Marcy, Tracy, Kruger, Porter, Storm, Chapman, Anderson, Crane, Gay.

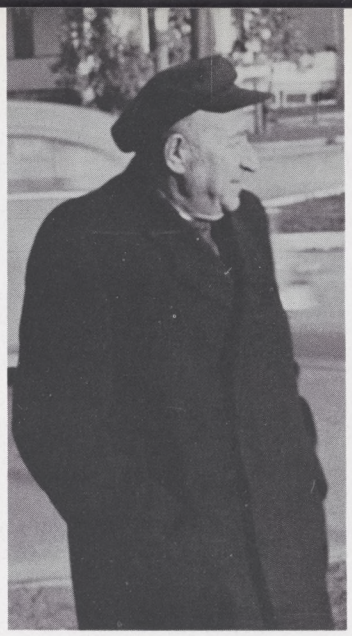
theta delta chi

This article is for the seniors. It foregoes clever, obscure references and tries to list a few names, places, and events which the seniors might want to recall some day when their waistlines have increased, their fortunes have been made, and their memories have grown cloudy.

Gray Akers was president of the House this year. Gray Akers was also a lieutenant in the Marines. Once we learned how to assemble an M-1 in less than two minutes, we went to work on the game room, and with the aid of Brother Polk, some linoleum, some new furniture, a television set, and a little forced labor, we made it almost decent. The kitchen shone with stainless steel sinks before the end of October. The cook bought a new car and had wall to wall carpeting and his own separate heating system. Even so, Steward Tom Benson reported discouragingly small profits in his department.

We pledged sixteen freshmen, we graduated thirteen seniors, our house scholastic average rose, and we were reasonably well represented in extracurricular activities. In athletics, Doug Chapman captained the hockey team, Craig Henzel led the

Gloryosky, Zero!



Ned Whisper, '05

Don't play coy with me, sister

tennis team, Tom Succop was a co-captain of the soccer team, and, lest we forget, Tom Benson was Commodore of the Sailing Club. Bill Tennant was director of the Charlatans.

The seniors saw the end of an era — Bobo Rudd retired. The new freshmen dorm was nearly finished. President McEwen led the administration, the tuition went up, and delayed rushing with 100% opportunity bidding was promised for the future. Elsewhere in the world during the school year of 1957-58: the Russians launched the first successful satellite, the Milwaukee Braves won the World Series by defeating the Yankees, and Sugar Ray Robinson won the Middleweight Championship for the fifth time.

At Theta Delta Chi, we drank whiskey sours, gin and juice, and Genessee Beer. The music of the day was rock and roll, and the dance was the jitterbug, also called the Lindy. We all wore our hair short, full beards were trying to make a comeback, and our favorite expression was "pass" which meant many things, usually, "let's quit." Our favorite girls' college was Skidmore, but we also patronized Wells, Vassar, Smith, and, in a pinch, nearby Cazenovia. We ate pizza in Clinton at a place called Alteri's. Our retreats: Frank and Eddie's, Roach and Quinn's (for after hours pleasure), and for some, Trinkhaus Manor, "a place with some class and live music." We all worried about how to avoid military service after graduation. We never went to the movies; we "flicked out." At night we "sacked out." When you liked a girl, you "had the screemers" for her.

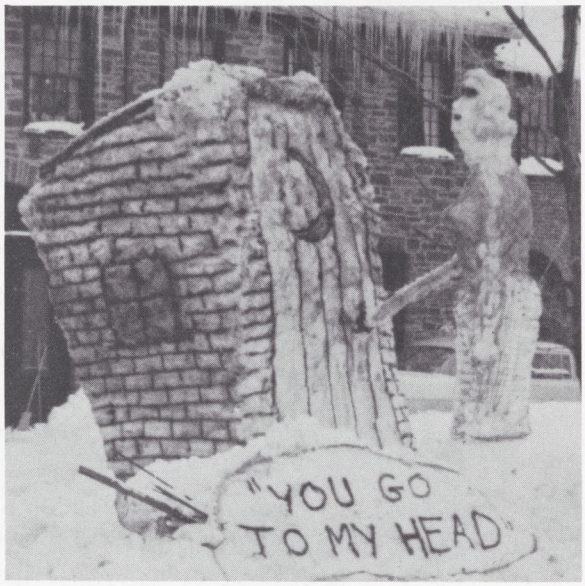
The House never had unlimited funds, but we always had plenty to drink at Houseparties. We had an adequate file of past examinations which helped us through tests. We played a lot of bridge. In spite of many difficult moments, you agreed when you left that these had been happy years.

emerson literary society

The year just past at Hamilton's only Hall will be remembered in the annals of E. L. S. — for nothing in particular. The years of adversity apparently over, we seem to have lapsed back into a style of conformity: Tweed supplanting band jackets, blond crew cuts instead of D. A's., a driveway replete with wheels, and dates in abundance. Yet no song stirs the air, no liquor kills the trees, laughs are uncommon, pie fights are unknown, and sex has been repressed. What, alas, is left?

Well, there are some (mostly non-Emersonians or unworldly underclassmen) who would argue that this has been a pretty good year. Let's play their silly game and take a look.

Mr. Medias ruled the College roost (and seems to have laid very few eggs); we achieved complete liason with the faculty thanks to the geniality of the former Brother Bleep. We outground the Independents to the tune of a house average that looked like a bad golf score and won the B-ball championship with a team that could have murdered the varsity. The brothers were successful in love and War — McGoo, Mooser, Mike, Dynamite, Big Man, and Boobs in the former category and Park, Puppydog, Page, and Boyd (remember them?) in the latter. But enough meandering, let's start at the beginning.



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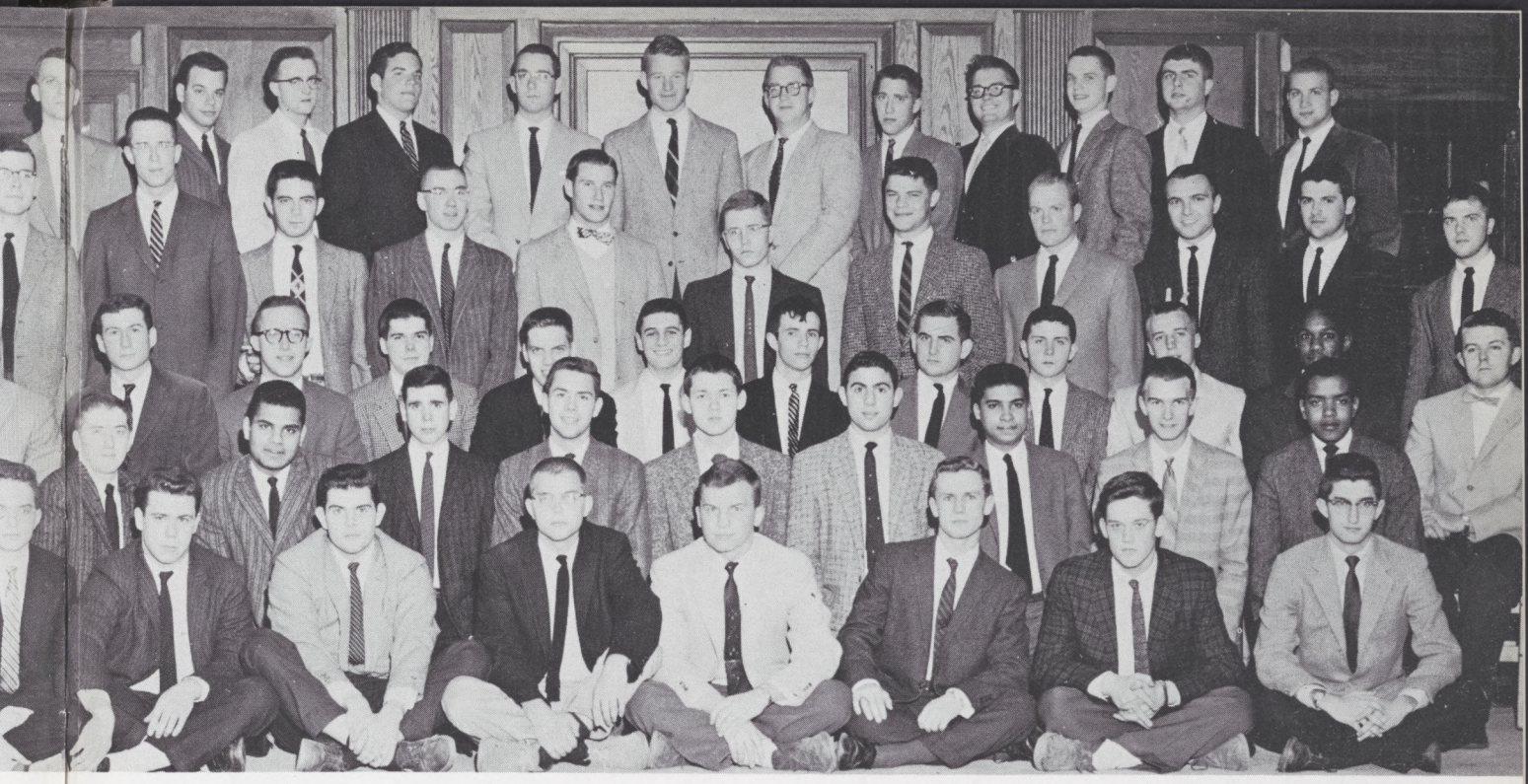


First row: Dunfee, Girard, Murray, Culbertson, Ellis, Arnold, Starkweather, Flagg. *Second row*: Skinner, Epstein, Moses, Haight, Mazzola, Ostrander, Roth, Craan, McMartin, Williams. *Third row*: Taylor, Chaitman. Salacuse, Towle, Sullivan, Pilson, Sampson, Groothuis, Newman, A. E., Gottovi, Benjamin, Griffith. *Fourth row*: Murdock, Ostrom, Sullivan, French, Anthony, Burke, Goodrich, Ramsay, Nagy, Manitsas, Rockwell. *Fifth row*: Nelson, Feingloss, Kuhn, Koplovitz, Hunt, Ravndal, Moose, Stradling, Sinnamon, Mead, Shepmoes, Schneider.

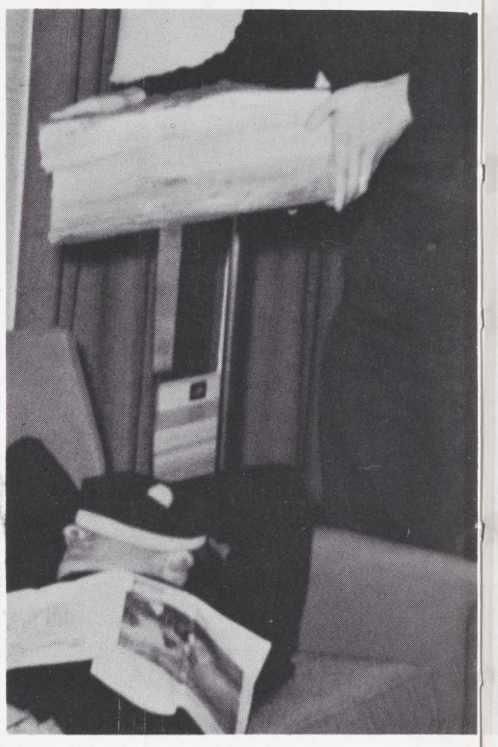
In keeping with tradition, we bid everything in sight last fall, but the rub this year was that we also *got* most of what we bid, the biggest bunch of refugees from the Funny Book on the Hill. Most of them turned out, like the rest of us, to be bad news, but a few unlikely Emersonians did add something to the House. One of them, turning from Peter Prep to Elvis in one semester, revived fleeting memories of the good old days, but, as was to be suspected, conformity ultimately conquered him too. Nothing much happened between Rush Week and Fall Houseparty, at which time all the Brothers decided to go native and wound up getting potted under the palms. There were exceptionally few diversions to be found from then until Winter Carnival (when we conclusively proved that we had not only the longest but the deadest bar on campus) except to go bowling, watch the freshman jock it up, watch Nervous Nelson drop dishes, listen to Cheen play crazy box, or listen to Towle tell us about what he saw on his windowsill. After three years of trying to build winning snow sculptures, the Toy Person finally built one which was so bad that it even merited Sandy Mac's censure.

Goats were quite forgettable, except for the rare occasions when Rudy would ask us please not to drop bombs, or Dix would beg us not to drink, or Skipperdee would beg us to drink more (we're sending him away next year), or Nick would tell us to get our damned feet off his Chippendale. Come spring we started building for next year: Brother Goofoff relinquished the gavel to Brother Proctor, and Mooser left the kitchen to Tooly the Smarter (only regretting that he had failed in his heroic attempt to assemble a Pullman shift). The freshmen came through with a class president, a team captain, and a couple of D. T's. Then we all sat back and waited for finals and whatever miserable times the future might offer.

Meanwhile, back on the riverboat . . .

First row: Alcorn, Cole, Zeiner, Mattern, Thompson. *Second row*: Bennett, Roots, Curran, Pearson, Miller, R., Hanley, Van Scoy. *Third row*: Copeland, Dixon, Madden, Birch, Manning, Sleight. *Fourth row*: Brennan, Bruce, Ames, Hand, J., Dobrasz, Ryan, R., Crossley, Leonhardt, Wedding. *Fifth row*: Allis, Babcock, Rech, Glenn, Farsoun, Wolcott, Taylor, Roberts, Burr, Fraser.

Pass.



lambda chi alpha

The Big Move began, harmlessly enough, in September with the arrival of Mother driving a loaded furniture truck. The scene of operation had been changed to the Brandt House, a structure of the Paleolithic Era located in the President's flower gardens. Old faces returned, and work began on the first objective: clean the House up for Rush Week. This, no small task in itself, was accomplished with a modicum of disarray, and the rushers, led by a tireless Tim Scholl, moved out. With the help of a capacious Locked Closet, a large group of mature gentlemen were pledged. They, with one or two exceptions, both named Daffin, immediately set out to remodel and revamp to suit their tastes.

The tenets of the Big Move soon were defined: Apathy and Insobriety were deplored, and the Block H sweater and the Phi Beta Kappa Key were advanced as symbols of true worth. Fines were imposed for doing almost anything that could be construed as leisure time — even the traditional before-lunch wrestling bouts were outlawed. Herr Wodtke led the charge with his cool conduct during meetings aided and abetted by Silver, the Sargeant-at-Arms.

The Big Move gradually evolved into the Grand Renaissance. It was characterized by a healthy attitude of advancement and change. Godivamen filtered quietly into such austere bodies as the Student Senate, the Buffers, the Debating Club, the Spectator, and the Swimming Team. Hanley decided to form a club and (by a happy accident, we suspect) hit upon the idea for the Hamilton Outing Club. Bill Mattern was elected President of the Freshman Class — albeit with Cope in the Background in a Carmine de Sapio function. "Gung-ho" became more than an expression, it became a way of life.

As in every period of Renaissance, there were disenters: a fellow in a kilt with "rebellion" written all over his face, a joker from Ogdensburg with 86 Elvis records, a visionary group known collectively as the "Molemen" holding secret meetings around an illegal keg down in the bar, the "Black Maria" and the nine sets of keys that went along with it, a well-oiled trip to Saranac Lake for Ames, a white Hornet that met its doom one soggy night after a trip to Marcy, a group of enthusiasts who continued to play poker and drink beer against all moral and legal restrictions, and a black night on the Widow's Wald. But dissension, the poet says, is healthy, and in this case the poet is probably right.

Miller set the bookkeeping chores aright; Wodtke, Scholl, and Mother watched after the Boys; and the Ship of State moved serenely down the river of classes. Gone now were the 'tini blasts and glass throwing contests, the wet-napkin fights, and the Tap-a-keg-a-day Policy. Instead we supped by candlelight and quaffed cheap wine when we felt daring, ever mindful of the unsleeping eye of Mother. But we felt good, and we ate well knowing that we had set our steps aright. Parties were orderly now, and ralphing was no longer a distinction. The overall attitude was one of quiet determination, an earnest desire to achieve and an honest belief in ourselves. Those who dissented did so quietly or not at all, for the Grand Renaissance swept before all those who defied it like a benign tidal wave. And it was, after all, a pretty good year.

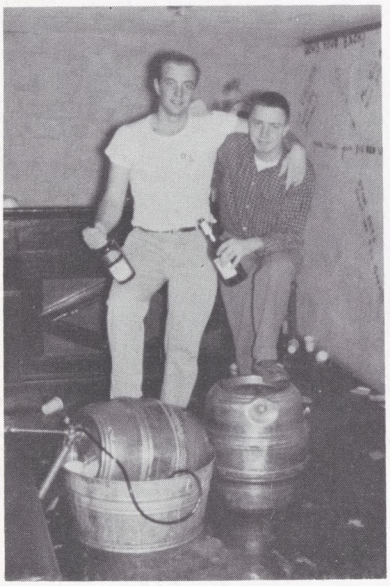
"But whither is fled the visionary dream?"

Guess who swallowed the dice . . .

Housemother

tau kappa epsilon

Call us Tekes. Some months ago — never mind the exact date — we suffered an invasion. Unforgettable was our invader. It was large and fresh and beautiful. It called Itself Sex.



Party dolls.

Tremis, the first Teke to net Sex on that warm Indian Summer day when It arrived, dropped his teeth and his copy of *Playboy* when It walked in. After It had put Tremis' teeth back, he asked It up to his room, where It bumped into Penglund. Penglund blushed. Then Penglund left, and Tremis never bought another copy of *Playboy*.

Eventually, all of us met Sex, and most of us liked It and followed Its lures. Pussy and Little Flower, our exchange students from Rochester and Washington, found It waiting for them whenever they left us, which was often. In fact, It was the only thing about which Pussy and Little Flower weren't apathetic.

Cocker, long dubious about meeting Sex, finally learned that It was Christian. He asked It what It was like, and It showed him. He wanted to take It up to Kirkland Cottage and tap It for Pentagon, but Pentagon's faculty advisor vetoed the idea. After that, Cocker avoided Sex a lot and went back to Holyoke.

Not everyone liked Sex. Peon was afraid of It and didn't want the national fraternity to find out about It. He even called Discipline Committee meetings about It trying to suspend Its meal privileges for a week, but Peon's attempt failed again.

Perhaps we were too happy and lackadaisical with Sex, not knowing that we couldn't have It around all the time. One Saturday night in November, Rusty and his little dogs were dancing around with It, and they danced too long. Then Nagasaki, of all people, found It and pulled It onto a couch with him until the sun rose. Lots of important people heard about Rusty and Nagasaki and Sex, and they shook their fingers at Sex and said, "Naughty, naughty! You must leave the Tekes until February, and be careful when you return!"

When Sex returned, It returned with a roar. Where It had gone, nobody quite knew, but It returned. A blizzard kept It here longer than expected and gave Miller a chance to drive It around in his new Thunderbird.

Sex tired of the Thunderbird-snow-job after a while and returned to the Chinese Gothic Teke House. Here It found a party in Its honor in progress. Hauzz bought It drinks and talked to It but finally decided It wasn't smooth enough for him. He left for Skidmore. Then Speedy Dick, who had had many funny experiences with Sex before, asked It to dance. Speedy and Sex danced for hours, and everybody on campus came to see them Charlestoning.

All the Tekes were so happy to have Sex back that they suggested initiating It. Only Peon, suddenly recovering from his slobbering drunken stupor, objected saying, "I want no part of Sex in this House! And besides, what would the national say?"

That was too much. Although we hated to do it, we were forced to lock Peon in the ritual closet leaving him there to cherish his beloved skulls, gavels, and constitutions.

Sex is here to stay. It will stay at the weather-beaten old Teke House until the House slides into the Oriskany Creek. And even then, as the waters rush over the smell and filth that was our Fraternity, we'll not forget the Peon of the Eon, nor will we forget his memorable last words before his interment in the closet, "Really, fellows, Teke is not such a bad national!"

First row: Hallock, Haenlin, Brown, R., Chase, R., McNerney, Wilcox. *Second row*: Herbsman, Allen, J. P., Parker, Ingegno, Englund, Merkell, Colella, Loder. *Third row*: Pinkerton, Neville, McMillan, Manstrom, Mulford, Smith, B., Johnston, D., Myers. *Fourth row*: Smith, R. G., Smith, K., Wausser, Miller, L., Holmlund, Brandt, Towery.

squires club

First row: Stachura, Lawrence, Ratzan, Zeichner. *Second row*: Harris, Cahn, Gerson, Garrabrant. *Third row*: Brees, Kestenbaum, Young, Cohen, Randall, Chase. *Fourth row*: Sudfield, Savage, Schnier, Leber, Pomerantz.

"Squires Remains Aloof," was the cry of several upper class intellectuals at Snock's Ponds earlier this year. But, alas, despite their efforts, twenty-eight and one half eager Frosh passed through Squires' Green Door. We first realized the errors of our ways at Fall Houseparty, when the House buldged at its seams with women, members, and beer—the latter due to an unfortunate occurance propagated by a prominent Senior. Bonwitt spent the weekend in the Infirmary.

"I dreamt I went to a Houseparty in my . . ."

At homecoming, the Order of the Spoon was bestowed by another prominent Senior on a visitor from Elmira. Thanks to Mohawk, another visitor for the weekend came, bag and baggage, all the way from Brooklyn just to meet the Freshmen. Bonwitt spent the weekend in Buffalo.

Winter came and the hockey season with it. Despite a ringer from Canada and two blind goalies, the team won two games. Also, the basketball team overcame the efforts of the captain and won two games. The bowling team claimed they would have won if they had received more pay.

Vacation passed, and everyone returned to grind except the T. V. Committee—they didn't know any better. Exams were challenging to all except a particular Junior who was so bored by one that he fell asleep.

Another vacation passed. We returned to a week of Hell. The Freshmen were subordinated (?), and Benjie watched T. V. While hanging by his heels from the Tower, the Frosh President swore revenge on the pledge master. The weekend began when "moo" arrived. Amidst the cry of "otto," beds creaked and cots broke. Ron and Eve played their swan song while Bonwitt dug his car out of the snow.

Winter Carnival had some snow, for once enough for a sculpture and a snow ball fight! Sculpture rumors ranged from "Beethoven's Fifth" to "Manischewitz' Eighth" until a freshman trudged down to the House and defined it. Bravely defending his beer mug, our social chairman lost it to a cello player. Among other trivia, one date was caught smoking a cigar, and the Duck played spin the bottle. A Junior held a revival "Hate Meeting": two kegs of beer were stolen. Those State Teachers' Colleges! While his roomate was buried in the snow so efficiently plowed into the driveway by the maintainance crew, Bonwitt spent the weekend at the bus stop.

Jazz Concert: Bonwitt lost four bucks on the horses. During the spring the members did various sundry things. We lost one in a cave. Some preferred the trout in Oriskany to similar company on the Hill. A mad magazine salesman led us in song while our lightbulb changer plucked his guitar. The pre-meds ground, and the "operator" used the phone. The night people made their rounds; music was provided in Commons by Ludlow's Construtions Company Band. They really knocked the walls down. Some psuedo connoisseurs considered the fallen plaster far superior to "mystery meat".

The late spring was uneventful. Mrs. Talka Lot redistributed the dust, cleaned away old valuables, and thoughtfully previewed our correspondence.

As the decrepit Seniors departing from Squires House looked back at the flag, they asked only one question: "Who's Bonwitt?"

The Ozark Gospel Singers.

Make up your own caption.

First Row: Koloseike, Hopkins, J., Baldwin, R., McKnight, Bayer, Way. *Second Row*: van Keuren, Winiarski, Mower, Goetz, Hall, B., Meyer, Graeme. *Third Row*: Slack, Bauer, Russell, Hopeman, Geer, Wheatley, Puschel, Whalin, Rockino. *Fourth Row*: Deuman, Hand, T., Logen, B., Lohman, Allen, J., Allen, Ja., Meisner.

delta phi

Well, Chetter,

It's spring again, and we can hardly believe you've been gone a year. With the warm weather, everybody's outside playing Botichelly and Frisby. All except for Bruce Hall and a couple of juniors, who're house-hunting.

Great year, Ilsley ked. Got a big dented scholarship cup in the fall, which the freshmen thought was a chamber-pot until our new pledge program cultevated them. One is even writing foke music with Ted Hand and is a pretty good guy, let me tell you, except he has this nervous speech habit, like. He doesn't sing it at parties, though, which tere are a lot more of, by the way, and good ones too. Terry Meyer, who's soc. ch., bought this Wertber-Wirtb-great German beer for jazz concert and made some artillery punch for carnival, but Rockino pretty well screwed it with garlic salt. Bill led all the guys in a big snow fight against the Chops, though, and was even around when the Deke-lets came down to play.

You would've liked some of the dates which've been around lately, Chilser. Some of the nicest came from Ridgewood with Toby and Duff and those guys but spent most of the time reading our new library books. Quite a few of the brethern were anxious to get pinned too. (As a matter of fact, one couldn't wait for the girl to come up and accept it.) The Allens probably had the best dates, all in all. One was so good, in fact, the house presented her with a wheelbarrow. Jack Stanton's got a nice girl at Wheaton, but can't see much of her. Right now he's busy on a long philo paper about a three-value logic (True, false, and lightly-boned). (Hah-hah!)

We all elected Jack president this semester, you know. Paul Goetz didn't want to run again because he was busy perfecting his desappearing act with Bruce McGrath, who's been doing a good job lately of impersonating the north side of a tree. Paul *did* pop up once, though, and spent some time telling us how he'd rather be right than representative. One of the guys that didn't take a shine to this was Bob Graeme, Bob, incidentaly, was high scorer on the first house hockey team in five years. He's also go some fairly strong ideas about what we pay him for. Which are what Mower's XX (He's the guy with the hairs) got about why we pay Letzelter.

It's because of Phil, you know, that we've got two tables of bridge going these days. (There are

The compleat driver.

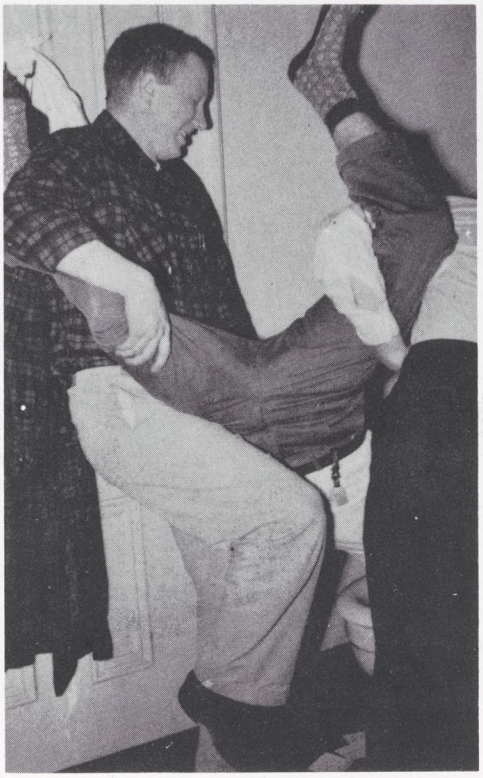
even daily flights from North hangar to one of the tables) One of the most promising (but least productive) of the freshman players is this guy who thinks he's Orson Wells, or somebody. By the great horned spoon, you though Braunlich was loud!

We all had a big discussion the other day about which way Phil Puschel's mother's tugboat was going. You remember Phil, don't you? He had a good Marie NacDonald-type experience before the Initiation banquet this year, ask him about it sometime.

Well, that about all the news for now, Chester baby, since I'm going up to the Searls-Lohman-Logan room to have some of the beer which the juniors have been buying lately. Take it real slow and come up when you get a chance.

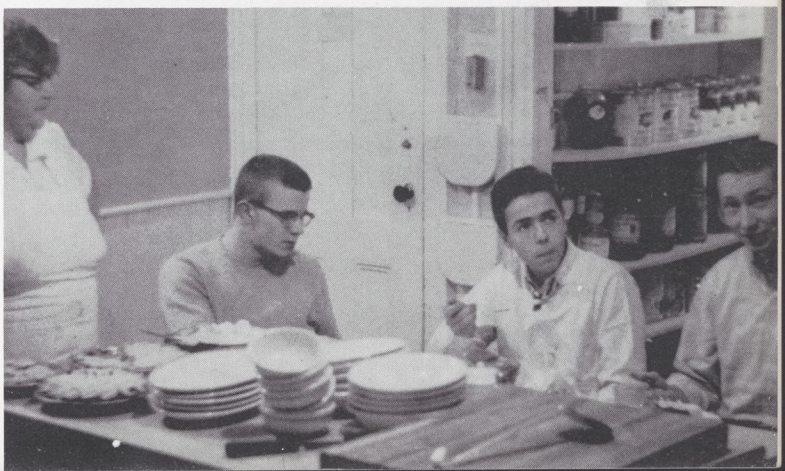
P.S. Glad everything is (w)orking out so well with your job. By the way, Jerry Meisner found something glowing in the dark up in the east sleeping room yeaterday. It turned out to be one of your rocks, and he wants to know what to do with it.

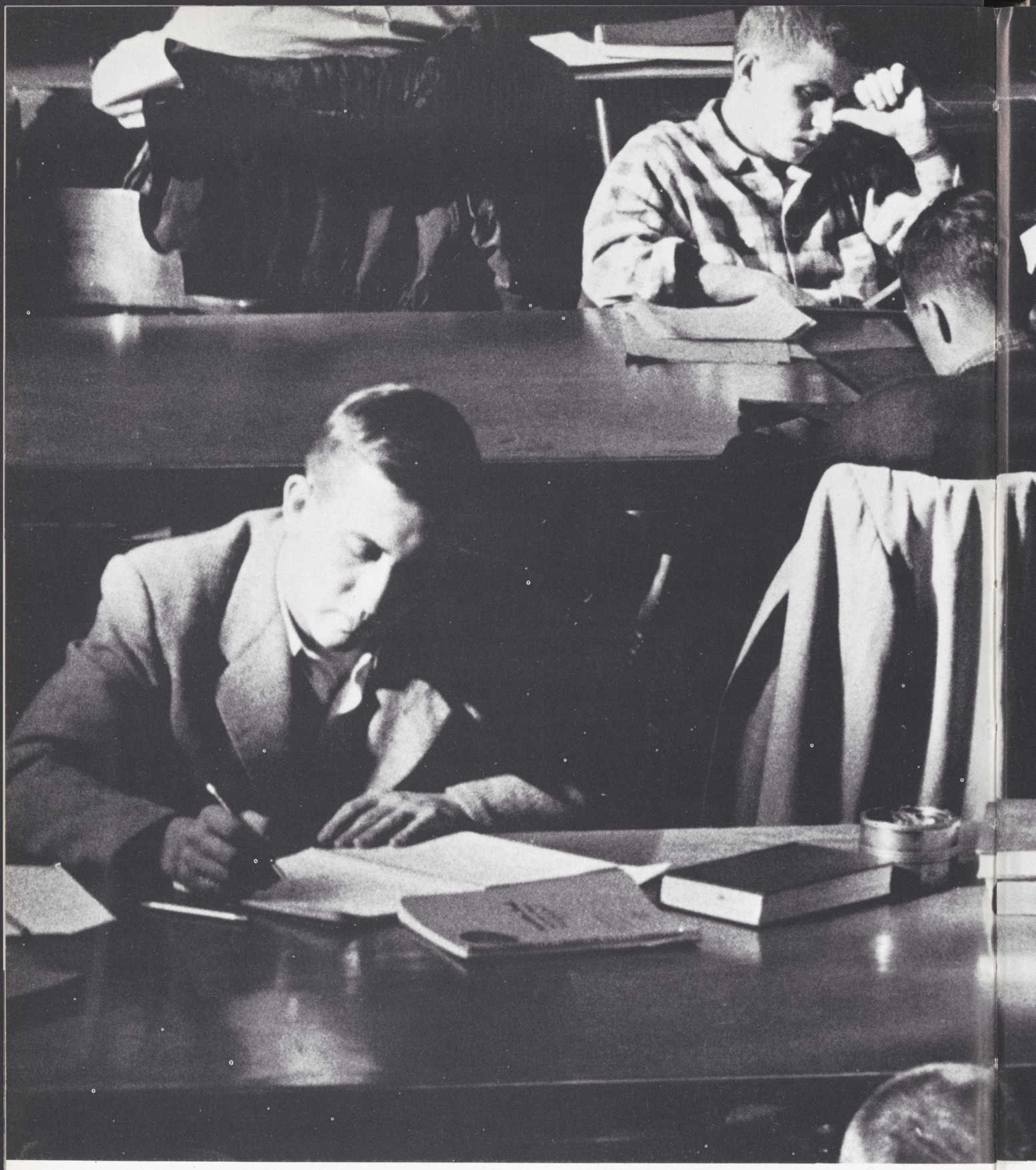
P.P.S. Hope you liked the crate of grapes.



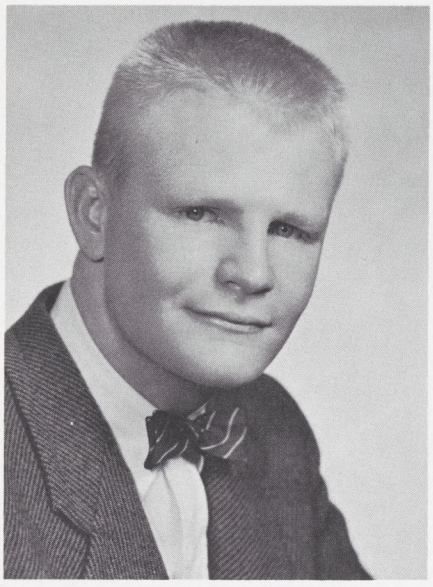
Always willing to help . . .

"Eat them brussels sprouts or I'll lump you!"





seniors



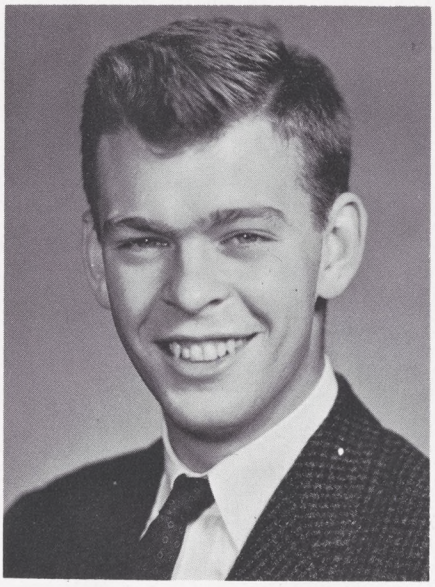
RICHARD GRAHAM AKERS **Theta Delta Chi**
Chappaqua, New York

Varsity Soccer 2,3; *Squash* 3,4; *Charlatans* 1,2,3; *Alpha Psi Omega* 3,4; *Student Senate* 3,4.

Pubie came to Hamilton believing that the Marines own the universe; he leaves assured of it. While on The Hill, the little sarge managed to convert several other sons of sin to the straight and narrow of exotic Parris Island, mostly by standing on tip-toe, scowling immensely, and bribing anyone who would go to see the procurement officers. Strangely enough, though, Gray managed to ignore MI's, drills, bazookas, and Susie long enough to wedge his sucked-in belly and squared-up shoulders into academic robes of considerable diversity. And it must not be misconstrued that he had anything to do with the rash of war plays presented by the Charlatans in recent years. After all, even maneuvers, or rather Soccer and Squash, aren't sufficient for every-man-a-tiger Akers. Finally, after his annual summer visit to the Virginia Mecca, Pubie returned to take the helm of TDX. Salutes at dinner became compulsory, but we all obeyed because we knew how badly needed it was. And his administration will always be remembered by those of us that built the TDX ICBM.

DOUGLAS ALEXANDER **Sigma Phi**
Stamford, Connecticut

Four years ago, armed with chaps, spurs and an eleven-gallon hat, the East's answer to Pecos Bill came riding into Clinton town. Those men not afraid called him Zander. He was a tough hombre, having been raised in an adobe hut on the rough prairies of Connecticut. Zander could out-draw, out-drawl, and withdraw more than anyone at the Bar-Hamster ranch. At his first round-up, he tried to snag a large heifer from Clinton, but Poughkeepsie was just over the next trail. Now life only holds matrimony for our cowboy friend. As his college career ends, so another Grade-D western grinds to a shuttering halt as we see Zander riding into the sunset alongside his pretty.



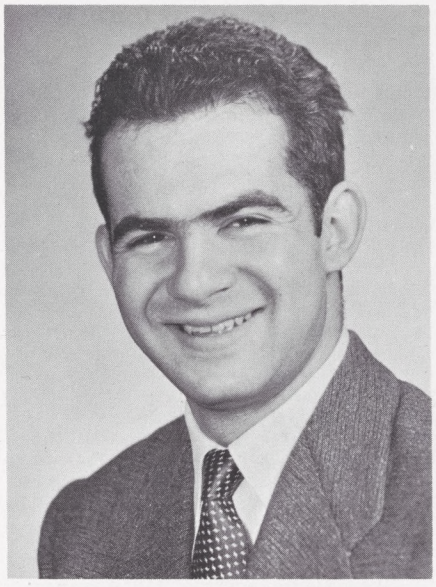
STEVEN K. ALEXANDER **Delta Upsilon**
Homer, New York

SPECTATOR 1; *Biology Club* 2,3; *J.V. Basketball* 1; *J.V. Golf* 3.

A boy from a small town with a passion for big cities, Steve came to Hamilton and soon discovered the bright lights of Utica night life. The St. Francis School Dances were a good change of pace on those first lonely Friday evenings. Not being 100% satisfies with his rumba. Steve returned sophomore year to enroll at Arthur Murray's, and then he had a great desire to enlarge his circle of female friends and to see the Eastern girls' colleges. He took off with confidence for Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Wells and Wellsley. Each time he returned with the same sad story of another unsuccessful blind date but with a humorous account of each experience. Steve refused to take four science courses in his senior year and dramatically broke off relations with Dr. Hess. He then devoted his time to raising money for a Hi-Fi set, reading American Literature, and improving his golf game. When he sails for Europe, he will take with him a good sense of humor, an ingenuousness, and a sincerity which distinguishes his personality.

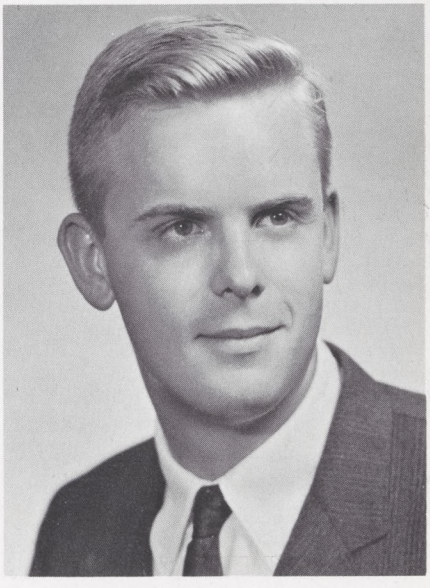
DONN RICHARD ANDRE — **Alpha Delta Phi**
Locust Valley, New York

After four easy years at Friends Academy, Donn arrived at Hamilton with high hopes of becoming a lawyer. However, he brought two things with him that frustrated his plans—a collection of crux books and his banjo. The crux books minimized the work that Donn had to do during the week and the banjo playing with the Catatonic Five occupied his time on weekends. Thus, Donn did not find his academic work overbearing; in fact, many of his friends were amazed that he could maintain a solid C average and still do justice to his other interests. The Catatonic Five was probably Donn's most successful endeavor in college. He managed the band for his junior and senior years and succeeded in strumming his banjo in Carnegie Hall, Germany and France, and many colleges in the East. "Thumper," "Dutch," and "Globe"—all nicknames used at one time or another—had a trim athletic physique when he entered the ADP dining Hall, but as he leaves, he is trying to trim some of his solid form off. Furthermore, as Donn departs, he does so with the disappointing news that his recent flame from Briarcliff is off to New Delhi, Indiana, to absorb some Oriental wisdom.



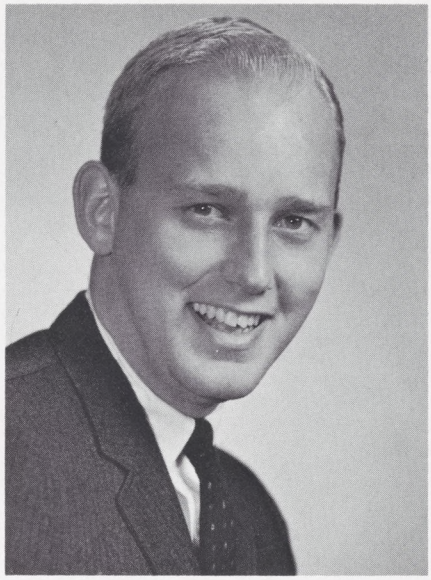
NICHOLAS AVRONIDAKIS — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Athens, Greece
International Relations Club, Vice-President, 4.

Nick Avronidakis, or the Greek, or Adirondacks, or something like that. Greece's answer to Barney Oldfield. Despite minor set-backs by the Utica driving inspectors, he did manage to impress the Deke House with his ability behind the wheel, especially when he discovered how much fun it was to use the brakes on the icy Deke driveway. While not chasing cars off the thruway, he was in the library chasing misplaced books and studying his favorite subject . . . "Cyprus for the Turks." He spent much of his time in the Deke House washing pots, teaching the Freshmen "our good, old alphabet," or playing a degraded version of Whales Tales with his houseparty dates. After Hamilton, Nick hopes to become an ambassador, but he is afraid that he may end up in Slabovia or Southern Timbukistan. Seriously, though, Nick was very much liked and has made many friends while at Hamilton. We all wish him success in his future diplomatic career.



THOMAS C. BAILEY — **Theta Delta Chi**
Rochester, New York
Charlatans 4; *French Club* 1,2; *Sailing Club* 1,2,3,4; *Ski Club* 2,3.

"My keys, Kado." and with this utterance and suitcase in hand "Beetle" roared off the hill in a cloud of blue haze. An older brother had clued Tom that college is not all books, and so, Bettle adopted the theory of "work hard during the week, play on the weekends." Such adventures always placed Tom among the contenders for the annual milage cup and made him a vast source of material for bull-sessions. However, not all was fun with Bettle. Behind those glasses lurked an always alert mind. To prove this, he made the credit list this fall and then exclaimed that he could have done it before. A solid citizen has marked Bettle's character toward fraternity life. He served a most successful term as Social Chairman. Adeptness at bridge, social ease, a quick wit, and a wonderful knowledge of drinks have made Tom indispensible to the brotherhood. As he looks to the future, Bettle looks forward to many new adventures. Equipped with a better car it is hard to say just where the Bettle will go from here. It is for sure that he will stay away from the Marine Corps and his old roommate.



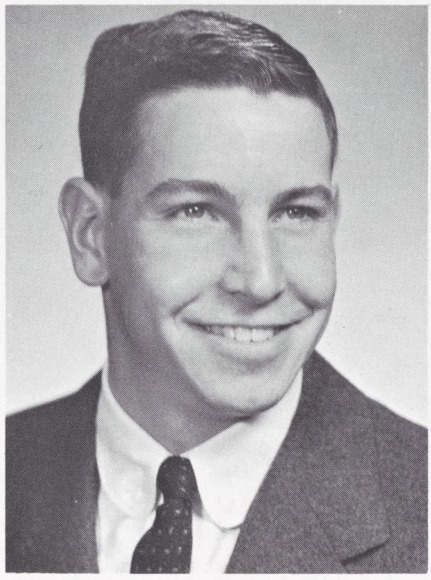
RICHARD H. BALCH, JR. **Sigma Phi**
Utica, New York

Dick arrived at the Beta as U.F.A.'s smoothest cat and Deerfield's most avid alumnus. Shuttling his trolly about the area, Dick managed to conquer the highs and the lows of the ski slopes and to provide marvelous social functions for the Beta. Courage he retains as an asset since physical phenomena he forgot years ago with the loss of his golden locks. Harry's favorite son has already attained the successful physique of a banker, but he is destined for greater deeds as an honest politician. (Dick has always driven a Plymouth.) USNY's Number One Democrat will eventually become the leader of the East's beautiful and wonderful sin city, and then possibly direct the construction of a New Deal Road in order to replace Dewey's Boulevard.

RICHARD GORDON BARKER **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Rochester, New York

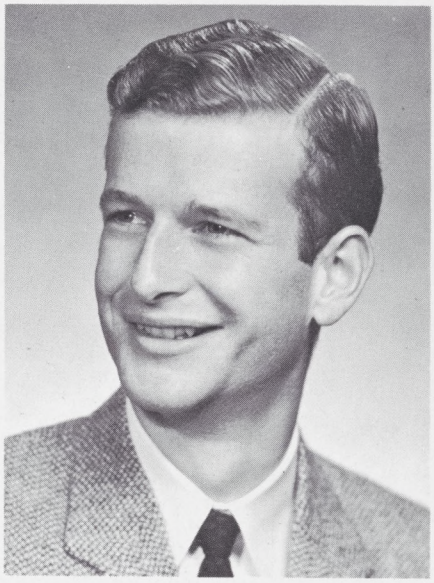
Intramural Council 3,4; *SPECTATOR* 1; *French Club* 1,2; *J-V Basketball* 1.

Four years ago, the pride of Webster High drifted quietly eastward with his baseball bat in one hand and a volleyball in the other. Barks found his social milieu in the Deke House and distorted his study schedule to accommodate afternoons in the gym and long nights in the sack. An attack of pneumonia and chronically weak ankles led the little guy to turn his louiseville slugger on brighter things and reduced his athletic endeavors to the ping-pong table ensconsed in the halls of Tau. His sophomore year brought new-found seriousness and Nan (She's so wunnerful). Despite the poetic aspirations of his roommates and an attack of mal du siécle, Dick managed to devote a little time to his books and stacks of flashcards. His neglected marks began to show signs of considerable improvement although he claims that his weekly journeys have carried him halfway around the world on the Thruway between Rochester and Westmoreland. Somewhat paunchier, Barks drifts westward this June in a tireless chevvy with a wonderful wife, a $2,000 scholarship, and the promise of a successful career in the field of paper chemistry.



BRUCE S. BARTLETT **Sigma Phi**
Verona, New Jersey

Four years ago, all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed with sun lamp in hand, the Beta's answer to Roger Bannister arrived on the Hamster scene. He could be seen any time of day or night spooking around the Beta with the well-worn neck of a Mogen David champagne bottle protruding from the hip pocket of his sweatsuit. Spooky became the Beta's big extra-curricular jock by making the Social Committee's first team. So fertile was the financial field in his line of endeavor, that the following year our Spooky parked a greasy grey garbage wagon next to the Beta. He never seemed to use the anachronistic vehicle. And now, feebly fondling his febrile 4-F forehead, Boots heads for Europe and Newport, still bright-eyed, but with tail slightly rumpled and dragging.



THOMAS WALTER BENSON **Theta Delta Chi**
Waterford, Connecticut

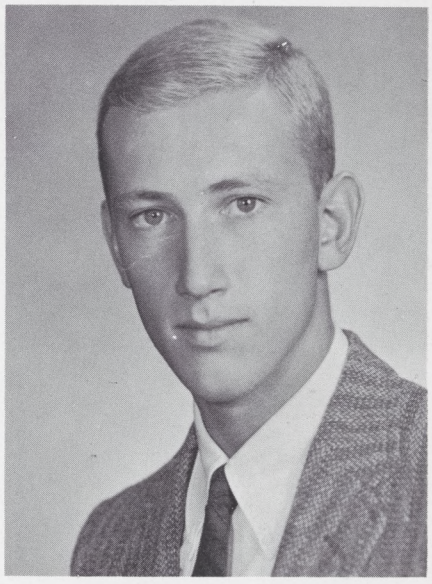
Sailing Team 1,2,3, *Commodore* 4; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Spanish Club* 1; *Acc't Publications* 3,4; *Charalatans* 3,4; *Literary Society* 4; *Student Curriculum Committee* 4.

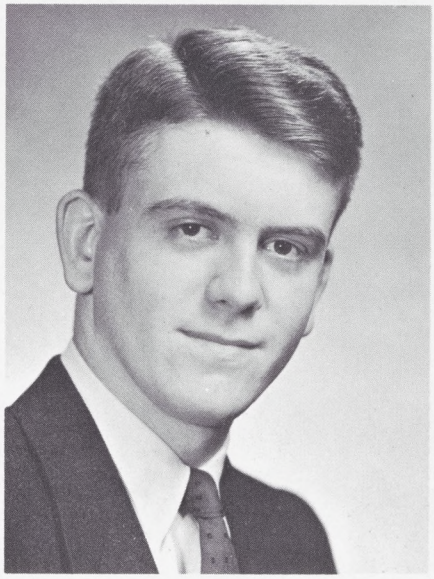
"You'll have to take me as I am," chuckled Tom to his new roommates as he moved his vast library, his unlimited wardrobe and his 11 pairs of shoes into the small room. A few days later, the boys began to wonder if he would ever get around to putting his things away, but it soon became apparent that Tom just had too many other things on the fire. He took the hardest courses in the school, and while these might well have occupied all of his time, he still successfully managed a great number of fraternity responsibilities, extra curricular activities and an annual Spring love affair. Between meetings of the Student Curriculum Committee and sailing club, the Commodore did his French lessons, wrote his comp papers and still had time to spend at his two favorite pastimes, reading good literature and conversing with other confused philosophers. As Tom is blessed with a quick mind, a good sense of humor, and an understanding of people, he will go on to graduate school or the Army.

KENNETH JOHN BERKES **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Baldwin, New York

Track 1,2; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Newman Club* 1,2,3,4; *McKinney Prize Speaker* 3.

Four short years have passed since the idealistic "Baldwin Flash" first was subjected to the atmosphere of the Halls of Tau. In this brief period, many things have happened to Dr. Berkes. Shinsplints, which occurred perennially, slowed the Flash down to a crawl and to intramural competition. He also acquired part ownership of the Oriskany Valley, complete control over fifty little mice, and a glassware concession. The young pre-med with the shiny braces progressed somehow from the hand holder and charter member of the Morals Committee, to a professional Deke (according to Black Nick). While this transition was taking place, the pretty blonde queen named Willie graduated from B.H.S. and followed her doctor to upstate New York. The Admissions Committee would not let her stay at Hamilton, so she captured his pin and withdrew to Cortland. After behaving like a tennis ball, this poor little metallic object finally settled down to its permanent place of rest. We are sure that with a scholarship to Columbia and a permanent roommate he will be a big success in medical school.

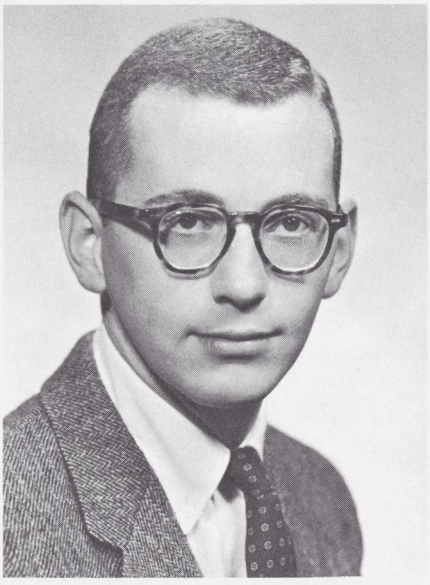




WILLIAM E. BILLINGS, JR. **Psi Upsilon**
Niagara Falls, New York

SPECTATOR 1,2,3,4, *Managing Editor* 3,4; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Press Board* 3,4.

All may address him as Gaume or Gaumer, but all speak about *the* Gaume or *the* Gaumer. Phonetically, for some obtuse reason, the sobriquet is peculiarly appropriate. Though a pre-med, the Gaume has managed to acquire a liberal education of sorts. His experiences in the past four years have been rewarding. The Gaume was early imbued with a deep fraternal spirit and its mystic bonds. This resulted in an exhuberant observance of fraternal activity every February in his last three years. His will is adamantine, not malleable, but the chisel can show its marks. He will be able to apply his knowledge as a tourist in Europe, where he will go before entering med school. Europe will be a fulfillment, the final rounding of his liberal education. When he goes to med school, his contemporaries there will learn to know a not overly sophisticated dilettante of broad knowledge. But what not a few of his contemporaries at Hamilton will remember best, possibly, is the sequence of a noise and then a sharp "stop cackling!"



GORDON TOWNLEY BOURNS — Chi Psi

Westfield, New Jersey

Buffers 1,2,4; *Choir* 1,2,4; *Social Committee* 2; *Nous Onze* 3,4; *Biology Club* 1,2; *Intramural Council* 2.

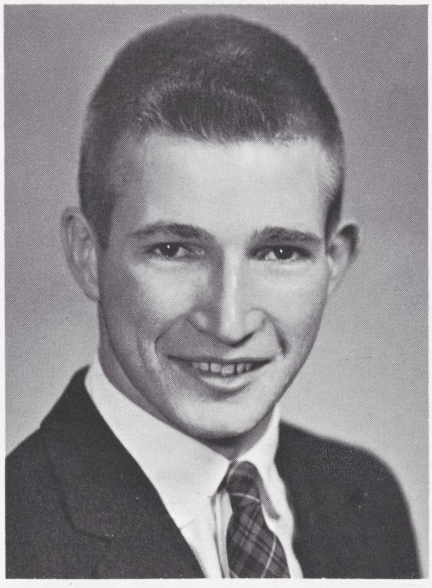
Sin may or may not be the devil's tanglefoot, but Dr. B., since shedding his olive for ivy greens, has at least exhausted every possibility in his relentless though gleeful attempts to find out. Forsaking buffing for bluffing, he disposed of the academic albatross by drawing a forenoon bid from the Albany medmen, and the gates of Hell swung open for rarer and more wonderful things to come. Riding his vetcheck to Zintek's, Bonzo managed to cram four Black Fridays into each month. Never one to limit his scope, the Little Doctor assailed countless HP's with the infamous nightshirt, friend Ralph, and on one occasion, an inebriated moth. Preferring water-filled beer cans to darts, Barney goggled les girls one Saturday with an unscheduled shaving performance that represented the classic high point of his career. The Phimen must now bid farewell to this hangover from the Gold Label Era, who leaves us, scalpel in hand, confident that a one armed violin player can make even a cadaver laugh.

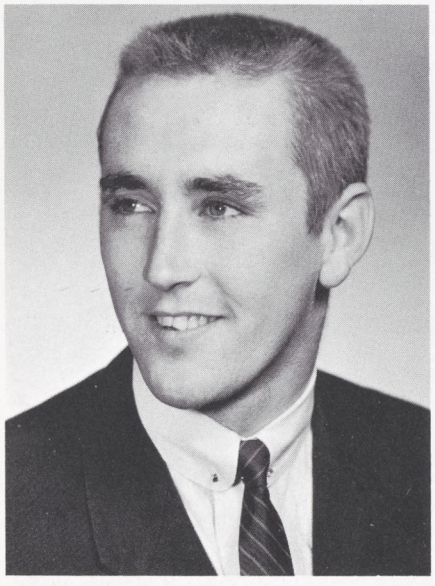
LLOYD HAY BREMER — Chi Psi

Convent Station, New Jersey

SPECTATOR 1; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *Campus Fund* 1; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Young Republican Club* 1,2,3,4; *President* 2,3; *Student Curriculum Committee* 3,4; *Dexegon* 2,3,4.

Bitten by a tsetse fly in his freshman year Lloyd has punctuated his college career with a series of naps. The only person known to have fallen asleep dissecting his own knee, he admits to a curiosity in the anatomy of others and will continue his probings in medical school. A member of Dexegon for three years, he was a prime instigator of the Young Republican Club. But disagreement with the national, state, and local committees meant that someone had to go and Spat is currently unaffiliated. Realizing that everyone was against him, Lloyd left the Hill in a huff and came home to the Lodge where he knew everyone was for him. There he received a vote of confidence and the house plunger. Delighted by his sudden popularity, Spat proceeded to mesmerize the brotherhood with his own peculiar brand of logic, which invalidated all arguments but his own. Amassing, among other things, the world's largest collection of black and white bottles, he enters the world with a yawn.





RALPH MICHAEL PARTICK BREWSTER — Delta Kappa Epsilon

Clinton, New York

Football 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Newman Club* 1,2,34.

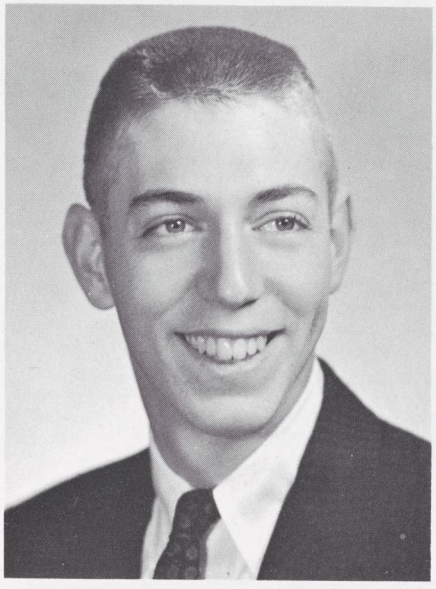
R.M.P.B., our unsung hero, stud at large and local hero extended his education and undertook the five year plan — finally ending by educating the Clinton townies under the auspicies of Professor Hunt. Never one to turn down a drink and always willing to have "just one more" Mike was a social success. After many heated arguments, Jean won and corraled him — she had no competition (excluding Mountain Lakes, Cazenovia, and Skidmore) because no one else would care to put up with Mike. His tutor, Joe D., undoubtedly was responsible for the ease which Mike could travel, in the best circles and cliques, to ZaZa's, 'Teries, and Jack's — always accompanied by the minority group that the house was willing to forget existed. However, one couldn't forget that Mike existed — he was willing to remind you. We hope Jean can put up with Dexter — Little All-American (so he says) and general degenerate. Mort is certainly made up of the material that America needs in its future teachers and coaches. When that added spark is needed at a party, one will remember "Gentlemen! Carissma" and a voice will be heard, "Where's Brewster?"

ROBERT BROOKS — Psi Upsilon

Utica, New York

I.R.C. 1,2,3,4; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Spanish Club* 2.

Refusing Dartmouth's distant wilderness, the nattily attired son of a local cap and freshman beanie tycoon ventured from the confines of Utica's Pleasant Street to challenge the Hill. Wistfully seeking to fulfill the tweedy obligations of his initials (BB), Bob sought fame and fortune as college ring vendor. Nevertheless, our hero was forced to frequent house "sharks" to replenish tattered button-downs and worn tweeds. Socially, choir trips introduced Bob to bright lights, alluring frontiers, and deep-throated blind dates whose mediocrity amused all, except the escort. Senior year found Bob dumbfounding teachers and classmates with Olympian legal aptitude. This aptitude, along with the charms of an ambitious, letter-writing Michigan co-ed, sends the bright-eyed Prince Charming to Michigan Law School. Bob's genial manner and ability to perceive subtleties ensure him of success at any Bar.

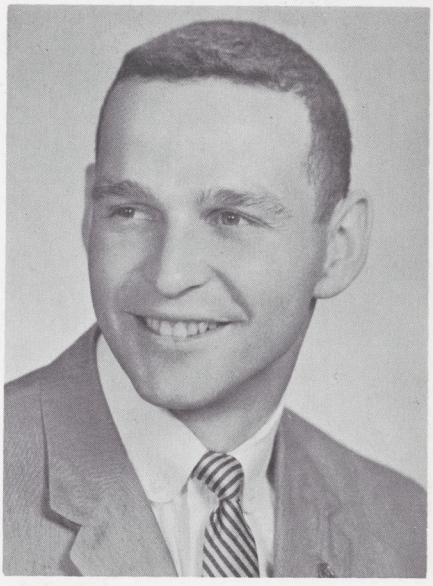


NEAL ARTHUR BROWN — Psi Upsilon

Cleveland, New York

Lacrosse 2,3,4; *Block "H" Club* 3,4; *I.R.C.* 1,2,3,4, *Secretary* 3.

"Has anyone seen or heard from Neal Brown? We cannot seem to locate him." Approximately four years ago these words echoed through the chapel as the class of 1958 was commencing its collegiate career. After four years, however, Neal's deeds and exploits, typified by his advantageous impersonation of Adlai Stevenson Jr., are known to almost every member of the graduating class. For Neal the keyword of the past four years has been improvement. He began his scholastic endeavors in the usual freshman manner, but since then he has been continually raising his aims and marks. For the past two years he has been an integral part of Coach Hunter's non-alcoholic lacrosse team. Neal's most glorious improvement has been scored in the social world. Coming from a small, socially-backward, upstate town, Neal had difficulty climbing the social ladder. But after four years, he has attained a position of social status on the campuses of Mount Holyoke, Vassar and Smith. With a fire extinguisher in hand Brownie heads for a new challenge at Michigan's Law School.

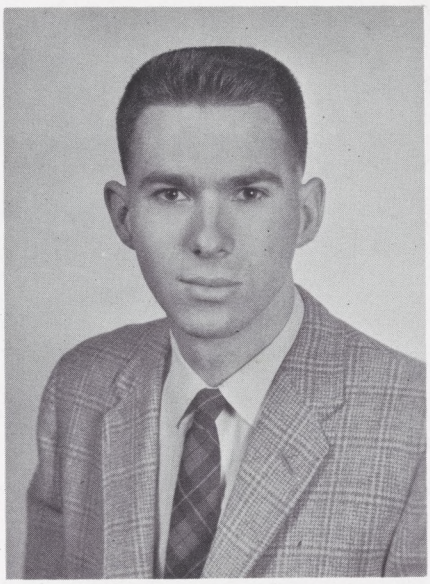


HAROLD MARK BRUCK — Delta Kappa Epsilon

Newark, New Jersey

Honor Court 3,4, *Chairman; Pentagon Governor; Was Los; D.T.; Football* 1,2,3,4, *Co-Captain; Track* 1,2,3,4, *Captain; Athletic Council; Student Senate; Block H Club* 1.2.3.4, *Treasurer Vice-President; Clark Prize Speaker; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES* 3,4.

With a football in one hand and a track shoe in the other, a kid from New Jersey ventured upon the Hamilton campus. He was prepared to run his fastest, dodge his bestest, study his hardest and remember what his father and the good Lord said. The good Lord had said, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth." Hal tried to solve this problem by falling in love six different times each year until he met Ellen. Honors aren't everything but Hal plucked them in. His other accomplishments are monumental. There was the time he went to a Deke conference camp in Lake Placid and ended up in Rochester. And then he ran so fast in Union one Saturday he ended up in Rochester that night. Now brother Beta can give up his gavel (he did everything to it but throw it) and leave the ivory tower and up-country snow for New York skyscrapers and down-country slush.

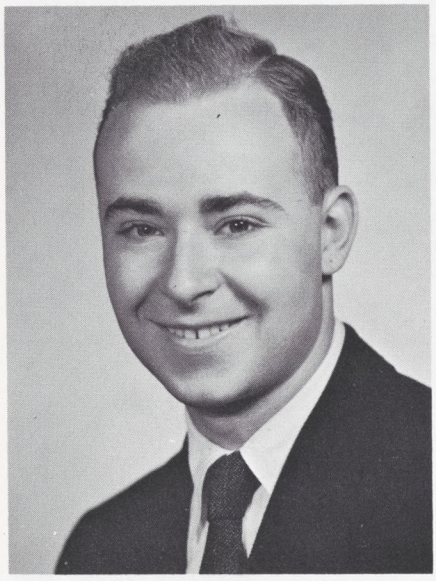


DAVID B. BURNER

Washington. D. C.

Student Senate 4; *ROYAL GABOON, Editor* 3,4; *CONTINENTAL* 3; *Student Curriculum Committee* 4; *Pi Delta Epsilon; Harlan Woodfork Prize* 1; *I.R.C.* 1; *President, Hamilton College Royal Ballooning Society* 1,2,3,4; *Young Democrats Club.*

Weep, Alexander, weep! No longer wilt thy classic halls echo the familiar cry, "L'Etat, c'est moi!" Dave has a distinctively human and practical side as evidenced in the following insight: "A bean pole, legitimately used, is an instrument of good, yet if it be sharpened at one end and run through a man it may cause intense pain and produce contortions. The wick of an unlighted candle may safely be manipulated, but if you light the wick and thrust your hand into the blaze and keep it there a half an hour a sensation of excessive and disagreeable warmth will be experienced." Bird departs from Hamilton College to wreak vengeance on educators by becoming one himself. David leaves us with a legacy of a foundering Gaboon, 14,376 *Time* order blanks, and a smothered scandal.

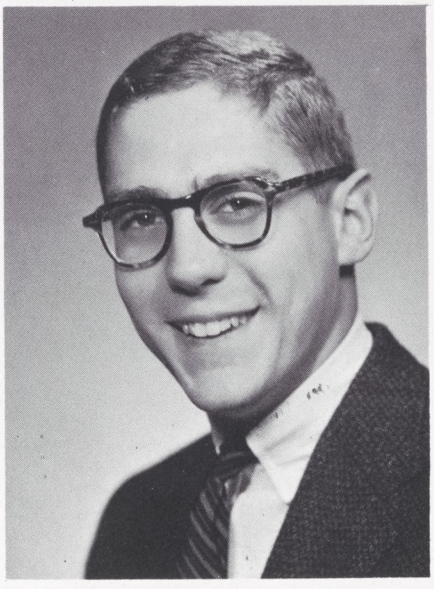


MICHAEL F. CAHN — Squires

Utica, New York

Biology Club 2,3,4; *International Relations Club* 3.

1957 will always be remembered as the year Mike learned the truth about Utica. It never seemed quite as innocent a town as he had pictured it. It wasn't so long ago that Mike hitched up the Hill to learn to be a doctor while he waited on tables at Commons. He couldn't see a future in the job as the tips were nil, so he accepted employment with the government department — babysitting. Probably the most agreeable fellow to enter Squires Club in years, nothing bothers Mike except bagpipes and philosophy. "What's going on here?" usually introduced our wee weight lifter. For his efforts in many jobs and offices, Squires made him vice president. We hope that next year Mike will be supplied with enough cadavers at Syracuse; he had to catch his own cats at Hamilton. He shouldn't have any trouble finding a TV set or peaches and pizza. We're sure Mike's farewell in June will only be temporary, for he will not be able to resist revisiting his old friends and smilingly telling them that he has learned to play Malaguena on the guitar.

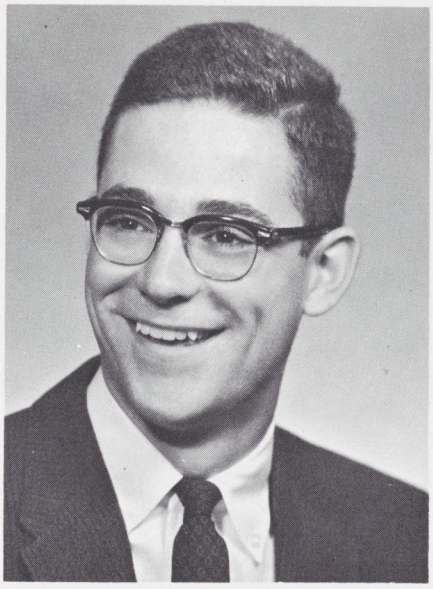


JOHN HANDLY CADLWELL — Psi Upsilon

Marion, Indiana

Campus Fund 1,2; *Spanish Club* 1; *Student Curriculum Committee Chairman* 4; *Student Senate* 3,4; *Deferred Rushing Committee* 4.

For years young Jack lived with a vision of Eastern splendor. While his peers dreamt of cowboys and firemen, Caldwell's fancy turned lightly, but longingly, to thoughts of weekends at Smith, T-Shirts from J. Press, and a gentlemenly, but precocious, intellectual progress. This was John's last experience with optimism. While a procession of winsome maidens has failed to capture Jack's fancy, the years have seen him develop into the darling of the faculty, guiding light of the Curriculum Committee, and a veritable Horatio at the Bridge of morality. This, despite long hours devoted to very rapid, repetitive lecturing of eager disciples on the immense weight which ever threatened to bow his young shoulders (unpadded, of course). After devoting adequate time to tossing large boulders in the general direction of the Educational Testing Service. Jack smirks triumphantly, and heads for Harvard Law School with briar clenched in his lean jaw.



PETER B. CASE — Tau Kappa Epsilon

Pittsford, New York

Charlatans 2; *Student Admissions Committee* 2; *Baseball Manager* 1; *French Club* 1.

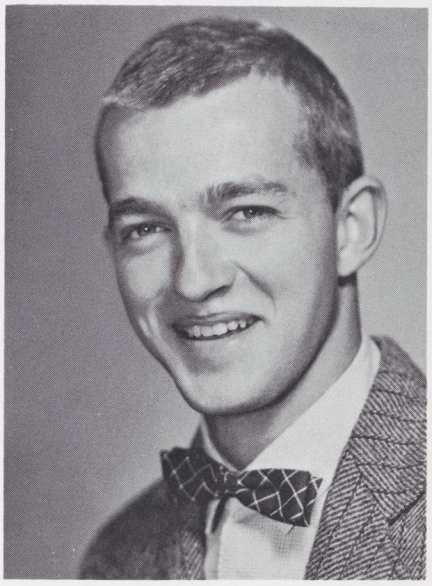
From the friendly, sub-rural environment of Pittsford did Pete arrive, not knowing quite what to expect at the big-time, pseudo-Ivy college in the Oriskany Creek wilderness. He wore a white sweater with purple piping and a big gold "P" when he arrived, and he carried math and physics books wherever he went. The gold "P" stood for Pittsford Central, and the math and physics books stood for "pre-engineer." Pete's pre-engineering plan proceeded according to schedule for three semesters, when he led all his Teke classmates scholastically. Suddenly, the downfall began. It all started when Pete became Teke treasurer and moved into the house. Now called Pro, Pete still did not know quite what to expect in his junior year. Still treasurer and still living in the house, Pro found that congeniality was more pleasant than study, and that the best way to celebrate birthdays was with Beefeater. A more congenial Pro we have never seen; the subsequent F in mechanics did not end his congeniality, only his pre-engineering plans.

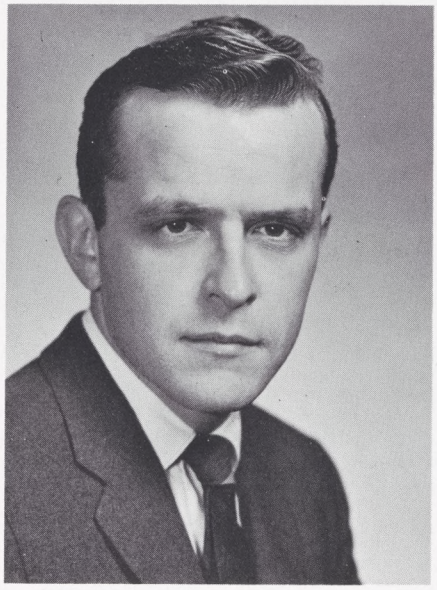
DOUGLAS GEORGE CHAPMAN — Theta Delta Chi

Ontario, Canada

Hockey 1,2,3,4; *Captain* 4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Nous Onze* 4; *Spanish Club* 3,4; *Geology Club* 1,2; *Social Probation Society* 4.

Item from the Clinton (N. Y.) Post Office bulletin board: WANTED FOR EXTRADITION: Chapman, Douglas George; *Aliases*: "Harry," "Sovereign Arm," (Dr.) Arnold Toon, Bruce Root, Sebastian Titwell, Mike Nardooz, etc., etc. *Nationality*: Claims Canadian citizenship but refuses to sing "God Save The Queen". *Identifying marks*: numerous body scars (hockey); 8" crescent-shaped scar on left forearm (window glass); also tatoo of golden pheasant on right buttock. *Miscellaneous information*: Chapman drinks to excess and when inebriated, indulges freely in erotic fantasies, neologisms and doubletalk. In words of Associate Dean Sidney Wertimer (jg): "He is undeniably guilty of conduct not becoming a gentleman. It is my urgent recommendation that, when apprehended, he be allowed to shower and dress, after which he be removed to the place of his origin."

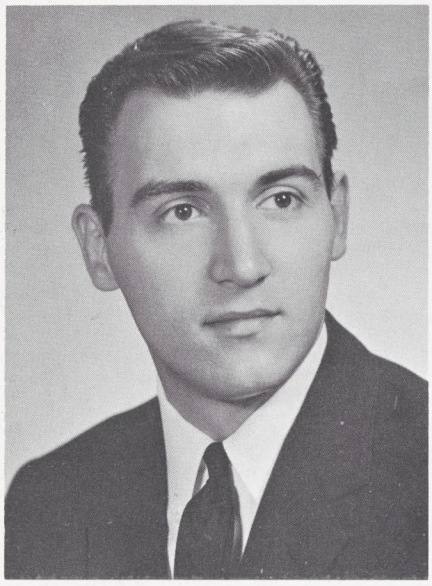




RICHARD C. CHENEY — Emerson Literary Society

Bath, New York

In the late 1940's, a certain citadel of learning in Ann Arbor, Michigan, decided that it was tired of occupying degrading spot in the middle of the Big Ten football standings. So it built up a team of heroic proportions. This was too much for Cheney. Seeing this whole movement as a blow to culture and higher learning, he decided that the small intellectual Ivory Tower was more his style and came to Hamilton. Things were much better here. The football team hardly ever won and there was intellectual companionship to be found in his roommate. But duty called and shattered the Ivory Tower. Shouldering his gun, Dick went to the wars. Upon his release, he resolved to test the hard world of business, but the gray flannel world of the big city wasn't much better, and so Dick returned to the Hill. Well, it's all over now. Camping himself in front of a television set, Dick sweated out the final two years with only an occasional trip to the piano breaking the monotony. The little left to see in the outside world awaits his return.

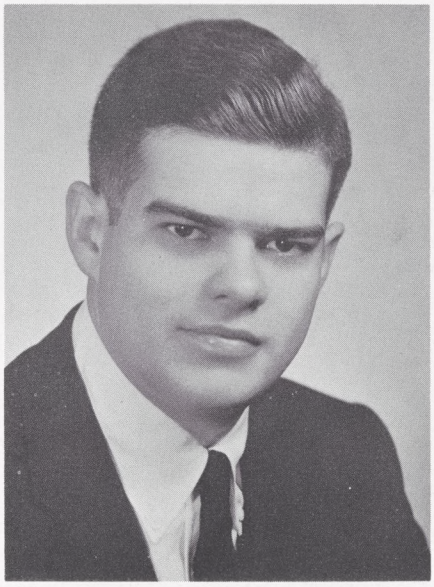


JAMES JOSEPH CITRANGLO — Delta Phi

Queens Village, New York

Choir 1,2,3,4; *French Club* 1,2,3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4.

James arrived at Hamilton a predetermined transplant from Long Island soil to the Delta Phi hothouse. At the end of one year he could claim a high honor average and an embryonic vocation to the priesthood of the Bacchanalia. The timing was perfect for a small group of D Phi sophisticates was just then enjoying its Golden Age. Pernod and Gin in an infinite number of combinations were their staples, and Jamie pledged himself unconditionally to the tradition. Convinced that house politics could be effectively charged with studied civility and an occasional moment of tasteful frivolity, our Jamesian hero carried forth the standard against the hordes of practical Philistines that beset him. Big Bill demurred. The clan was fated. When Jamie became sole spokesman, he celebrated the occasion by purchasing a Dior Cravat and moving North. It is possible that the walls of 105 still echo Sibelius, Schwarzkopf, and Ella Fitzgerald, and almost a sure bet that Puritan eyebrows are still a bit arched. But Jamie leaves essentially a gentleman.

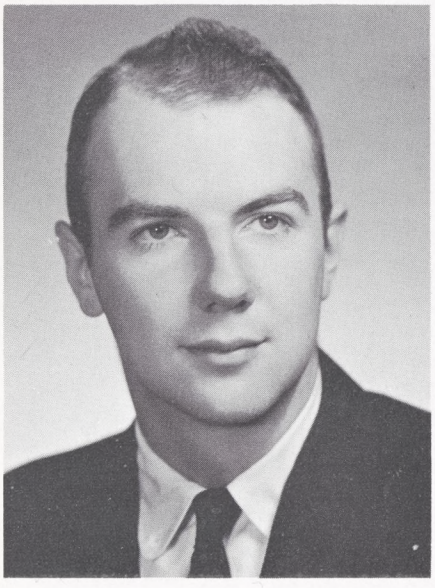


DONALD S. COHEN — Squires

Port Jervis, New York

Biology Club 2,3,4; *SPECTATOR* 2; *Polygon* 3,4.

Port Jervis' loss was Hamilton's gain four years ago. Because that great metropolis in lower New York State makes a concerted effort to "keep all furreigners out", the world would not have benefited from their unique and individualized culture, had not Don taken it upon himself to launch a one-man propaganda campaign on the world at large. Don sagely reasoned that trips to Syracuse and the Cortland zoo were highly impractical by stagecoach and brought his own car up to Hamilton in his Senior year. Not desiring to be weighed down by the responsibility of public office, he declared that he "would not run". A few months later his car agreed with him. What person who knew Don can ever forget the immortal gems of wisdom, known as Cohenisms and unmatched even by Goldwynisms, which he was apt to drop at any moment. The only post-party bull session at which he remained speechless was after a certain New Year's Eve of unusual circumstances. After Don attains a sheepskin at P&S, we're certain he'll attain his life's goal — the position of head surgeon at Port Jervis Medical Center.

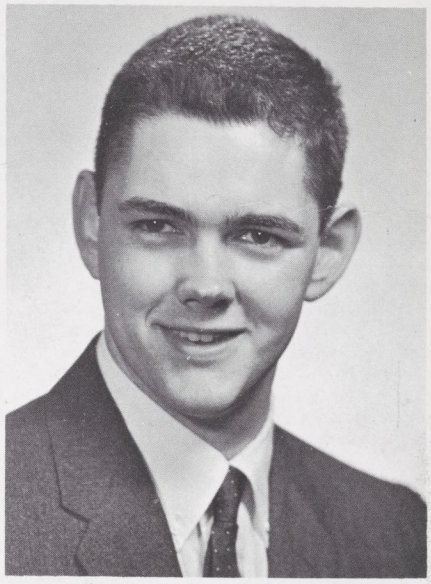


RICHARD JOHN CONNERS — Lamba Chi Alpha

Easton, Pennsylvania

Track 1; *Intramural Council* 3,4; *Friday Club* 2,3,4.

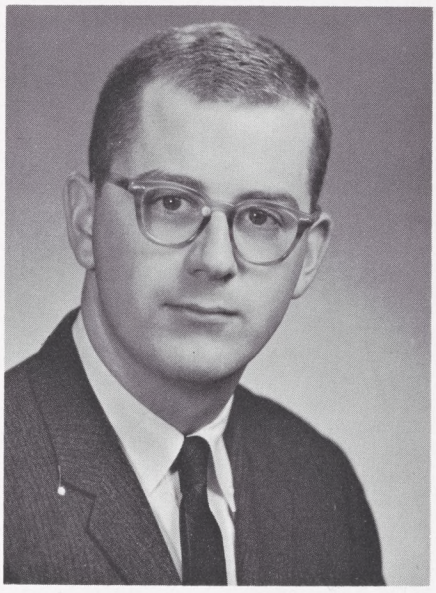
After his first and most disasterous houseparty, our young neophyte climbed aboard the wagon steadfastly vowing "never again". Spurning women and booze, Richie-Joe joined the Hamster thin clads and began concentrating on the gentle art of broadjumping. Between Friday Club meetings, Rich usually managed to rally for house athletic contests, and in his junior year took over the reins as head jockey, during which time he led the Old Rotting Sides on to many glorious defeats. As a part-time philosopher, Rich expounded his controversial "third woman" theory with varying degrees of success at roof parties, from tree branches, — almost anywhere as long as he was a little high. As house Veep, Rich will probably be best remembered for his "sincere" reading of the riot act before each houseparty, and for his "vast" scholastic reform program, which made him immensely popular with the pledges. On that last, fateful day in June he was seen in the depths of Charles Adams' folly, still dealing out bits of wisdom to a group of mole-like creatures.



CHRISTOPHER WILLIAM COVERT **Theta Delta Chi**
Cleveland, Ohio

HAMILTONIAN 2,3,4; *Layout Editor* 3,4; *SPECTATOR* 1,2; *Lacrosse* 1,2; *Squash* 3,4; *I.R.C.* 3.

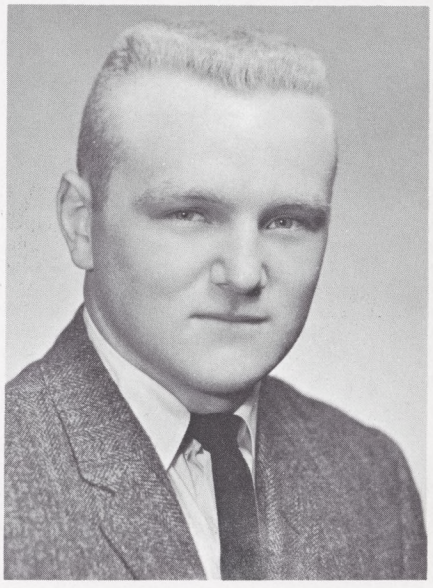
In the years to come, when the icy winds whip through the womb of the TDX House, a familiar figure will be missing from his duty as thermo-nuclear engineer. After two years of a rather demure and inactive social life, the Cleveland Comet — known to his friends as "Fats" — moved into the Theta Delt mansion where he immediately blossomed, as did the house food consumption. Here, in between long discussions with "Rock" and "Suck" concerning women and how to "play it cool", the man who constantly wanted to have a "go" was able to dabble, somewhat sporadically, in his favorite subjects — Political Science, American History, and WOMEN. We, however, cannot forget the $80 fiasco in New York, the jaunts to Vassar with "Spider", nor the trips to Holvoke with "Beetle". Having disproved the first law of Newton that "a body at rest tends to remain at rest," and having fulfilled the one purpose for which he came to Hamilton (and who knows what that is!), "R. G." leaves behind a wealth of friends and a broken squash racquet.



THOMAS CURRAN **Lamba Chi Alpha**
Floral Park, New York

Debate Club 3; *Newman Club* 1,2,3,4.

T. C. is no man to let an uninformed opinion pass unchallenged. When people discuss railroads, history, or sex, he charges in with the battle cry, "lets look at this realistically," followed by a barrage of detailed facts designed to obscure the obvious. In the congenial surroundings of room 8 South, T. C. spent a happy freshman year with three classmates. They all got along splendidly because none of them suffered much from ambition. Sophomore year T. C. moved into the house where he enjoyed gracious living. Since he showed skill in giving private parties and designing a snow sphinx, the illustrious brotherhood elected him social chairman in his junior year. He skillfully used ready mixed drinks, and is best remembered for some gibsons made with embalming fluid. All during these two years in the house, T. C. commuted to a small suburban village outside Boston where he found a civilized and friendly atmosphere. Finding it hard to maintain domestic tranquility in the fraternity house, he retreated to a single drom room to enjoy a peaceable and fruitful senior year.



NORMAN HAROLD DAILY **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Interlaken, New York

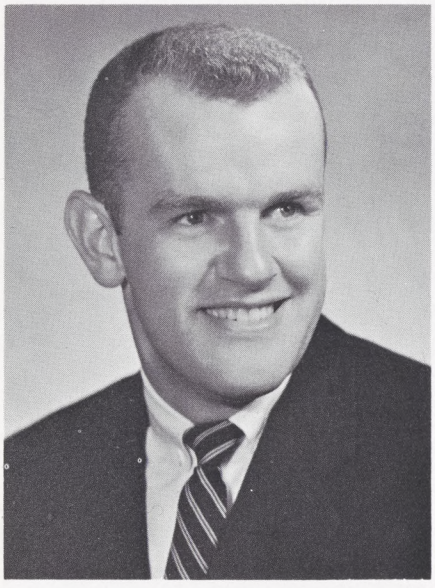
Football 2,3; *Baseball* 1,2,4; *Block H Club; Newman Club; DKE Trustee; Biology Club.*

It was imperative that someone from Interlaken go to college; the town was overcrowded. Manure wagon in hand, the blond boy with the bulging biceps made the short milk-run down to Hamilton. Never one to change, he started with Elsie, ended with Elsie. In between time, Norm rode hog on two cars and the world. Academics aside until his senior year, the big farmer smashed into baseball, basketball, football, and the credit list. Settling down to a less hectic routine, he took a crack at the liberal side of college his third year. Can he ever be replaced? No. No one could ever say all the wrong things at the wrong time in the right way and trip out of the room unscarred as Norm could; no one could ever take a car down icy College Hill with one finger and a giggle, and survive unscraped, as Norm could; and no one could ever again implicate himself in such tangled webs of love, then extricate himself, as could the farmer.

ROBERT K. DIXON **Emerson Literary Society**
Delmar, New York

S.C.A. 1,2,3,4; *Chapel board* 3,4; *Weslyan Fellowship* 2,3,4.

The only man in ELS history who had to turn sideways to pass through a door, Tim "Shoulders" Dixon was not the quiet unassuming person he appeared to be. For Dix did nothing half way. From avoiding all unnecessary physical exercise to demonstrating the art of "sack" Dix was a perfectionist. Nor did he waste his time on his studies although it must be admitted that the way he "trotted" through Mr. Piano's "English" course was to talk of ELS his junior year. Many might have suspected Dix of laziness as he lounged in his blue chair with his big brown eyes closed and a satisfied look on his face, but he was deep in thought. For by sophomore year (Sid please forgive him) he could contemplate his new Chevy parked in the ELS driveway. That car meant he could go and Dix liked to go! But to Cleveland on a Tuesday night? "Well, Sir, it was the principle of the thing." Dressed in dungarees, sweat shirt, and working shoes he leaves next year for Seminary.



JOHN MANNING DRISCOLL, JR. **Psi Upsilon**
Manhasset, New York

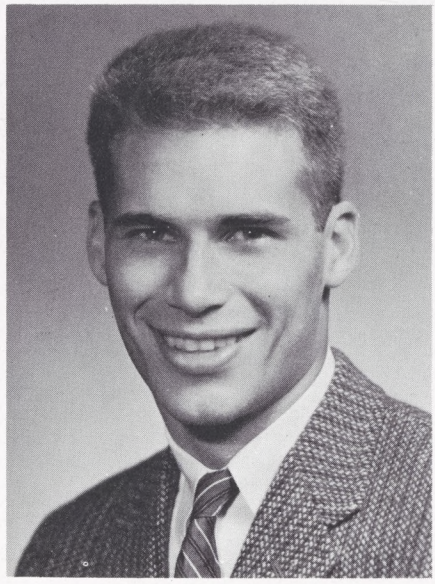
Pentagon; Was Los; D. T.; Class Pres. 2,4; *Basketball* 1,2,3,4, *Co-capt.* 4; *Lacrosse* 1,2,3,4, *Co-capt.* 4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Student Council* 2; *Student Senate* 4, *Rushing Committee Chairman, Judicary Committee; Newman Club* 1,2,3,4; *Campus Fund* 2,4; *WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES* 4.

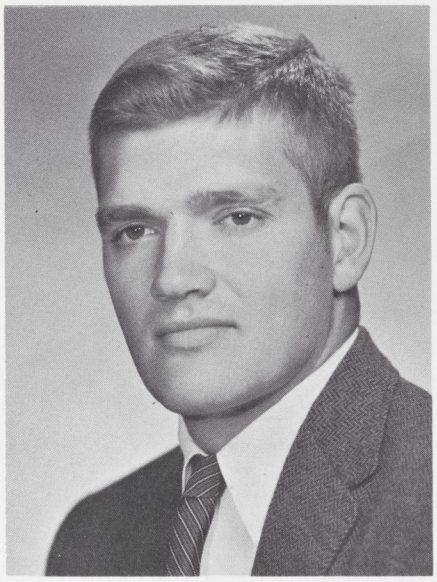
Divinely inspired, John arrived on the Hill determined to pursue a pre-med course and to play basketball. He soon discovered that two varsity sports were better than one, and that ten activities were better than none. He also discovered that medical schools generally admit students who display a reasonable proficiency in science. This last discovery proved especially troublesome. However, John's record reveals that he has dealt successfully with any problems that he has faced. Whether captaining a team or leading a House meeting, his sincere and humble attitude always insured and cultivated the respect of his followers. As John departs for medical school, he takes with him many fond memories and leaves many friends.

ART DUNN **Delta Upsilon**
Paterson, New Jersey

French Club, I.R.C. 2,3,4.

Previous to the Fall — that famous fall of '53 — a lack-luster campus lay hidden in the dull fog and grey snow of a dark and gloomy valley. Now, the shimmering chapel tower shines through the Clinton cloud. Why is this so? Are the icecaps moving further away? Is this some administration commercial chicanery to spotlight the chapel radiator? No! It is all due to the entrance of Mr. Ipana, from whose sparkling grin great quantums of light issue forth. Swishing at imaginary tennis balls and winging knuckle-balls of make-believe, Art saw fit to contrast his inner white light with a four year coat of reserve-blue, perhaps symbolic of his dark dating nature, party wandering, and Vassar tricks. Influenced somewhat by the "Nesb.", Art plans a teaching career — with tennis coaching on one side, and a social life backed up by a year's experience as social chairman on the other. A hockey-supporter of great renown, this proud owner of new wheels, the King of Questions, leaves vats of milk punch, two old tennis balls and a radioactive toothbrush to his younger brethren.





WILLIAM STARK EASTON — Psi Upsilon

Lowville, New York

Football 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 2,3,4; *I.R.C.* 1,2,3,4, *President* 4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4, *Executive Committee* 2.

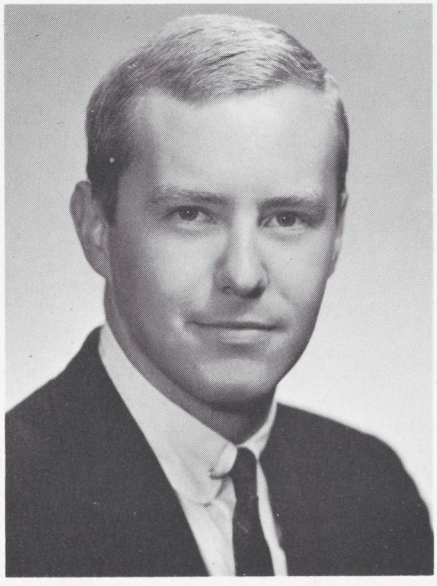
From the halls of "the barn" come the mezzo-soprano chuckles of little Willie. The after effects of his biting and cutting remarks will be felt by his brethren for the rest of their lives. The "apple heir" appeared on the Hill from the land of country squires and Princeton haircuts, complete with powder and obnoxious noises. He still has both. Leaping from an understudy slot his senior year, he tripped over his rather large feet into the center of the football squad, where he remained for the season. In a mature Plymouth which sported a good engine, if nothing else, the notorious team of Easton and Poppeliers rambled to most of the colleges and cloisters in the East. With his election by "the machine" to the presidential slot of the I.R.C., Bill became so drunk with power that he refused to share with his fellow members the pleasures of participating in the many activities of the organization. Whenever feeling dejected, the "Brandeis Bible" provided him with the courage to go on, and law school awaits the Lowville flash.

WILLIAM WHITE EDMUNDS — Chi Psi

Brookline, Massachusetts

Soccer 1,2,3,4.

Sporting a stetson, shades, and holding a smoking Colt pistol in each hand, our Willi approached this notorious campus in quest of the blessed fruits of a liberal education. Putting his best foot forward on the soccer field and colorfully hurtling through a Rochester goal net, our gallant virtuoso also proved his prowess on ice by capturing the coveted Intramural Hockey Trophy. But his athletic capacity could only be outdone by his insatiable capacity for dry onions and those ensuing forty winks, usually at the expense of Shakespeare or Colin. When the stetson gave way to a straw hat and when the waste basket fight had been won after a most glorious battle all through the night, a very swizzled Willie found that it took high policy in Washington to circumvent the beckoning colors of the red, white, and blue. "T'is a pity" that this most excellent and true charter member of Nous Quatre as well as poet laureate of ye olde lodge must render his potential to the great unknown of the future.

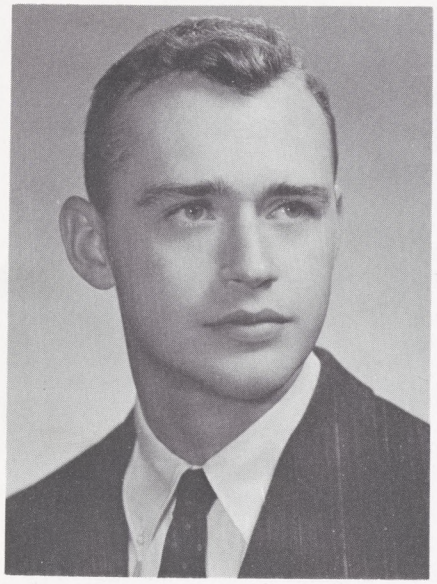


ROBERT FULLER FAY — Chi Psi

Gloversville, New York

Charlatans 1,2,3,4; *Business Manager* 4; *Alpha Psi Omega; Spanish Club* 1,2,3,4, *President* 4; *Assistant Hockey Manager* 1,2, *Manager* 3; *French Club* 1,2,3,4; *Sailing Club* 1,2; *Winslow Prize in Romance Languages.*

Deserting the Ivy League to grace us with his social presence, our 'tini loving classmate proceeded to show all and sundry how it's done in Upstate. What could be more convincing than a tour of the Lafayette, the Teapot, or the Yahnundasis in the Imperial Packard? The "Gods of Rome" never saw the gin flow so rapidly or heard "Bolero" played so loudly as at a Fay party. Although Manhattanville was never receptive to the philosophy of Bacchus, Skidmore, Vassar, and Bradford readily succumbed. What greater disciples could the old gods ever hope to find? The freshmen of Chi Psi never escaped the arduous task of learning our cosmopolites Capitols. And only once was he defeated by the lucky guess of one of the neophytes. Leaving a trail of broken hearts all along the Eastern seaboard, Bob found or made a party wherever he roamed.

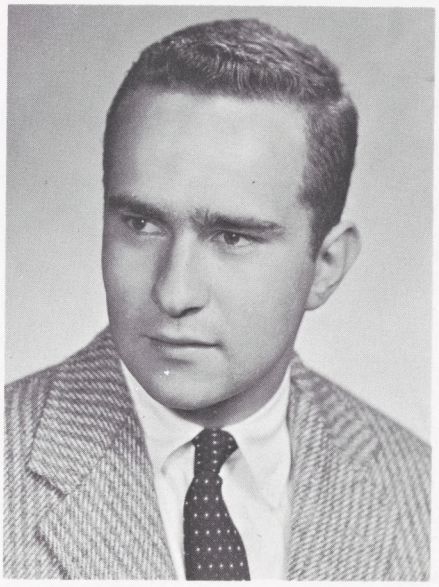


WARREN EDGAR FOOTE, JR. — Chi Psi

Watertown, Massachusetts

Sailing Club 1,2,3,4; *Swimming* 2; *Campus Fund* 4.

After a brief detour by way of Bethlehem, Watertown's answer to Jung, Freud, and Norman Vincent Peale legged his way to the Lodge, set up a battered brown couch, and began a four year psychonanalysis of the Phipeople. With a wary eye on his receding hairline, Father Foote, armed with a waning idealism and a formibable vocabulary, forsook the three R's for the three S's, scotch, Skidmore, and sagacity. Taking his position as social chairman in all sincerity, Ed critically examined the Eastern social sphere but soon decided to forsake all other directions, including even northerly ones, and directed his attentions to a verbal-parsimonious Polly in a gilded cage around Saratoga way. Looking over the rest of the campus from his dining room location, Warren soon decided to restrain his romantic propensities and to investigate the mathematical and physical worlds, a decision which almost proved fatal. With female companionship and a now shattered idealism, Warren, prepares to leave his four-year field study at Hamilton and return to the academic pursuits of a growing Freud.

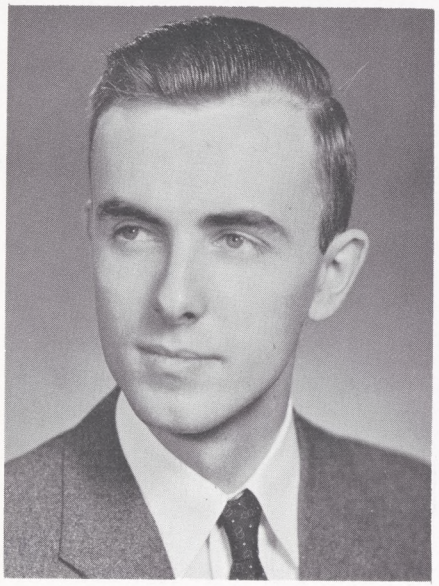


GILBERT L. FULD — Delta Upsilon

Yonkers, New York

J.V. Golf 1; *Lacrosse* 2; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *SPECTATOR* 1,2; *Local Advertising Manager* 3, *Business Manager* 4; *Publications Board* 4; *Pi Delta Epsilon* 4.

The lights were low, the string quartet was playing softly in the background, the waiters glided noiselessly from table to table. The sauve gentleman leaned across the small table and gently said to his lovely companion, "Did you ever try to clean barf off a screen door?" A member of the tube team, a consistent contestant in the fine art of cigarette borrowing, a goalie of questionable judgement, Gil came out from under the bridge four years ago to join the flock of the Delta U. barnyard. During his four years in the service of the Old Gold and Sapphire Blue, he has truly became an outstanding member of the Jamster Chapter. Last year he led the league in budget control, skippered the scholars to a miraculous improvement, and succeeded in stopping many elusive pitches thrown by his ever-smiling roommate. Although not a B.M.O.C., literally or figuratively, he is certainly a big man, literally of course, in the house. We are sure that the children in the Pittsburgh clinics will be among the happiest in the world.



ALAN DUANE FULLER

Troy, New York

Student Curriculum Committee.

A famous Hamilton College lexicographer once defined an idiot as "someone who gets lower marks than I do" and a grind as "someone who get higher marks than I do". Formal logic dictates that the entire student body must, then, call Al Fuller a grind. Scholar would be a better word. And modest would be a fitting adjective. Now perhaps you can't picture Al passed out under a piano at Chi Psi during a houseparty weekend. (If you can, you're probably about to pass out under somebody else's piano.) But believe it or not, it is unnecessary to pass out regularly under pianos in order to possess a warm and very worthwhile personality. Al proves this. Sincerity is a word which the famous Hamilton College lexicographer neglected to define. "The Greeks had no hollow laugh". However, Al is sincere, and we wish him success in the future.

LEON C. GANE — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Darien, Connecticut

SPECTATOR 2; *Charlatans* 1,2,3,4; *French Club* 1,2,3; *Alpha Psi Omega* 4.

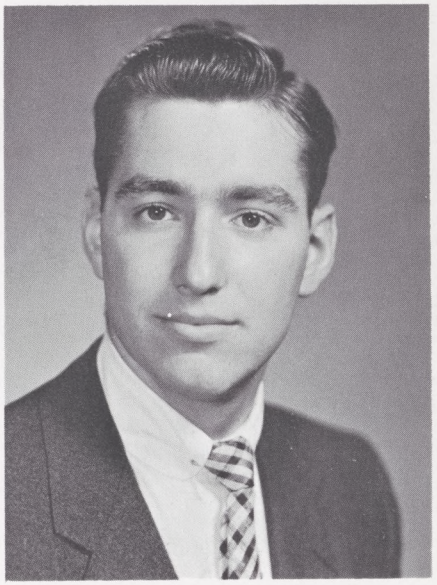
TKE's own John Foster Dulles flew in from Andover, where he had previously starred in football, scholastics and politics. Having struggled through his first year here, Leon turned over a new leaf sophomore year, and got himself a single room. Mike, his favorite instructor, taught him well in the fine art of bookkeeping and percentages, and many were the all night seminars held around the corner on Blandina Street. Still determined to gain the upper echelons of Hamster society, Leon bought himself a new car and began his junior year with a new roommate, rumored to be a cast-off from Granny Rice. Not realizing the fate of those who disappear into the TKE House, he put his checkered flag up over the bar, lit up a Gonzalez Sanchez, and in company with his new friend Stick from across the hall, spent Wednesday evenings distorting the philosophy of Hume and Hegel (as translated by John Walker). Finally, in a last attempt at Academia, and managing to find himself a steady roomie, this fluent fellow closed his door and built his existence around an outdated constitution.

WILLIAM GABB GEORGE — **Psi Upsilon**

Watertown, New York

French Club 1,2; *Band* 1,2; *Sailing Club* 2; *I.R.C.* 3,4.

Bill George, the full name by which he was invariably known, came to Hamilton steeped in its lore. Although preceded here by fathers, uncles, brothers and aunts, Bill has managed to achieve his own special niche in Lit classes and at the Psi U bridge table. After two years of aimless wandering from the Excercise Room to the T.V. set, he at last found his bearings. Bill got pinned between blasts on his Sax, and he has found in Liz a sincere, if occasionally soused, companion. Now a more serious student, he has done well in interesting, or as he calls them, worthwhile courses. To the fraternity house, Bill has devoted most of his efforts, including ejecting outsiders, mixing drinks, and changing the brine. One could go on to enumerate this man's foibles, for he has many; The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Elizabethan lyrics, playing pounce with T.K. and mumbling. He should do well in the hospital with a peanut butter and onion sandwich in one hand and his Shakespeare in the other.

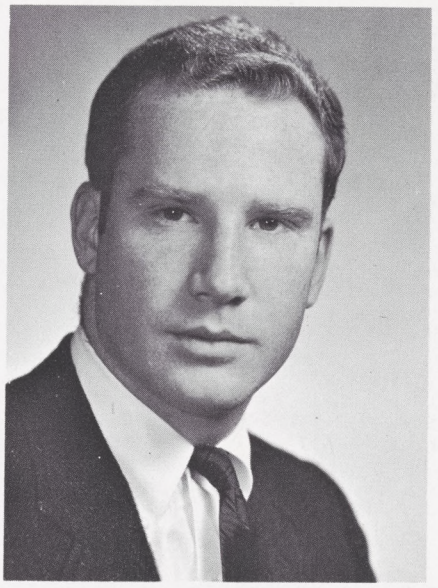


BARRY GERSON — **Squires**

Brooklyn, New York

Student Curriculum Committee 3; *Student Senate* 4; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *Polygon* 3,4.

In 1954 "The Gers", innocent freshman that he was, arrived at Hamilton College, and, under the tutelage of Middle's last patriarch, learned the arts of circulating petitions, and objecting to motions at Squires meetings. Gers' powers of rhetoric and oratory were decidedly sharpened during his sophomore year when, by rooming with "Da Hoib", he learned how to convince people that a room could be warmed in winter by nightly opening its windows. "Da Hoib", a sometimes belligerent fellow, also taught Gers the manly art of "scraping it up a bit" and the value of A.P. It was senior year, however, that saw the final fulfillment of Gers' previously acquired skills, for then, in power as president of Squires House, he held unmerciful sway over his fellow housemates, unreasonably insisting that they abstain from alcohol, cigars, girls, and late hours. As president of Squires, Gers managed to master by hard work such divers disciplines as Organic Chemistry, finding one girl among 10,000 others, avoiding state troopers, and passing rubber checks.

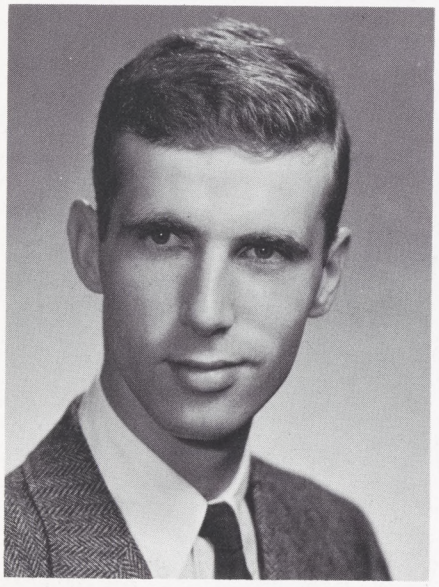


EATON REMINGTON GIBSON — Alpha Delta Phi

Jamesville, New York

Choir 1; *Biology Club* 1,2,3; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *Cheerleader* 2,3; *Baseball* 1,2.

It was early in his sophomore year when Gib received that classic letter. "You have a power that attracts me like a magnet" read the famous phrase. This pleased Eaton, but he wondered if he could really believe it. Prep school seclusion and freshman year confusion had left him little opportunity to discover whether his special brand of stolidity with Brooks Brothers flavor would really work in other places besides Rome. Trying his luck at Cornell, he met with smashing success. The pin went, as did sixty dollars for phone calls one month. Finding this arrangement expensive and restrictive, Gib soon retrieved his frat badge and expanded his field. He even went as far as Europe, and it was in Stockholm that the Magnet scored his chief conquest, for there he subdued a virtual Swedish queen without the use of his native tongue. His versatility was proven in his senior year when the brothers chose him to lead them both scholastically and socially at the same time. Frau Hall will miss the ole' Giboon and hopes he will return often.

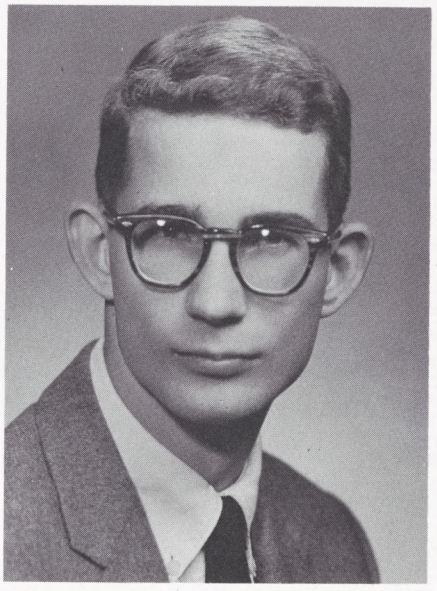


MICHAEL JOHN GILLESPIE — Chi Psi

Glenside, Pennsylvania

Freshman Council 1, *Campus Fund* 2; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *Infirmary* 1,2; *CONTINENTAL* 4; *Nous Onze* 3,4.

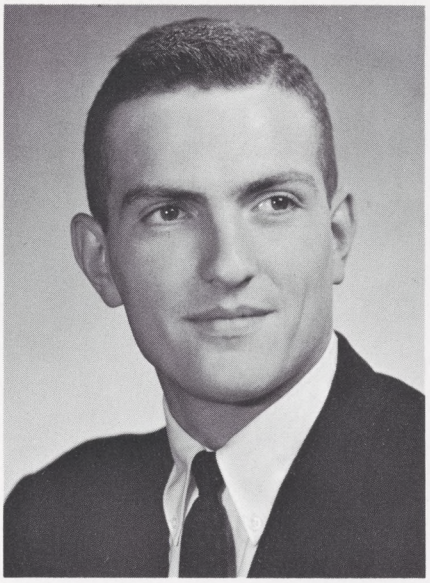
Vacillating between Llareggub and St. James Infirmary with a book of T. S. Eliot and a pitcher of martinis, Michael, ("excellent and true"), disposing of scholastics his freshman year, entered Newt's Chaucer Class with a three year hangover. It was a battle of the Storks, but the Thin One found his nest with one who wears his trousers rolled, and survived the onslaught of Hamilton's Browning Version; even making the English Department think, at times, his marks and the Key he wore were the cause of his Byronic pallor. Late Spring brought a strange and wonderful relationship with a Skidmore Sour, but the Closets were getting crowded, and he returned to Hamilton with more to laugh about, gladly accepting the sweet-do-nothing life of the Hill's Lotus-Eating Eleven. With Shakespeare still in the college store and a knowledge of what life is really not about, Michael leaves the Lodge People, having heard those barmaids singing each to each, to find shelter with a Normal existence.



DAVID M. GLENN — Lambda Chi Alpha

Williamsville, New York

One can't tell about our zoo without running across a few things that are not quite classifiable. Consider the penquin. His habitat is an ivory tower, where his precise gait carries him to the P.X. for coffee and rabble-rousing, to the eating club for mystery meat, and in good weather to an occassional class. After three years the penguin packed off to see the world. Pakistanis to the left of him, Pakistanis to the right of him, but on, on towards the liberal arts ideal flapped the penguin. As in the past — "but Dean, I like to read" — the goal was not clear. Should he embrace the Democratic Party, or amid tinkling glass toast the Tsar? Scholastically, his conquest of organic chemistry was typical; a true pioneer, he calmly passed the course without passing an exam, pausing only to perfect the Glenn method of precipitating crises. His forays and adventures in the land of "never, never!" have won him fame, among other things, even though he was born under the sign of a blue sweater. And in June, should all others prove hesitant to leave our zoo, penguin will happily blaze the way with an imperious "C'mon you chowder heads!"



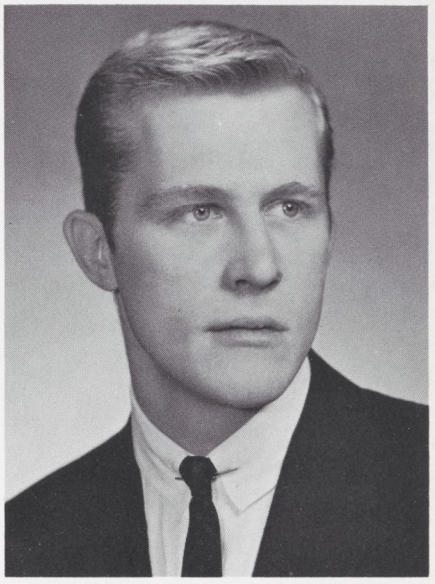
JOHN CARVER GLEZEN **Alpha Delta Phi**
Whitney Point, New York

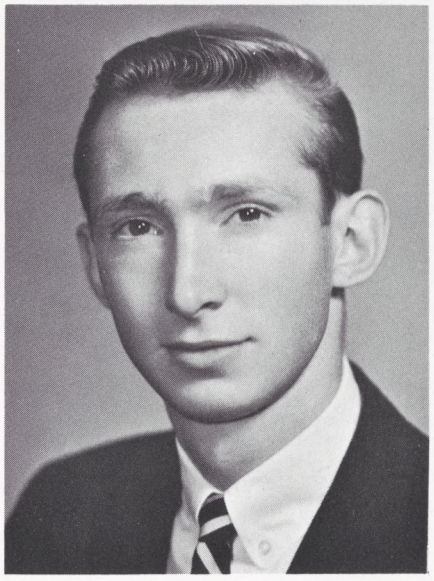
Basketball 1,2,3,4, *Co-Captain* 3,4, *Campbell award* 3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Choir* 3,4, *record chairman* 4; *Vice-president of class* 2; *I.R.C.* 2; *Campus Fund* 2,3; *Intramural Council* 3; *President D.T.; Co-chairman Was Los.*

Whitney Point's answer to Sweetwater Clifton appeared at Ham Coll and devoted himself zealously to the varied academic attractions of these our ivied walls. John's zest for the books waned by the end of his freshman year, however. It was the "big Glez" from then on at the wheel of the white Ford. While he copped D.T. and Was Los, his interests soon turned from the paths of campus glory and focused on the Thruway, with the sack running a close second. He returned for his senior year, a cosmopolite, after a summer in Europe. Co-captain of the B-ball team for the second straight year with a perpetual honor average, John donned his bargain tweeds and snowed the interviewers from Business, USA. Blessed with a clear, sharp mind, he decided to sharpen it further at the nostalgic tables at Maury's while putting in time at Yale Law School. We begin to miss him as the A.D. halls echo to the last, "Roll 'em, guys!"

RAYMOND H. GOEBEL **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Stratford, Connecticut

The young Felix Krull stepped out of his Stratford cottage, breaking the bonds of suppressing conformity, into the wiles of Hamilton. With an aptitude for languages, Ray breezed through his four years with little effort and a credit average. Fortunately, his wild blood led him down the paths of the unknown. He explored and disected every girls' college in the East until he ran into someone at Middlebury who stole his roving wings. After a traumatic experience with the wing stealer, Ray took up his erratic ways and went on a Southern excursion, giving up the first week of second semester. But the wandering Junior came back to the academic life of Hamilton. His wings were somewhat clipped by the Middlebury sylph in his Senior year, but he flew away too quickly for her to snatch them again. Anyway, he had undertaken the problem of what makes man's mind work, in a Freudian sort of way. But the pleasant anticipation of a year at the University of Hamburg, Germany, provided by a handsome Rotary scholarship, blotted out sylphs and Freudian studies from Ray's now wiser mind. He now has time to check the accuracy of European roadmaps.





PAUL JAMES GOETZ **Delta Phi**
Albany, New York

Student Senate 4; *Interfraternity Council* 3; *Chapel Board* 2,3,4, *Secretary* 4; *SPECTATOR* 2,3,4; *Secretary-Treasurer of class* 1; *Campus Fund* 1,2,3,4; *McKinney Prize Speaker* 3; *Clark Prize Oratory* 4; *Squash Club* 4; *French Club* 1,3; *I.R.C.* 1; *Phi Beta Kappa.*

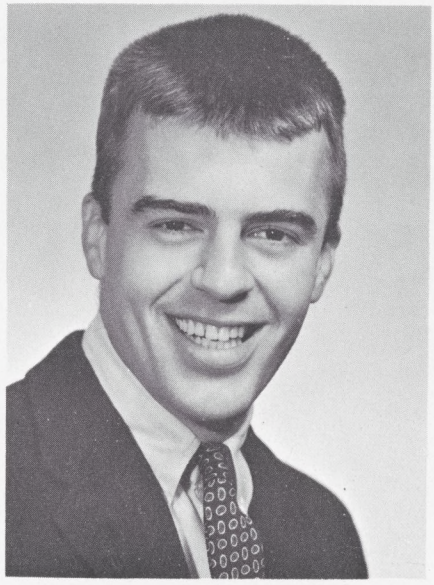
With Jackie Robinson's autograph waving proudly in the breeze over his desk, Goetzy glided through four years on the Hill with occasional murmurs of "Let's go to chow!" and steeped in the belief that Robinson, not Washington, was the "father of our country." Bothered only by the Dodgers move to Los Angeles, "the ole redhead" maintained a four-year honor average and assumed the reigns of D-Phi on two separate occasions, establishing himself on the platform that every fraternity would have a red-headed president. An avid jazz fan, his room was the only one on the Hill which featured "The Dukes of Dixieland" five days a week from seven to eight – in the morning. Graduation found Paul, diploma and autograph in hand, trundling off down College Hill Road dragging his victrola behind him while being followed by a small army of corporation executives, all clamoring for his services in the business world.

JOHN W. GRANTIER **Squires**

Penn Yan, New York

ROYAL GABOON 3,4.

Indefatigably maintaining that the streets of Penn Yan are paved, our pseudo-rustic has somehow avoided citification despite his association with several metropolitan sophisticates. Having finessed his way through Freshman Seminar and survived a year as a charter member of the Terrible Trio in Carnegie's stalls, John returned to Middle to assume the role of perfect host. The door was always open to the third floor lounge and storage room, and the *Royal Gaboon* had for itself a made-to-order press room completely equipped with typewriter and idle wastebasket. If not tutoring his neighbors in the intricacies of chess and cribbage, the perennial list maker could be found engaged in various academic pursuits. Actuaries are supposed to calculate risks, but Hamilton's gift to the life insurance world believed in taking them as well, often pushing his Plymouth ICBM to The Wheel in three minutes flat. Finally succumbing to urban influences, John leaves the Hill and the Finger Lakes for Metropolitan Life.

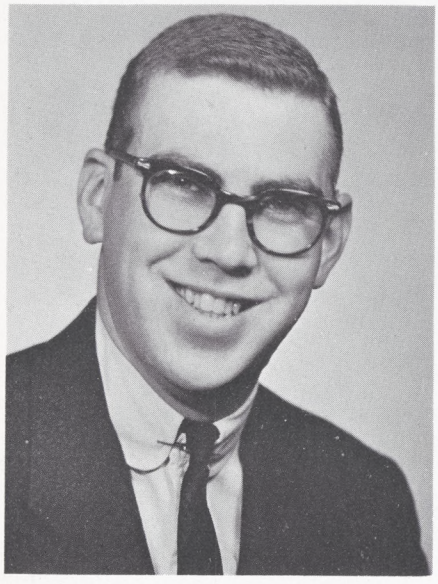


JOHN EARL GRAVES **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Bronxville, New York

SPECTATOR 1,2, *New Editor* 3, *Associate Editor* 4; *Student Curriculum Committee* 3,4; *Campus Fund Drive* 1,2.

During the four years John Graves attended Hamilton, the TKE house became more and more apathetic. Graves paid little attention to the Histor's job and left that job amidst cries to clean up the library. During his senior year, the freshmen thought at first that he was collegiate in his apathy. Some tried to imitate John —they flunked. Some felt themselves superior and studied — but John got better marks than the students. Graves is intelligent. Intelligence breeds contempt of many things. For John it bred contempt for immaturity, for ritual and for the gung-ho attitude. Graves discovered early in his college career that horrible fact — there is little in the world worth getting gung-ho over. Rather than being disturbed, Graves accepted this fact. But there are a few things worthy of approval and one is a girl. John found that girl, and the TKE house saw little more of its most apathetic Histor. Graves enjoyed this life — and those who knew Graves and had also learned the horrible fact enjoyed Graves.

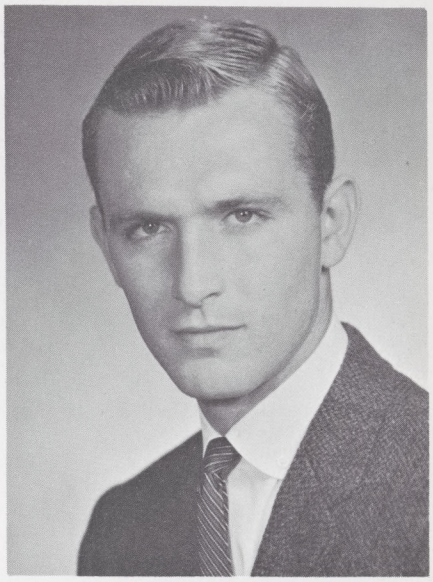


JAMES K. GUERIN **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

New York City, New York

SPECTATOR 1,2,3; *I.R.C.* 1,2,3,4! *French Club* 1,2,3; *Newman Club* 1,2,3,4.

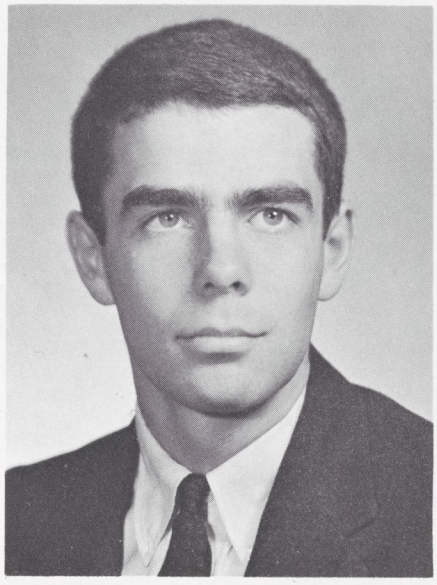
The muses of the Ivory Tower broke into a smile one day in September, 1954 when Delbarton's one-man Green Wave arrived at Hamilton. Here was the potential for a pure scholar. However, something went afoul, and a tremor shook the tower to its foundations as the notorious crowd of DKE and company pledged the Slim. Apparently the boys from Tau spied his potential also, but they recognized him as being extremely versatile, and they immediately set out to test it. Under the capable tutelage of Behnke and Newt, he quickly fell into step with the finest traditions of Tau degeneracy. From this point, there was no limit to his descent. A member of the original hardcore, he was a founder of the eight day weekend. With glass in hand, shouting his warcry of "It's fixed", J. nailed down a four year position on the executive committee of the T.V. club. Now the top sponge leaves the rabble of his Ivory Tower in debt of many. His path lies straight to Behnke's apartment, where he hopes he can escape from the Navy and be in time for the next big weekend.



JAMES BRUCE HALL **Delta Phi**
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

D.T.; Swimming 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Newman Club* 3,4; *Charlatans* 1,2; *Student Admissions Committee* 1,2,3.

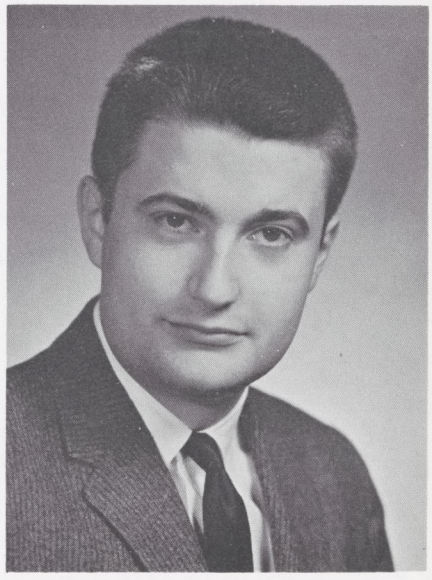
Up out of the valleys of sweetness and youth to our little Olympus came our Bruce. Many were the nights that he walked that long mile from Alteri's. Corking at the end of his freshman year made him a lesser dignitary of the society and lettering four times in swimming was a feat of no lesser proportions. Closer to home he steered the Delts in something of a winding path down hill to the prexy's house at the end of his sophomore year and wept only a little as his New House Committee became a smaller cog in the house machine. Even as all this was going on our J.B., who will never be a Julien Sorel, made a decision in favor of the red as opposed to the black. And so who knows whether we will find him diplomatically sipping cocktails in India or pushing one of the bureaucratic pencils at the Pentagon? But with the luck of the Irish, Bruce is sure to do all right.



MILTON KEENE HARKRADER, JR. **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
Westfield, New Jersey

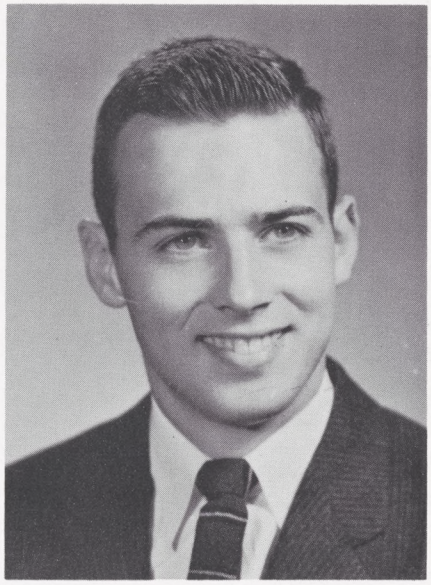
D.T.; Cross Country 1,2,3,4; *Track* 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Social Organizations Committee* 2,3,4; *Newman Club* 3; *French Club* 1,2,3.

HARK! And an indescribable prepi sporting black brush bristles for hair appeared. Miltie raced all the way from Westfield just in time to bolster Gene Long's Cross Country team. The hero of the Big Blue arrived to covert Hamster to the Ivy style. However, Keene never succeeded. Unable to cross the finish line, he collasped instead in front of the halls of Tau. After the brothers took pity on him, Hark started upon a long adventure. As his dreams for an Ivy Towered civilization crumbled and fell so did his pants. Nevertheless, Keene was never one to wimper over spilt milk punch. His nightmarish antics and cynicism spread the length and width of two states, much to the consternation of outraged college femmes. After attaining the great truth (the inner light), Miltie succeeded to the high priesthood of Tau. As Keene hangs up his track shoes and collects his grad school rejections in expectations of graduation, an era of "monkey studness" ends. No longer will animal calls, screaming laughs and horror shows echo in the sacred halls.



BRITTON JAMES HARWOOD **Delta Phi**
Clifton, New Jersey

"My candle burns at both ends . . ." And so it did for four years. "Brit", commonly found persuing some obscure novel, poring over a Platonic dialogue in the original, researching and writing three term papers in as many nights, arriving late for philosophy exams or engaged in animated and articulate PX dialectics, ends four years of journalistic endeavor and self sought seclusion not with a clamour but quietly. "Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved" during his stay at the monastary overlooking the sedate town of Clinton, "Brit" is rumoured to have found two engaging interests for the years to come, one of them being a newspaper.

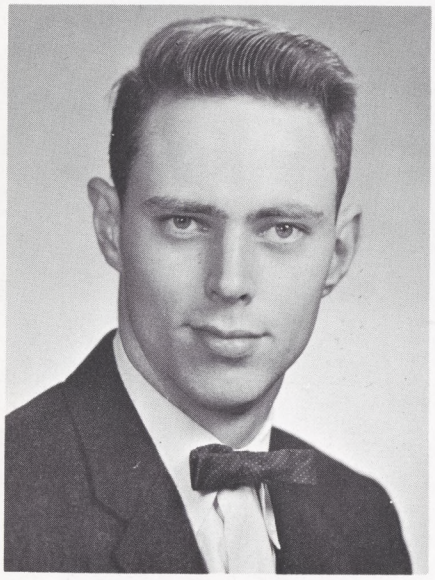


ERIC H. HASSELTINE — Psi Upsilon

Bedford Hills, New York

Football 1,2,3; *Basketball* 1,2,3; *Baseball* 1,2,3; *Most Valuable Player* 2; *Block H Club* 2,3.

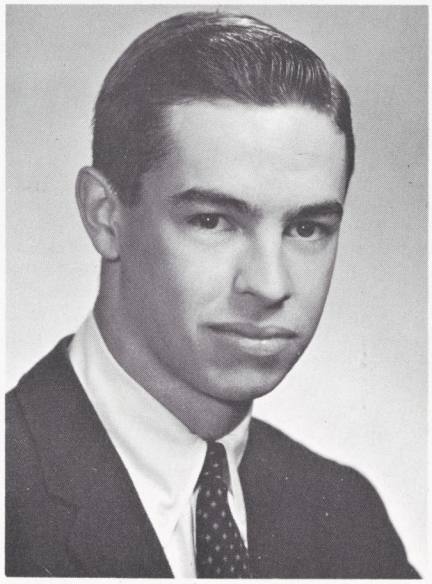
Fresh from four ecstatic years of high school glory, Hass was outraged by the decadent habits of his older — but less precocious colleagues. Soon discovering that even the coach smoked, Eric began a search for new standards. The original disillusionment did not, however, impede his development as an athlete and a scholar. For, whether he was gaily tripping on the gridiron, playing basketball or performing as Greg's best ball player, Hass never ceased to display his well-roundedness in the small liberal arts tradition. With the stage set for romance, our hero met his match in the person of the archon's petite but wholesome sister. But the frequent trips to Cornell which followed Eric's loss of his fraternal badge failed to alter either his scholarship rating or athletic achievements. Senior year found the halls of the Psi void of the pleasant laughter that once echoed so penetratingly from the nether regions. Eric was off to marital bliss in the land of the slide rule.



ROBERT A. HASTINGS — Psi Upsilon

Sanborn, New York

Hast (not to be confused with "haste," for this boy moved fast only during the high school track season) came to Hamilton in the fall of 1954 looking for friends and adventure. By bringing along his high school year book filled with pictures of many fine looking Syracuse debs, Bob quickly found friends. The first two year's adventure, with the exception of weekly national guard meetings, was confined to battles with calc, under the generalship of C. Stanley. After emerging safe — but not unscathed -- from the math wars, Bob decided to remain on the familiar ground of the English Department. But what time Bob didn't devote to his studies wasn't time wasted. Bob spent much time lecturing on such subjects as the proper use of coke cases, Carmen Basilio and liquor. When Bob was not either lecturing or studying, he was usually conducting research on his lecture topics, believing that no lecture should be delivered without adequate research. During his senior year, Bob took on the responsibility of leading the social life of the brothers of the Psi. Bob leaves Hamilton, rejecting the evil world of the monied class, determined to spread light over the dark minds of the country's young.

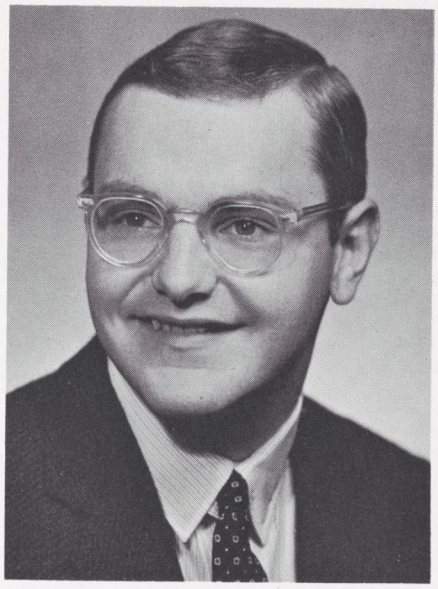


ALFREDERIC SMITH HATCH — Chi Psi

Montclair, New Jersey

Was Los; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES; Treasurer of Student Senate 4; *Treasurer of Campus Fund* 3, *Chairman of Campus Fund* 4; *Treasurer of GOP Club* 3; *Chapel Board* 4; *SPECTATOR* 1,2; *J.V. Basketball* 1; *Assistant Basketball Manager* 2,3; *Basketball Manager* 4; *J.V. Tennis* 1; *Secretary-Treasurer of Class* 3.

At an age when most children were reciting their ABC's, Montclair's scion born with a buff,-and-blue scarf draped around his "fair white body", was diligently voicing Carissima in Latin. Giving way to atavistic tendencies, Al arrived on the Hill complete with knee pads, the above-mentioned scarf, and a pledge pin tatooed on his breast. Off campus, accompanied by the Blue Flash, his trusty flivver, Rick made several excursions into the realm of concupiscence from which he often returned undated, but undaunted. Finding afternoon naps a necessary addition to the curriculum, Jack nevertheless climbed the academic scale of being and achieved an honorable facsimile of Nirvana. While on a "culture drive" which culminated in the reading of Conrad and other astute authors, one would frequently find dirty-sock bookmarks of interest.

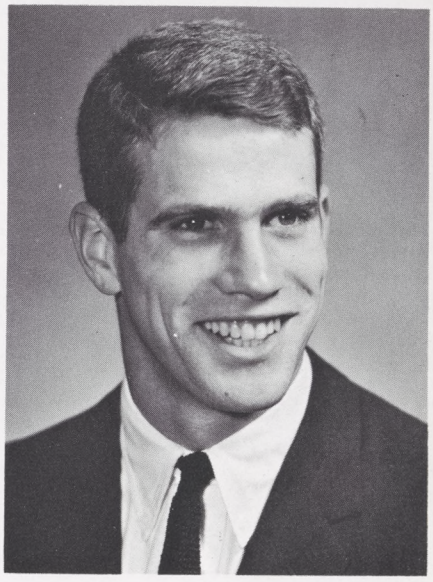


LEE R. HAUSSER — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

West Hartford, Connecticut

French Club 1,2; *Varsity Soccor* 1; *Block "H" Club* 1,2,3,4.

Lee came to college with two purposes. The first was to spread the name of Hamilton throughout Massachusetts, especially to Smith and Holyoke, and the second was to get as much rest as possible. Except for a brief period when the college administration saw fit to remove the tool of his ambassadorial trade, his car, our some-times-Yalie accomplished both aims admirably. The Ol' Haus had the uncanny ability to sit quietly by as his roommate frantically smashed glasses, bottles, lamps, and occasionally, even pictures. Undoubtedly if he spent as much time studying as he did trying to outguess his professors, he would have been an honor student. As it was, he had to settle for a little less. His friends remember Lee as coming to Hamilton from Loomis with a handful of rep ties, a pair of yachting sneakers, and a determination not to be changed by Hamilton. The amazing thing is that if anything, Hamilton was changed by him.

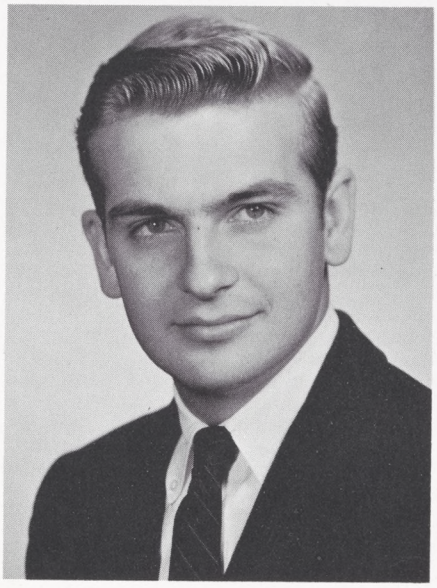


DUDLEY FARRAND HAWKES — **Sigma Phi**

Orange, New Jersey

National Advertising Manager 3,4; *Student Senate* 4; *Biology Club* 3,4; *Cheerleader* 2,3.

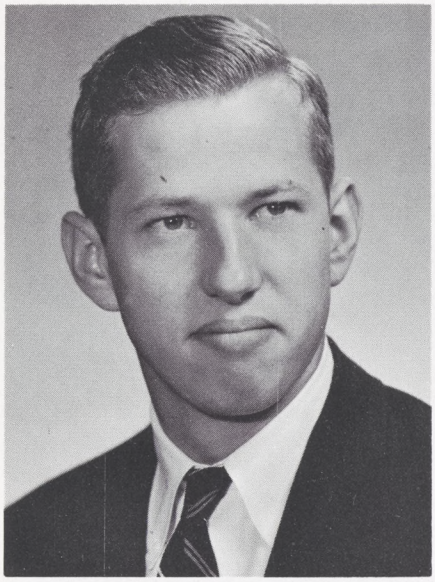
Firmly believing that Boyden's loss was Hamster's gain, Duddums has shuffled and grimaced his way through the gamut of college life. Pausing only for a moment to tear the big green "D" from his sturdy sweater, he plunged headlong into the locker room, there to remain for a series of two-week seminars with Gene Long. While trammeling his way to black and blue glory he found time to share twin Remingtons with Bert and snow Olive Oil. After a few years of this circuit with nothing more to recommend him to the Deerfield Alumni Journal than flaring nostrils and a frightening tendency to kick houseparty dates, Doo decided to go to med school or be president of the House, or something. He returned from a Continental tour to accomplish these things and more, with nothing more than a little windshield trouble to hinder him. As the unsung hero of the Winans case leaves the caverns for nurses, microscopes, and a room with a . . . view, we wish him well. After all, he's just a boy.



THOMAS C. HAYS — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Croton-on-Hudson, New York

Tom Hays arrived at Hamilton as an individualist and left as an individualist. In his freshman year, his ideals were irreproachable. He knew what he wanted and knew how to get it. But then life and Tom met at Delta Kappa Epsilon. His original goal was forgotten (temporarily), and he wandered from the path of a carefully planned future. Then came a separation, and with it a new Tom. Casting off his old ideals, he became a devotee of Bacchus and a genuine D.K.E. He was an "enfant terrible," but as a D.K.E. he was respected. He adopted a new set of values which clashed with his nature. After two years of pursuing the unreal, Tom and Jill were reconciled. Stability returned to his life, and with stability came even higher achievement. Despite a heavy schedule which included teaching French at Clinton High School and working at night in addition to doing regular assignments, Tom managed to keep his average up among the top ten in his class. He is looking forward to a future which will include Jill and teaching, and it is a safe bet that he will succeed with both.



JAMES HOWELL HEALY, JR. **Chi Psi**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

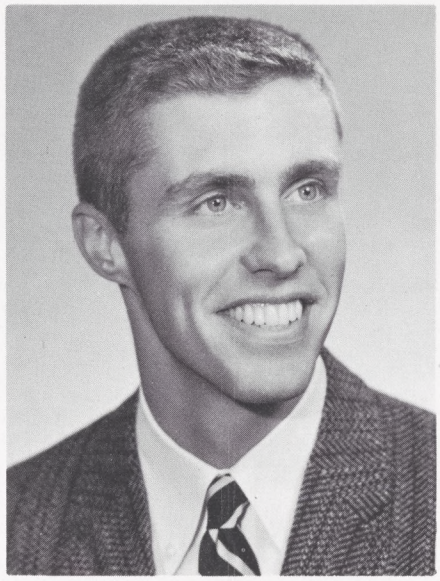
Soccer 2; *Choir* 2,3,4, *Librarian* 3; *Canterbury Club* 2,3,4, *President* 4.

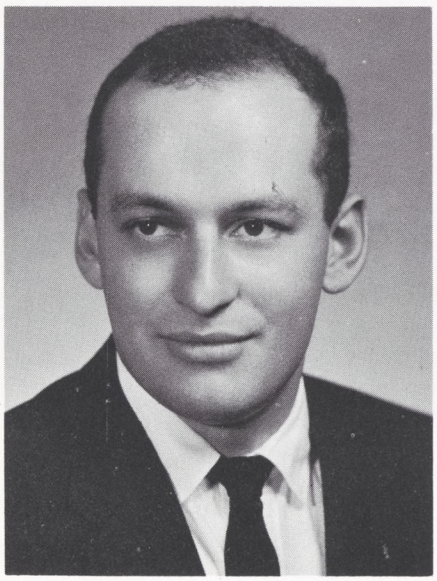
The refining and wonderfully maturing influence of four years at our lofty little retreat is no more vividly illustrated than when we view with heart-swelling rapture the wondrous changes that have been wrought in our neophyte from the depths of South Philly. But it took Jim quite a while to see the light; well-traveled was the rut that he wore between the Hill and Bleecker St. It was the transition to the ill-fated 4 room that turned the trick. It was here that Jim was exposed to the Word, started attending classes, became a music major, made the switch from marijuana to Marlboro, and sprouted a spare tire. When Jim wasn't organizing the Young Canterburians or locked up in a corner of Silliman, he might be heard downstairs pounding out madrigals and original compositions far into the night. Perhaps it was the missionary in Jim that made him take that blind Skids, but whatever it was, we couldn't find a more compatible couple to tip the scales.

CRAIG HENZEL **Theta Delta Chi**
Chappaqua, New York

Chapel Board 1,2,3,4; *Campus Fund* 1, *Publicity Manager* 2,3,4; *I.R.C.* 3; *Geology Club* 2; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Tennis* 1,3, *Captain* 4; *Tennis Award* 3; *D.T.*

"Match Point"—and another opponent bites the dust as Craig illustrates his prowess as Hamilton's Number One tennis player. During his four years Craig found that good marks aren't only those found on a clay court. However, with periodical leaves of absence from the Hill's Net-Men, Craig donned his Block H sweater and entered the cool confines of Root Hall to find out what else the college had to offer. The Library People proved to be too good opponents and to relieve the stack-pressure, Craig found that racquets were strung at Miss Hall's School and Middlebury—and so he left the Hill in hopes of finding bigger and better courts. But the Continental-Cramer couldn't find any Gussie Morans and so he returned to the Hill still a pro. With tennis-typhus in his blood, Craig leaves the Continental Racquet Men in June to make the Newport Whites into another team and undoubtedly with his energy and hard work they'll be playing at Wimbledon before long.

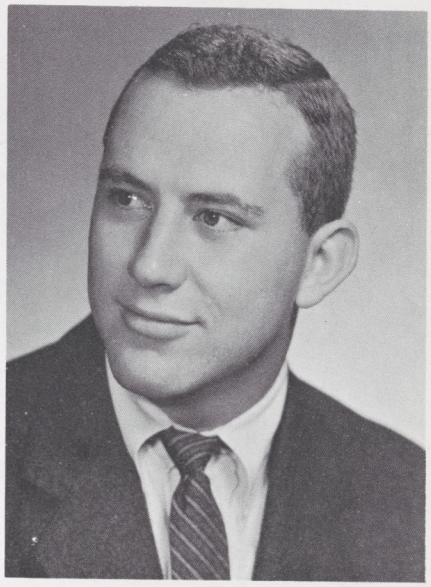




LEWIS R. HERBSMAN **Tau Kappa Epsilon**
Albany, New York

Delta Sigma Rho, Secretary 4; *Debate Club* 1,2,3,4, *Vice President* 4; *Charlatans* 1,2,3,4; *Student Admissions Committee* 1,2,3; *McKinney Prize Debater* 4; *French Club* 1,2.

Most students learn about sex at Hamilton. Most students learn to play bridge at Hamilton. Most students learn how to talk at great lengths on nothing at all at Hamilton. Herbsman knew these things before he came. What then did Herbsman learn at Hamilton? Rusty learned the fine arts of intercollegiate debate; how to be a social chairman at TKE; how to live among an amazing assortment of friends called Tekes. Rusty also learned how to room with Petrou—no small feat in itself. Herbsman learned how to get away from Hamilton—to all sorts, shapes, and sizes of other intellectual institutions and their inmates. What then is the future of this brother of the TKE? Herbsman attends Columbia Law School this fall. Will he learn more than he learned at Hamilton? We cannot say, but whatever he learns, he will certainly prove the most interesting lawyer in a long time.



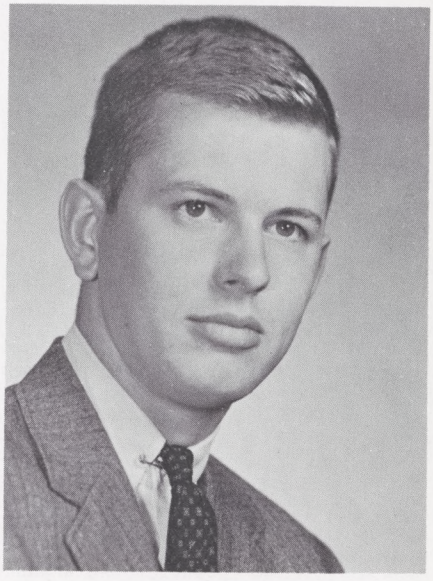
JOHN CLARK HOBBINS — Delta Upsilon
Port Washington, New York

"Where's Hobby?—Do you see Hobby?" This, the question of the quadrennium, echoed brightly from wombat to bear sitting dull-eyed in front of the flickering tube, refers to the "Biggest of All," who, when asked to "stand up and be counted," may stand up and be missed—or be mistaken by even the keenest of calculators for someone else. Is it Gif? Is it Reno? Is it Manners? No one really seems to know. That is until some familiar characteristic unites this unwholesome trinity into the one, the total Hobbins. Whether it be the loving presence of Toni, or his insatiable desire to build a fire; whether he be heard shuffling in the distant halls, or be seen face to face, his primitive frame adorned with fibric virility; whether his face be rapt to the strains of a re-composed Gershwin tune, or be animate with a ribald account of recent experience; whether it be pipe in mouth, or uke in hand, each of these gives the Brothers an easy task of picking up some of the essence of the one, who, in spite of his physical size, may truly be the biggest of all. Next year, our king of versatility will have forsaken his role as DU veep for the world of medicine.

F. STEPHEN HOFFMAN — Chi Psi
Elmira, New York

Pentagon; SPECTATOR 1, *Assistant News Editor* 2, *Associate Editor* 3, *Editor-in-Chief* 4; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *SCA* 1,2; *Chapel Board* 3.

With memories of Washington Choir trips still sweetening his breath, Hoffs is leaving us and chanting his litany, "The sound and the fury, the joy and the sorrow, captured for you by the men and women of the great American Newspaper." Impressed by the piano playing of Roger the Lodger, Steve joined the Purple and Gold way back then. Unlike his brothers, he studied and was eighth in his freshman class. "Ridiculous," said his sophomore roommates. "Ridiculous," said Hoffs, and he never studied again. From time to time, he wrote a story for the Spectator, and he indulged in an occasional nosebleed for excitement. Living at the Lodge completed Steves' debauchery. The Park Aloof Society initiated him, and his roommate's Black and White enticed him. Pentagon, needing a good cribbage player, finally found Hoffs. And the great American Newspaper also found him; Hoffs will continue to capture the sound and the fury for us. We wish him a successful hunt.



GEORGE HOWARD HOLBROOK — Delta Kappa Epsilon
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Lacrosse 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 2,3,4; *Nous Onze* 4; *Spanish Club* 1; *Biology Club* 2.

Howdy arrived at Hamster Tech in the fall of 1954 weighing a slightly emaciated one hundred and forty-five pounds and leaves looking like a slightly modified form of Humphrey Pennyworth. His athletic prowess led him to the Lacrosse field. He is still searching for the glory that was promised with playing the crease. In spite of the numerous trips to Skidmore, Jack's Vassar, and Mountain Lakes, he maintained a respectable average—gentlemen hookers. Famous for that oversized sweater, "Dixie cups, drum sticks, fudgesickles," one hundred and fifty mile ride back to Bennett Junior, roof parties, purple lipstick, "It's my date," and the foreign racer, his greatest successes were yet to come. Embarking upon his senior year, Fatso Judson came closest to being a campus leader with his election to Nous Onze. Not satisfied with capturing baccalaureate honors, he strove to perfect his love life. The bonds of the brotherhood dissolved when George spied his true love, the Skidmore spic, in the arms of the redhead. Gib-tongued and confidant, G.H.S. heads for law school.

HORACE KING HOLLEY, III **Alpha Delta Phi**

LaCrosse, Wisconsin

Golf 1; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *I.R.C.* 2,3; *Charlatans* 2,3,4; *Young Republicans Club* 2,3.

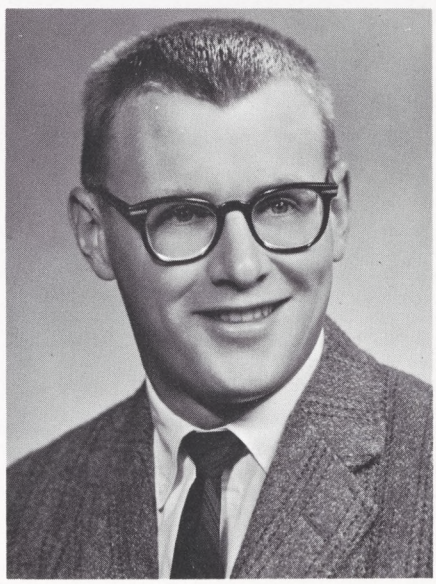
Arriving in the cultural East from the wilds of Wisconsin, H. King immediately proceeded to adapt himself to the vital traditions of our school as well as to many of the traditions so essential to the Eastern way of living, namely before dinner cocktails and the increasingly popular weekend excursions to various points of interest in our East. But at this point we must include the fact that Wisconsin and the fine old Holley family traditions were never denied, in fact Wisconsin was usually defended ad nauseum. The "Ivy Tradition" caused Horace relatively little trouble with the exception of an increasingly foreboding scholastic problem. Horace did a little course dropping here and there, a lot of procrastinating, made many friends, and even with all this activity was still able to find a major at Hamilton, much to the dismay of the English Department. However none of this has ever phased him, since, with this trouble, he was able to go to summer school. It has all worked out to the best.

JAMES P. HOLMLUND **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Hamburg, New York

Charlatans 1,2,3; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Concert Manager* 4; *Biology Club* 3,4; *Vice President of Class* 1; *Student Admissions Committee* 2,3.

Looking like nothing more than a young member of the House of Lords, Potter came to Hamilton, looking forward to maintaining his high school BMOC reputation. After being elected vice-president of the freshman class, however, he disintegrated. With memories of Jamestown swimming parties fresh in his memory, he took it upon himself to snow Smith and Vassar debutantes with his three-piece suit and challis ties. Only a "professor" from Wells failed to be impressed—all she could do was gurgle. Except for his feats with women, perhaps Potter is most famous at the Teke house for his car. He called it a car. We called it a sewing machine on wheels. Whatever it was, it ran—now and then. It ran to Vassar for Sally the stockbroker, and it ran all over the state for Choir trips. It even ran into McEwen's driveway one evening. Never one to be daunted by his minor mishaps, Potter survived his car as well as his innumerable hours of lab work in the reeking Science building.

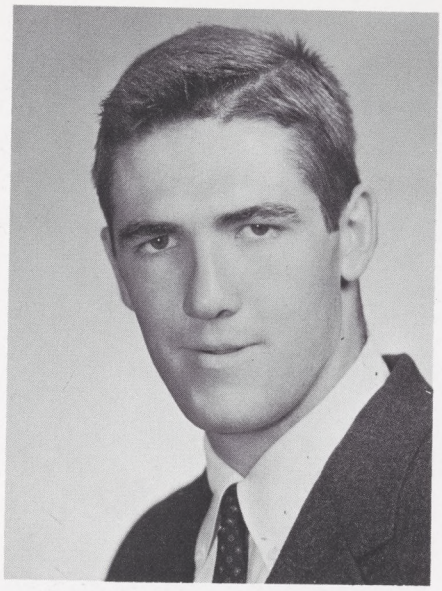


PHILIP HOOPER **Delta Upsilon**

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Fayerweather prize 1; *Freshman Math and Physics Prize* 1; *Brockway Prize* 1; *Hentington Math Prize* 3; *Root Math Prize* 2; *Phi Beta Kappa* 4; *Vice President Student Senate* 4; *Chairman Calendar Committee* 4; *Chairman Publications Board* 4.

The shaded iconoclast . . . a disciple of Charlie Brown, Charlie Goren, Sputnik II, and migod, the darker Parker. Phil achieved a degree of excellence as an informal accompaniest on Sis' Bongos, and TDX's milk drum, but his ivory talent was sadly wasted. After two years of virtual oblivion in various labs and the cell in north, Cooper John moved with speed and deftness into the Hamilton political arena, garnering the D.U. Presidency and a seat on the senate. But Hoop's home was his castle. With furniture arranged for sound, a rash of Heath products, sun lamp, and air-cooled pad, he was in full glory while sitting at his desk amid a maze of bewildering equations and dreams of a light-powered moon craft. Then suddenly the electronic octopus would shudder with Miles or Bird, and the floor knew Phil had reached a "monster high" over something.

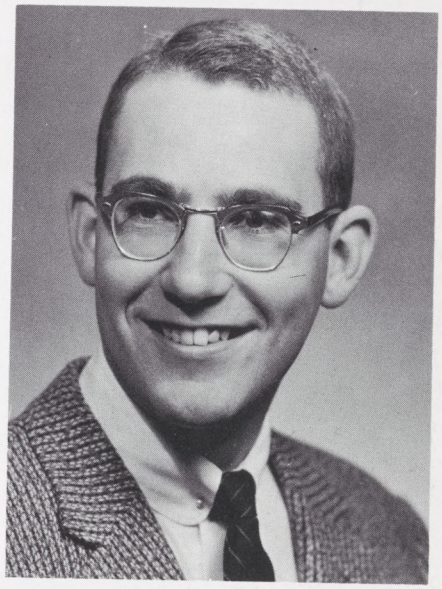


VICTOR C. HOPKINS — Psi Upsilon

Elizabeth, New Jersey

Swimming 1,2,3,4, *Co.-Capt.* 4; *Block H Club* 2,3,4; *Newman Club* 1,2,4; *International Relations Club* 3,4.

Cherb arrived on the hill armed with only a sea bag and a quiet confidence that even the bottom of the Pingry barrel has it in spades compared to Nottingham guys. Having been out-tweeded by his South roomies, Vic quickly sought the ship-like solace of the Cave and Bob. Like Demogorgon in his cave, Vic brooded, and decided that the only thing to do was ascend. Yet sophomore year found him going against his thesis that "rich girls are just as nice as poor girls," as he quickly moved from Cave to 'cuse. Returning from sea the next fall, Vic found himself trapped with three dangerous liberals. Senior year found him so busy with hush-hush endeavor that his roomies were never sure if he was at work or play. But miracles never cease, and as Vic prepares to leave, he seems to be undergoing a spasm of change. He now worships Bacchus instead of Mammon, and spends Sundays at choir concerts instead of with Chris. Not yet an esthete, he seems nevertheless to recognize that beauty comes in other shades than green.



ROBERT BRUCE HUNT — Emerson Literary Society

Jamestown, New York

Band 1,2; *Debate Club* 1,2,3,4; *Track Manager* 1,2,3,4; *French Club* 1,2; *Campus Fund* 2; *Cube* 1,2,3,4; *Cube Root* 4.

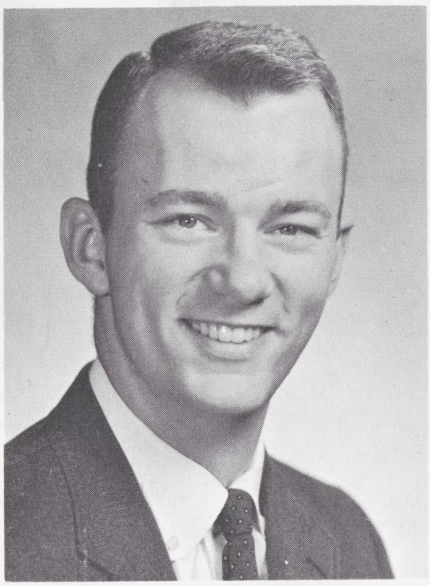
With a long drag on a Lucky and a swaggering stride, the suave Jamestonian with his head filled with aspirations toward math and economics became a part of this strange cloister. After a year of intellectual expansion Bob lived in close proximity with the third floor elite. But apathy never affected Hunter. He accepted responsibility with ease by becoming chairman of the newly-founded Paper Cup Committee and an estimable member of Cube. Stopping at nothing, the Hunt aspired to become Veep, when he could spare moments from the pinnacle of conscientiousness, Cube Root. Another summer and fall brought wheels to Hunt in the form of a two-tone, blue and rust colored Buick. During this semester the sailing man persuaded Bob to major in eco only, while cries of "Pitch" resounded from his den with the animal. Four years after Hunt came to the hill "hell-bent" towards training in math and eco, he is still bending, but now the twist is toward a "liberal" education. But have no fears our Hunter will be a great success if not in economics then at least with the pasteboards.

HENRY VAN ZILE HYDE, JR. — Delta Kappa Epsilon

Bethesda, Maryland

Freshman Election Committee 1; *Basketball* 1; *Football manager* 1,2,3; *Charlatans* 3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4; *Philosophy Club* 4.

Young Plato emerged from the woods of Deerfield four years ago uninitiated in the virtues of a logic machine and women. Since then, with the help of frequent trips to Vassar and Syracuse, "Lucifer" has learned that there is more to life than giving "Haircuts—4:30 to 6:00." As the years progressed, so did Hank's marks as he learned to "crux" his subjects, and the possession of "wheels" his senior year enabled him to uphold his belief in a trip to Utica every Thursday night (movies, of course). A man ever fluent with words, both inside and outside of class, he will be remembered at the D.K.E. house for his indignant and moral stands on all matters at goat-meetings. With sheer determination and with the chapel Belle ringing in his memory, Hank has set his sights on philosophy and law school. We wish him success—for the price of failure is General Electric.



RODGER IBACH — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Evansville, Indiana

Lacrosse 2; *International Relations Club* 3.

In September, 1954, the Sam EE11s Memorial Hall shook with the resounding stomps of hobnailed boots as another Massena CLOD came stumbling in. The Ibach who preceded "Vatch" at Hamilton became Mr. Hamilton of '55; "Cleez" was unable to make the transition. He leaves only slightly changed from his original state. The auto Rodger acquired sophomore year seemed to know only three destinations—Elmira, The Horseshoe, and the Stanley Theater. Addicted to NO-DOZ and RELAX-CAPS, Rodger fell out of the North Country to seek a career in the medical profession. That idea and then engineering were soon forced out of his head, and he now has his bid in for a teaching post—preferably in the Elmira area. With all due respect to his determination, the next few years will probably see Shybach clomping along dusty academic halls in winter and playing sheriff on the Canadian-American frontier in summer. You can be sure, though, that AD's answer to the Merchant of Venice will always be solvent.

JOEL M. INGEGNO — **Tau Kappa Epsilon**

Brooklyn, New York

Newman Club 1,2,3,4; *Biology Club* 1,2,3,4; *French Club* 1,2; *Intramural Football* 1,2,3,4; *Student Senate Representative* 4.

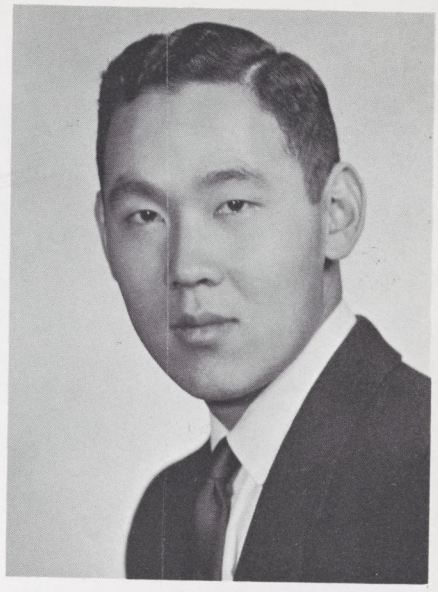
The little world of Joel Ingegno has been interesting, if not inspirational. For most of his four years, Joel's little world has centered about his bed and his semi-pagan ritual of afternoon sack-time. Once upon a time it centered about a 1934 Packard classic, but eight miles—even classic miles—to the gallon were too expensive for even this rich Brooklyn doctor-to-be. For a while the little world centered about Teke. All the little followers of Apollo had elected Joel their Teke leader, and Joel had made ambitious plans for his reign, but most of the plans were forgotten and the Teke house continued to survive, with or without leadership. By his Junior year, Joel's little world finally began to take shape. For once, it centered about something worthwhile—a little girl. We never saw much of the little girl—she came to visit us only twice—and only the elite of us knew her name. We hope that Joel's little world will continue to provide Joel with a little fun without asking for too much in return.

JERALD PICKENS KUHN — **Emerson Literary Society**

Machias, New York

Biology Club 2,3,4; *SCA* 1,2; *J. V. Golf* 1; *French Club* 1,2; *Wesleyan Fellowship* 3,4.

Jerry became a "hill man" in September 1954. Always amazing his roommates and friends with his high powers of concentration, he was able to graduate with a minimum amount of grinding. Thus, as a freshman Jerry could contend with three animal roommates, the crags of the golf course, and an occasional class. Sophomore year brought a change of scenery with new and varied "roomies" and the luxuries of Carnegie Dorm. College days became more hectic in his Junior year. Maintaining convertible wheels, one could expect to find Kuhner anywhere on the map, most often in Western New York where Fifi deserved and obtained much attention. Other diversions were television, games of chance, sacks, the flicks, and soda time—anything to make classes assume their secondary importance. Having allied himself with Ralph Waldo's idealists, Jerry won respect and recognition from the brethern, directing their incongruities for a part of his idle Senior Year in spite of a few lost weekends in the new Century. Jerry takes to Med. School a background in indolence.



THOMAS KAZUYOSHI KUNICHIKA — Psi Upsilon
Honolulu, Hawaii

SPECTATOR 1,2,3,4, *Feature Editor* 3,4; *Canterbury Club* 3,4, *Secretary* 4; *International Relations Club* 1,2,3; *Choir* 1,2,3,4.

He wanted a small liberal-arts college centrally located in the northeastern part of the country. Tom chose Hamilton and spent much of his first year explaining why and how he made this choice. Don introduced him to the Lodge and glug. Consequently he came to know the Lodge almost as well as the barn—possibly better for a time. From the first, he declared that the fraternity was valuable only as a social group and did his best to prove it. Stingers were his forte Sophomore year; they soon gave way to a "Scots Scotch." For a time, Tom did not know what his major would be. He thought of Poli Sci until an almost catastrophic experience in Rocky's Con Law course. He quickly changed to History. With this basis, he will enter seminary in the fall. We will always remember TK for his culinary achievements, his extraordinary success as faculty relations chairman and his oriental savoir faire, but we'll remember him best for his services as Psi U's own Emily Post.

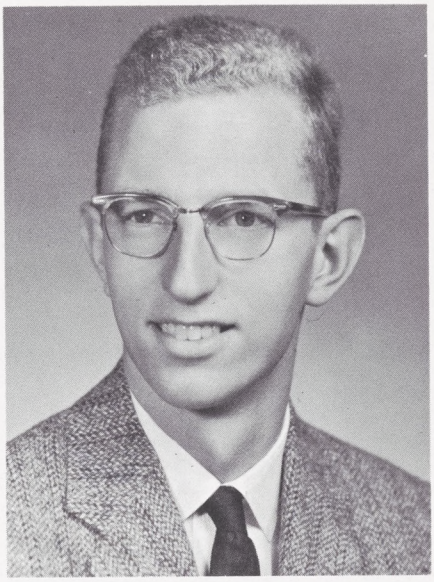
CHARLES ALLAIRE LANGDON — Delta Kappa Epsilon
West Hempstead, New York

The arrogant Salisbury lad arrived on the Hamilton campus armed with much prestige. The name dropping of a few wealthy female connections was counter balanced by the crazy Freshmen roommates who added the needed spice to that first year. At the initial encounter with his DKE brothers, Charlie became the target for many a prank. He was a tempting victim when passed out in the Great Hall. The year ended with Probation and the summer began with Plumbing. Probation took hold once again as Sophomore year rolled around and Charlie began his famous feud with Mistake. Another entanglement with Probation and another summer of Plumbing followed. Junior year proved to be quite diversified; living at the Jones', thoughts of a sebatacle, the great discovery, who needs CO_2 cartridges when stockings do just as well? Accident-prone Charlie retained his reputation in his Senior year, scoring two collisions. His Christmas accident instigated a new seriousness into his personality—the influence of his pin bearing Wells girl. But Charlie finally rose victorious long enough to walk down the aisle and receive his diploma.

PAUL DAVID LEBER — Squires
Brooklyn, New York

Fayerweather Prize Scholarship 1; *McKinney Prize Speaking Contest* 2; *Clark Prize Oratorical Contest* 4; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Debate Club* 3; *Outing Club* 2,3.

Although Paul arrived four weeks late his freshman year, he soon made up for lost time. Puttering around the Chemistry lab he stumbled upon an ideal reaction and produced a High Honor average. Nor was this the least of his accomplishments. In his Sophomore Year, Paul helped renovate Squires by destroying several walls and chairs. Unfortunately, he was indicted and tried for one of his forays by the first and last Squires Tribunal. However, by calling upon his well developed skills at debate and sophistic "obstructionism" he escaped unscathed. In his Junior Year, Paul became a valuable member of the college community—he brought a car to the Hill. His new freedom, however, soon brought disillusionment. Wet, women were the least of his troubles. He had cast his lot with a room of fellows who sorely needed his divine aid. Following the ideology of the League of the Militant Godless, he unselfishly answered their prayers. Paul's Senior Year was a "return to normalcy" in preparation for his exodus.

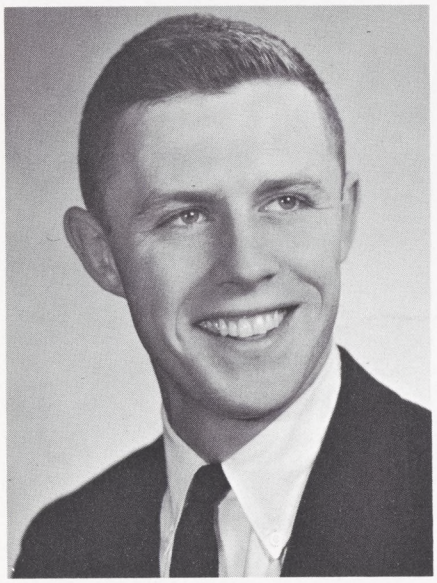


GARY WILBUR LEONHARDT — **Lamba Chi Alpha**

Watertown, New York

SPECTATOR 2,3,4; *Debate Club* 3,4; *Band* 1,2,3; *I.R.C.* 1.

When Gary arrived for the first time on Sam Kirkland's then tree-crowned hilltop, he was unsure whether he was passing through the gates of death to an academic purgatory or through pearly gates to an ivy-, or rather, ivory-covered paradise. Four years have convinced him that Hamilton is a rather pleasant mixture of the two. Learning at an early age that the best instrument for reaching the government department's heart was a well-lubricated shovel, Gary went on to teach his tactics to unenlightened wearers of the crescent. He also mastered the art of wringing A's out of the history department by alternately keeping his nose in a book and . . . to the grindstone. When duty called, Gary answered, and the house files have never since been the same. Now, having traded in his shovel for a briefcase, he trundles off to a land of even higher ivory towers, leaving the walls of the Brandt house still quivering from an unmistakeable horse laugh.

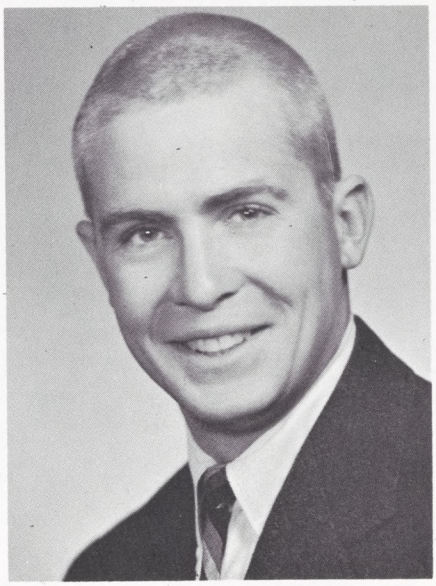


ALAN BARKER LORD — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Yonkers, New York

Freshman Council; French Club 1; *Spanish Club* 1, *Vice President* 2; *Campus Fund* 1,2,4; *Charlatans* 1,2,3; *Choir* 1, *Assistant Publicity Manager* 2, *Publicity Manager* 3, *Manager* 4; *Nous Onze.*

From Hackley he came with a brief year's stop-over in Kings School at Brunton, England. A curious mixture of paradoxes, he was impetuous yet cautious, logical yet fallacious. Often he spoke and judged too quickly, but he was always man enough to say, "I'm sorry." When a girl named Patty said "Yes" to someone else, A.B. never saw quality in the female form again. Perhaps his downfall was due to those four small marbles he sometimes found under his usually agilee tongue halfway through a cocktail party. The books were a necessary part of this our cloistered life, but a cursory inspection of the text and a hasty "crux" from the nearest authority seemed all that was necessary for the eternal C. Only occasionally was the latent student aroused—usually by the awesome scholasticism of Colin Miller who often inspired A.B. to say, "And there was a mon, me lad." A.B. finally found what college was for when he became President of the Choir. When he leaves, respects will follow him.

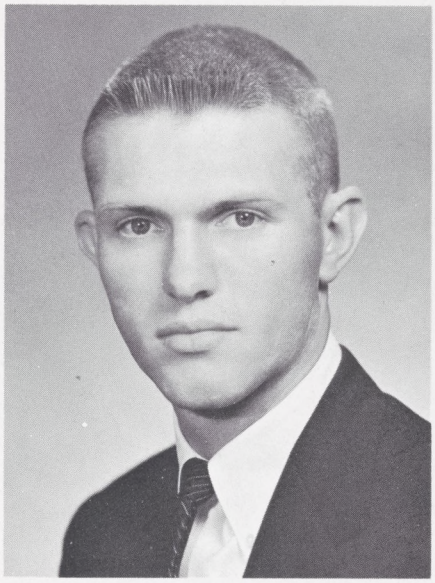


DAVID L. MACKEY II — **Chi Psi**

Newark, Delaware

Choir 2,4; *Buffers* 4; *J.V. Golf* 1; *Squash* 2,3,4; *French Club* 1,2; *S.C.A.* 1,2; *I.R.C.* 2,3.

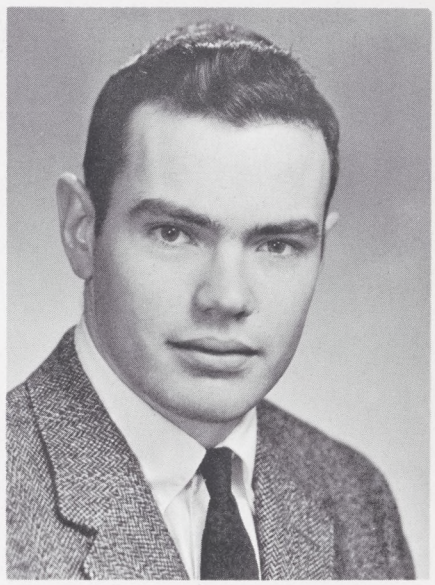
From a sun-bathed Delaware beach to a snow-covered Clinton plateau came he; from Tower Hill to the Ivory Tower on the Hill came he; but came he not alone, for with him were golf clubs, squash and tennis racquets, typewriter, uke, bar-bells, lamps, and an odd hat or two. Ringed with a toilet seat and tortured by the incessant pounding of modern jazz, he beat his barbells on the floor in frustration and moved to the relative security of Carnegie, where he acquired Mackmobile the First. This surrey with the fringed top carried Mack to recognition by the Hill People as one of the privileged few. Some already knew his as the source of ape-like calls, which were no doubt inherited from the Ancient and Mystic Royal Order of Monk; others knew him from Tompkin's wilds, and still others knew him as a progenitor of strange shouts and stray shots issuing from the squash caverns. Mack vows that someday there will be a David Mackey Scholarship for all Eco-Chem majors who turn Pre-med after Spring Vacation of their Senior year.



JAMES DUNCAN MACLENNAN **Lambda Chi Alpha**
Walpole, Massachusetts

French Club 1,2,3,4; *Spanish Club* 2; *I.R.C.* 1,2,3; *Charlatans* 1, *Press Board* 1.

With a "No" on his lips and an eco. book in his hand, smiling "Jamie" as he hates to be called, arrived on the hill determined to lead a life of propriety and sobriety. At the end of his freshman year, however, Jamie crawled out of his cocoon and into the warm womb of the theque. He put in his time there for the next three years and never ceased to amaze us with the choice bits of gossip that he managed to glean in its hallowed. His vast earnings soon enabled him to buy a sumptuous, luxurious '48 Chevy convertible (maximum speed 27 m.p.h.), which he proudly displayed to all the envious masses. Swapping his Eco. book for Madame Bovary and his old Chevy for a less old one, Jamie entered his senior year. Setting up and presiding over the gleaming, automatic, and efficient new LXA kitchen, our noble Steward was heard to say when the members complained "Let them eat chipped beef." Somewhat less innocent now, but still as sober as ever, Jim leaves the hill with the lights of "La Tour d'Eiffel" gleaming in his future.



WILLIAM RONALD MADDEN **Lambda Chi Alpha**
Watertown, New York

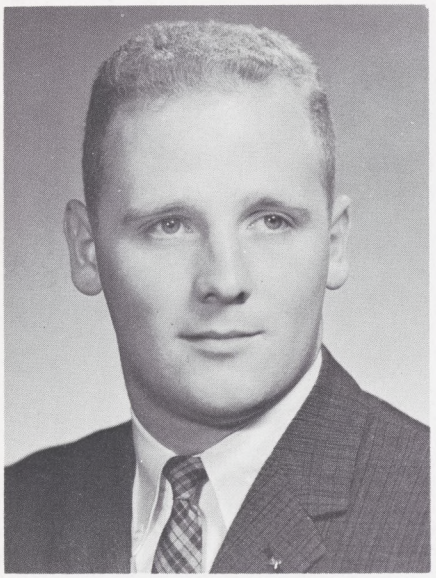
Choir 1,2,3,4; *Buffers* 1,2, *director* 3,4; *Band* 1,2.

Willy has a one track mind. He may be off warbling with the Buffers, typing a psych report, or down in the Lambda Chi kitchen telling his brothers what they are doing wrong, but all the time there is but one thought at the back of his mind. When he was simultaneously fraternity social chairman and house manager, he still had only one general interest. Even in his senior year, when the purchase of a Volkswagon became his apparent obsession, there was always one idea in the back of Willy's mind, and it wasn't cars. For a short time the idea had to do with some blond art student at Buffalo, but for the past few years, a pleasant young lady known as Miss A.T.&T. has been Willy's magnificent obsession. He leaves his uncouth brothers, who at his suggestion now eat dinner by candle light to hide their bad manners, perhaps to take a job, perhaps to attend graduate school, but certainly to get married.

LOUIS A. MANTROM, JR. **Tau Kappa Epsilon**
Glen Gardner, New Jersey

Lacrosse, Asst. Manager 1, *Manager* 2; *Intramural Council* 2,3; *Newman Club* 1,2,3; *Informal Bowling* 1,3,4; *Straight H Club* 2,3,4.

Could anyone actually come from Changewater, New Jersey? During his freshman year, the TKE house did not think this possible. Mantrom was a figment of Kachin's imagination. By the end of his senior year, the TKEs knew differently. Changewater and Mantrom did exist; the TKE bowling team and Tom could attest to that fact, at least. The TKEs never ceased to be amazed at Montrom. A collector of rare manuscripts in Middle dorm, Mantrom had the most amazing group of friends who broadened a large number of TKEs. In his senior year, Mantrom broadened the house by his presence, and especially he broadened his roommate. His roommates will always remember Mantrom for the piles of grapefruit left in their room by irrate hungry TKEs. The other fraternities will remember Mantrom for the bowling scores he rolled against them. The TKE house will remember Mantrom as a delightful person, and will congratulate itself on having found him . . . even though he actually did come from Changewater.



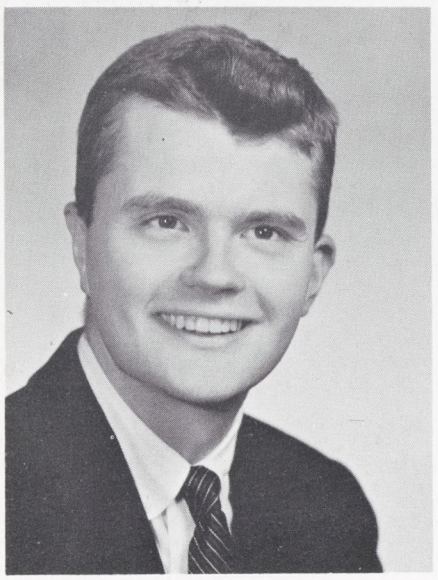
MAL McCLINCHIE **Delta Upsilon**
Maplewood, New Jersey

Football 1; *Track* 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 2,3,4; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Buffers* 1,2,3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4; *S.C.A.* 1,2,3,4; *Press Board* 3,4.

Four years ago, with a bag full of stories and a well-guarded little black book, Mal emerged from his tank hatch bearing fresh scars from wounds received during the campaign of Columbia in 1954. From the first days of rushing, Mal has been the source of many tales even better than 1001 nights. Unfortunately for the athletic department, Mal was the victim of a back injury which kept him from varsity football, but the school's loss was a big gain for the DU fighting six. The track team was more fortunate, and Mal can always claim credit for helping the cindermen to four winning seasons. Mal's golden voice added much to the Buffers, and for many years the air will be filled with the lyric sounds of Stormy Weather. Now the blond idol of many fair maidens is married to his sophomore sweetheart, and the weekly bus to Syracuse runs no more. Next year Mal will go on to Business school, and we know he will be a success.

JOHN WILLIAM McCUTCHEON Emerson Literary Society
Clinton, New York

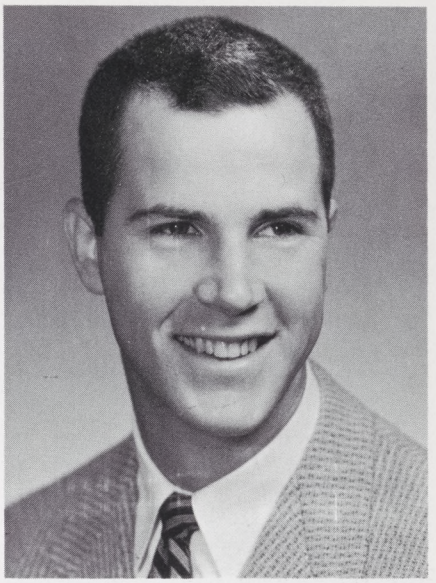
Of all the golden boys, B.M.O.C.'S, etc. that we have encountered on the Hill, one of the most memorable is John McCutcheon. What makes him memorable is that nobody knows who in hell he is. That's what makes him an integral part of the class of 1958. Possibly, nobody cares. But then, neither does Magoo. He is, you see, an undercover agent. From his lair in the wilderness of Fountain Street, this indomitable revolutionary holds forth, sending out his decrees at regular intervals. The sacred state of matrimony has hardly served to hinder his activities. They began in his freshman year—when despite his neophyte position, he organized an eminently successful group of subversives. Despite this success, he soon realized that only through the power of the press could his ideas be most properly circulated. Organizing carefully, he soon had a ready group of disciples who carry on the work of the movement. Neither wind, rain, or occasionally, snow can hinder his couriers. And monetary gain is secondary. Naturally, after all this conquest, the little Tsar looks for new worlds to conquer. He heads West. Illinois is next. Good luck, Illinois.



DAVID KINGSLEY McMILLAN **Tau Kappa Epsilon**
New York, New York

SPECTATOR 1,2,3,4, *News Editor* 2, *Associate Editor* 3,4; *basketball manager* 1.2,3; *Chapel Board* 2,3,4, *Treasurer* 4; *Debate Club* 1,4; *McKinney Prize Speaking Contest winner* 2; *SCA* 1,2,3,4, *Pres.* 4; *WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES* 4; *Pentagon; DT; Chairman, Chapel Board Seminar Committee* 3,4.

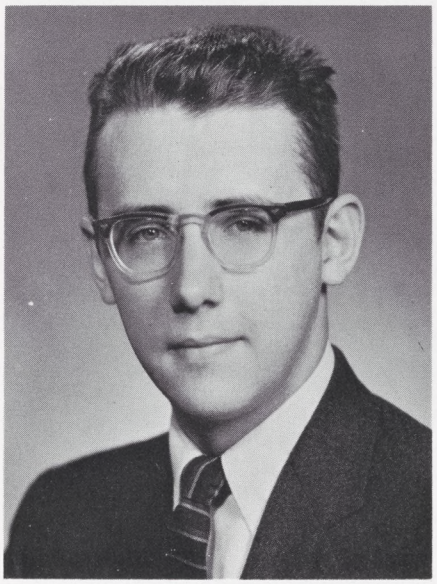
There are those about whom much need be said because little is known prior to the saying. There are also those about whom little need be said because much is already known. Dave falls in the latter category. Known on campus and at the Park by his impressive list of activities and honors, his unsilent political predilections and his somewhat uncertain postgraduate aspirations, Dave leaves the Hill having acquired the beginnings of an education and having fallen victim to the Life Force. The future should find Dave vehement as ever, though perhaps somewhat mellowed with age.



ARTHUR ROSSMAN MELIUS **Emerson Literary Society**
Albany, New York

Pentagon; Was Los, president; D.T.; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES, 3,4; *Student Senate President,* 4; *Chapel Board* 2,3, *Chairman* 4; *Honor Court* 1,2,3,4; *Student Council, secretary* 3; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *S.C.A.* 1, *Outreach Chairman* 2,3,4; *Weslyan Fellowship* 2,3,4; *Campus Fund* 1,2,3,4; *Judiciary committee,* 4; *McKinney Prize Speaking contest, 1st place,* 3; *Clark Prize Speaking Contest,* 4; *Baseball* 1,2,3,4; *Basketball* 1,2.

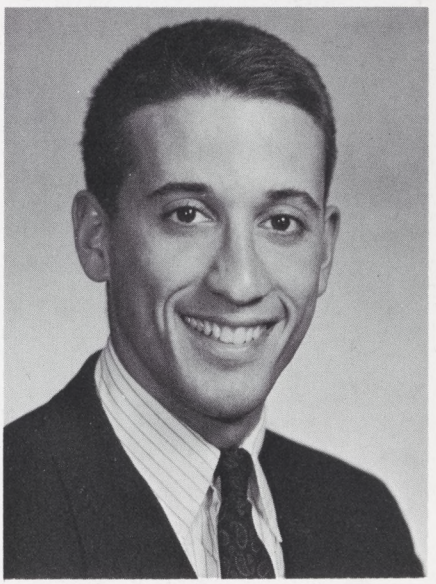
With a catcher's mitt in one hand and a tooth brush in the other Art Melius began his Hamilton College career. He had set his sights high. Armed with a quick tongue and angelic face Art dazzled professors, students, and, oh yes, numeros female hopefuls from points north, south, east, and west. Despite membership in the Book Learning Society, Art stormed to leadership in student affairs. By senior year Art had reached full bloom, and he and Sid were running Hamilton — we include the latter out of pure generosity. Hamilton College — student, professor, aye even trustee — is quick indeed to expound the virtues of Arthur Melius. Ah, but we who know Hamilton's pride and joy smile knowingly.



E. ALLEN MELLEN
Binghamton, New York

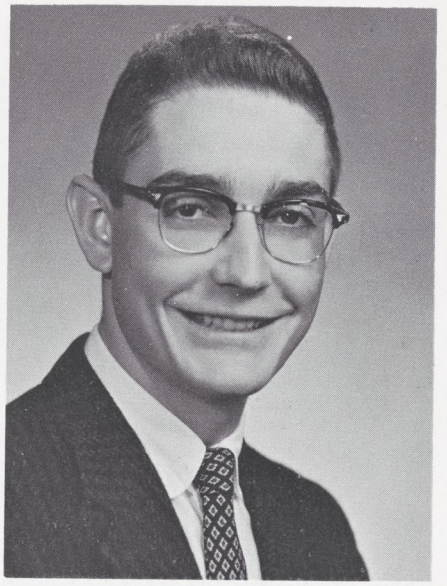
CONTINENTAL 3; *ROYAL GABOON* 3,4; *Tompkins Prize* 4; *Frank Humphrey Ristine Scholarship* 4; *Oren Root Prize Scholarship* 3.

Armed with an almost evangelical zeal, Allen came to Hamilton determined to spread the twin gospels of Mathematics and Gilbert & Sullivan. The forces of darkness withstood his onslaught with amazing ability, and after a year he retreated to the library in order to carry on his fight from an undercover position. He was a prime mover in The Water-fight To End All Water-fights and did admirable service as the intellectual leader of the Terrible Trio. After having copped two mathematics prizes, Allen surprised no one except himself by shifting from Shifty to the Shaft. He explained his defection by gaily tossing off his motto: "I am a mathematician, and mathematicians are inordinately lazy." Armed with a pen he Quixotically tilted at campus windmills from his new found home, the *Royal Gaboon.* As Allen departs for Morningside Heights, he leaves these words of widsom to discouraged undergraduates: "I don't care anymore; all I want is my diploma."



LOUIS F. MILLER **Tau Kappa Epsilon**
Spring Valley, New York

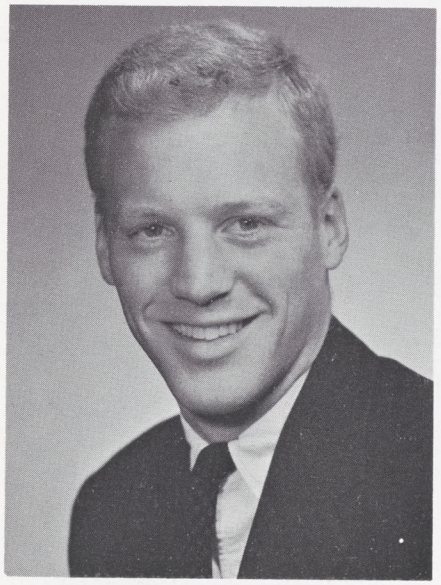
Louis Miller fought the good fight. He came to Hamilton determined that he would not conform. In his freshman year he found the company of Wyckoff, Cramp, and Wullschleger. They would not conform—and he did not conform. But all these departed for various reasons, and Miller was left alone. He fought well during his junior year, and then he met his match. His match was woman. Woman forced the first signs of defeat to show in Miller. The retreat to conformity was in full sway with the opening of the senior year, Miller had a T-bird, and he took part in rushing. Conformity seemed to be triumphing. The apathetic TKE seniors, who all conformed to apathy, were happy to see his conformity. They were happy until they saw him work on the Winter Carnival snow sculpture. This was not conformity —at least in the TKE house—this was work. He has the talent to do many things and to do them well. Hamilton failed to call that talent forth often, but the future may succeed where the college failed. He shall certainly be remembered by Sidney Wertimer and North Dormitory.



ROBERT LEE MILLER **Lambda Chi Alpha**
Elmira, New York

Student Senate (Secretary) 4; *Choir* 1,2,3; *Swimming* 1,2,3 *Co-captain* 4; *SPECTATOR* 2,3,4, *Sports Editor* 4; *Class Secretary-treasurer* 4; *Debate Club* 2,3,4, *Secretary-treasurer* 3; *Delta Sigma Rho president* 4; *Block H Club* 3,4; *Chapel Board* 4; *Student Curriculum Committee* 3; *Fayerweather Prize Scholarship* 1; *McKinney Prize Speaker* 1; *Duell Scholarship in German* 3; *WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES* 4.

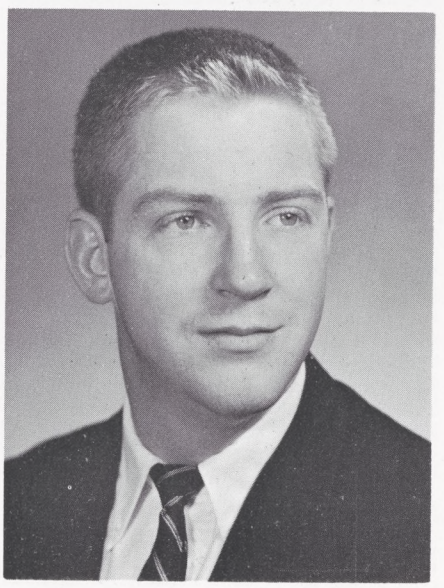
Four years after arriving on this windswept and occasionally snow-covered hill top, pre-med Bob leaves for P&S in New York City armed with just enough science courses to meet the admissions requirements. He found that the German Department offered courses which he liked better, so why spend any more time than absolutely necessary in those infernal labs? Bob left an uneradicable impression on the books of the eating club's secretariat and exchequer. A hard look from the Chancellor had uncanny power to make delinquent brothers pay up. Yet, in spite of all these activities, which often took more time than his studies, Bob easily came through with a very respectable average.



RANLET MINER, JR. **Alpha Delta Phi**
Rochester, New York

Hockey 1,2,4; *Sailing Club* 1; *Student Senate* 4; *Elections Committee* 4.

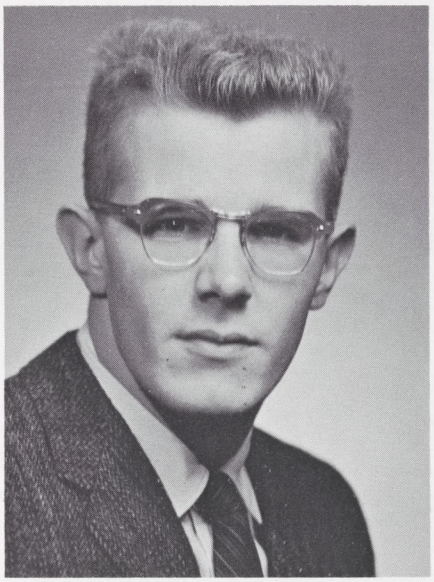
Four years ago Ran left the ivy covered walls of the St. Marks School and arrived at Hamilton with the basic essentials of existence plus a very soft-spoken and pleasing personality. By his senior year he became a very responsible member of his fraternity by holding the offices of Student Senate representative, Social Chairman and last but not least house president. Let it not be said, however, that Ran was all work and no play. For during his first two years he gained the title of "The Answer to the Teenage Praver" from his various associations with the local color or if you will, "Malt Shoppers." This, of course, was all in the interest of a well rounded college education. But Ran learned quickly, and it was not long before one would see him traversing the greener pastures of Wells, Skidmore and occasionally points South in quest of more stimulating company. Now the teenage prayer has passed away and we have in its place the old hound dog, which might be the calm before the storm.



RICHARD ERWIN MOOSE **Emerson Literary Society**
Rome, New York

Choir 1,2,3; *Biology Club* 1,2,3,4; *Monk* 1,2,3,4; *Head Ape* 4; *French Club* 1,2.

One grey September day, four long years ago, a Moose charged from the West across a green Hamilton quadrangle, making himself known to all those who would listen. For a brief moment, this included the football coach. Mooser was saddled with three merciless roommates who tormented him, making his freshman year a frightful one. From his stall on the second floor of South the Moose migrated west to Emerson Hall where the ill-fated brethren of that institution were soon to add his name to that of a long line of kitchen mismanagers. Appropriately enough, this hardened monster was chosen to be the whip. And Mooser was tough—tough as Eugene's mashed potatoes. Despite his seduction by pasteboard wenches, Mooser was a studious fellow who never put off until tomorrow what he could put off until the day after tomorrow. Senior year, Mooser led an arduous existence. Jean had managed to get a ring from Dick and a teaching job in New Hartford. The Moose will be put out to pasture early this summer.

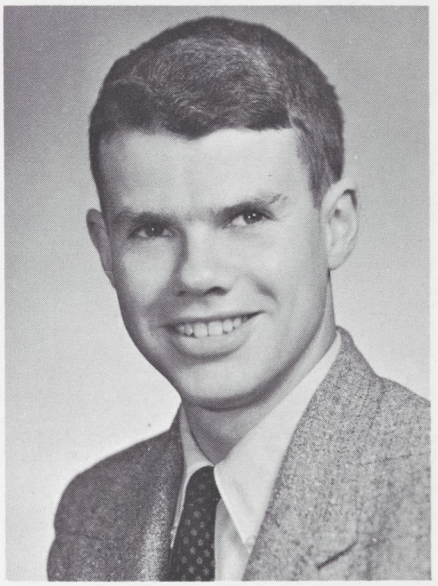


PHILIP C. MOWER **Delta Phi**

Frankfort, New York

Swimming 1,2,3; *French Club* 1,2; *Wesleyan Club* 2,3.

Arriving on the campus with a shock of Mower hairs, Phil campaigned on a platform of "the taller the crew-cut, the more collegiate" and garnered a bid from Delta Phi. He entered his freshman year full of promise as both an athlete and scholar and has shown promise in both these fields ever since. Failing to emerge from a sophomore slump, he turned his energies to the bridge table, where he showed an amazing ability at table talk. Showing an effortless zeal in his position as guardian of Chi's purse strings, he led his brethren fearlessly into financial chaos. Displaying an almost Herculean effort to spend as few weekends as possible on the Hill, he also carried on an eternal struggle with the watery element, churning up the college pool or immersing himself up to the elbows in dishwater. With his sheepskin clutched firmly in one hand, Phil stands on a diving board overlooking the pool of business; his initial jump may find him totally immersed, but he cannot fail to rise to the top.



STEVENSON MUNRO **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Berlin, New Hampshire

I.R.C.; SPECTATOR 1,2,3; *Skiing Club* 1,2,3.

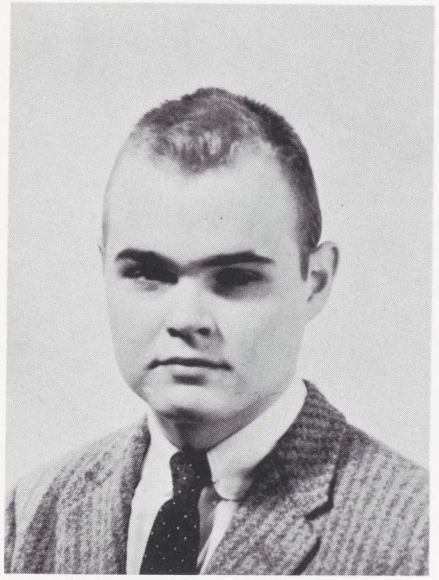
"Where is Steve"? "Why, in Boston, of course"; because Steve, when he is not sleeping, and when he is not cutting classes, is in Boston. He is always "fiddling around" with his car; something is always "busted." He loves to defend the British side in the case of Cyprus when his Greek roommate is around. In the fall there is a general alarm in Root Glen because he has gone hunting. Especially the deer of Maine have a special acquaintance with his flashlights and other equipment for hunting at night. During his senior year he has been seen around campus with his pitiable little dog "Rummy", supposedly a rabbit hound; the dog was also nearsighted. Steve is the perfect example of how to break the law and get away with it (car registrations, hunting licenses, etc.) "The law is made to be broken," is his favorite statement. He was never able, though, to escape the watchful eye of the all-powerful associate dean. His major is economics, but he prefers work in the woods. It seems that he loves everything from Maine, and Maine has forests, if nothing else.

JOHN J. MURPHY **Psi Upsilon**

Albany, New York

Football 1,2,3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Intra-mural council* 3; *Newman Club* 2,3,4; *I.R.C.* 2,3,4.

John hit the quad in 1954 with a five-year diploma from Schuyler High and an honorable discharge from the Arbor Hill Bulldogs, a militant youth organization he might well have described as the Mafia of Albany. Equipped with a modicum of athletic ability and an insatiable appetite for the Nectar of the Gods, he boldly pursued his purpose — to punish the body alternately with football and *debauchié*, while disturbing the mind as little as possible. As he prepares to abandon ship in favor of Newport, John appears to have succeeded admirably. The body looks punished, and the mind seems undisturbed. Yet the years have wrought subtle changes. The dogged efforts of the history department seem to have overbalanced the brain-scrambling efforts of the Buff and Blue braintrust, and John emerges with a curiosity to know. Socially, his tastes have been refined to moss-gathering at T.K.'s Stinger parties. Fraternally he has shown interest, though he seeks a return to the womb of apathy, long-time haven of Psi U seniors.



WILLIAM HOFFMAN MURRAY

Chicago, Illinois

Choir 1,2,3,4, *accompanist* 4; *SPECTATOR* 1,2,3,4, *Circulation Manager* 4; *French Club* 2; *Canterbury Club* 2,3,4, *Vice-President* 4.

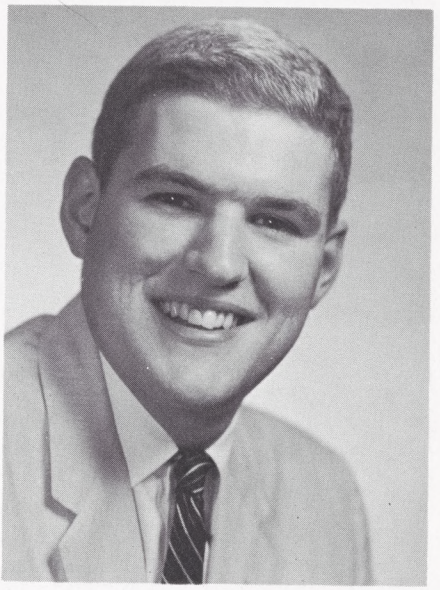
Out of the ghoul-haunted woodland of Chicago came an unexpected sleeping beauty, Wild Bill Murray. This music major virtuoso will go down in Hamilton history with Mendelssohn and Mozart as master of the nickelodeon, harpsichord, and calliope. Many a person has strolled by the chapel, pondering the sonorous, swelling, Byzantine-type sounds emanating from that aeolian cave and wondered whether it was Baldwin, Wertimer, or Murray. Bill would rather have a "Brahms by Moonlight" than a car to replace his old reclining DeSoto. "Qu'est-ce que", as his ex-roomies call him, is a conoisseur of fine pipe smoking and is contemplating a merger of Wally Frank, Ehrlich, and Murry, Ltd. Keeping up with the tradition of the Oneida Indians, Bill can be found sending smoke signals from his campsites at Oneonta, Morrisville, Lake Michigan, and Green Bay, Wis.

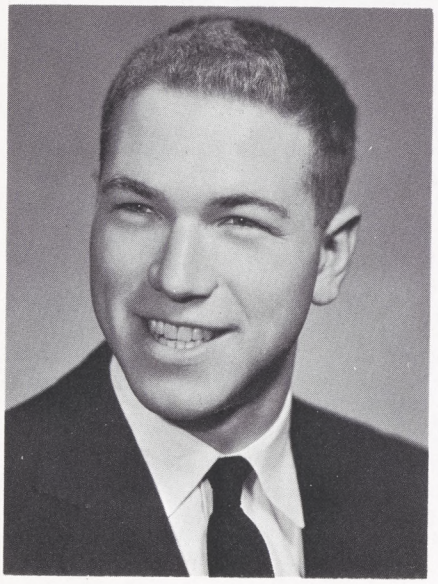
MEAD FREDRICK NORTHROP — Theta Delta Chi

Syracuse, New York

J. V. Basketball 1; *Lacrosse* 2,3; *Biology Club* 2,3,4; *Charlatans* 2.

The Seed bills himself as "Big and Bad", but "Big and Blond" is perhaps more accurate. His case history must be carefully scrutinized, for the changes in his habits and character have been most subtle. We begin in September of 1954. He was potentially a fine basketball player. He emerges as a fine softball pitcher. He arrived a Unitarian, and, as we know, once a Unitarian, always a Unitarian. He came a bachelor, but married Betsy Callahan. He matriculated with a mild interest in politics. With his graduation, Theta Delta Chi will lose a polished orator and a professional mob arouser. He arrived searching for a means of "brief relaxation in times of stress," and during his career he has became the most experienced exponent of "the brief, refreshing afternoon nap." His enthusiasm for hygiene culminated in a glorious two year career as Theta Delt's cleaning lady. He will be fondly remembered for his practical wisdom, his generous friendliness, and his rare but unforgettable "bad nights."



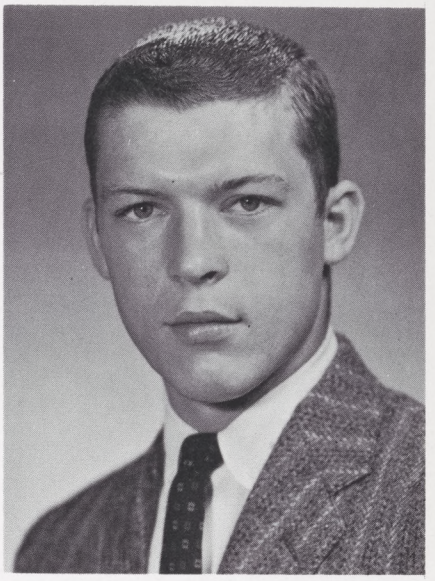


OSCAR RONALD OBERKIRCHER — Chi Psi

Buffalo, New York

Charlatans 1; *S.C.A.* 1; *Choir* 1,2; *Football* 2; *Swimming* 2.

An unidentified object streaked eastward on the Thruway, ran the Westmoreland exit, and screeched to a stop in front of South. When the dust cleared, who should appear but Obey and his tiny motorscooter, who were destined to spend the next two years making record runs between Clinton and Buffalo, and thanks to brief encounters with the postman, patches of ice, etc. between the repairman and the claims adjuster as well. Don Jones and Gene Long caught fleeting glimpses of Obey, but biological courses and cravings soon convinced him that the most desirable weed is not found on the playing field. When Obey moved to the Lodge, the peace and quiet which had always prevailed was shattered completely. Late nights, loud jazz, long weekends, and Canadian ale became the rule rather than the exception. Then Obey switched from 2 wheels to 4, and the marks, etc., began to go down. The next few years will probably find Obey blindly dissecting his way through Buffalo Med — though his hidden ambition is to be a social worker with the Salvation Army.

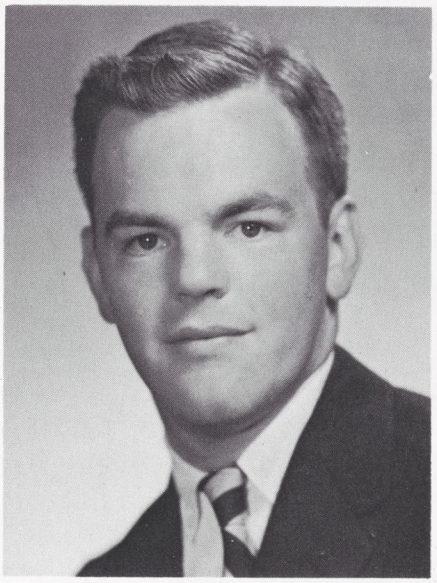


FRANK ANTHONY O'BRIEN — Psi Upsilon

Albany, New York

D. T.; Football 1,2,3,4, *Co-Captain* 4; *Basketball* 1,2,3,4, *Co-Captain* 4; *Baseball* 1; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Newman Club* 1,2,3,4.

Frank came to Hamilton a determined man. Coaches Jones and Patrick had their jobs made easier because of O'bie's presence on their squads. But athletics was not Frank's only forte. He was consistently an honor student. True to the Hamilton tradition, Frank was not just a narrow athlete or a narrow student. He handled himself equally well dining with Wally or carousing in Utica. And the girls at Wells and Skidmore may find life a little duller now that Frank won't be around anymore. During parties, the walls of Psi Upsilon will vibrate less without the booming Irish tenor voice and the dancing feet of O'Bie. However, the brothers of the Psi can find some consolation in the fact that they will no longer be relentlessly persued by a determined treasurer seeking their money. O'Bie is graduating as determined a man as he was when he entered, but now he is armed with a Hamilton degree. Law school and law practice lay ahead for Frank, and with the natural ability that he has, one can only predict success for him.



JOHN ROBERT O'NEILL — Chi Psi

Garden City, New York

Soccer 1,2,3,4; *Choir* 2,3,4; *Charlatans* 2; *Intramural Council* 2; *Block H Club* 2,3,4.

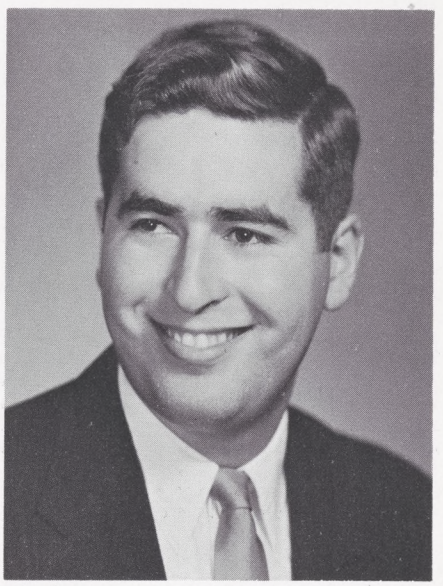
The Long Island Railroad guided this little bundle of naivite from his sea-surrounded home to our unsheltered, mystic Hill, where Oney began the life of the soccer-atic, pausing only to shatter an occasional test tube. Mildly irritated per usual by his academic apathy, he reluctantly decided to crash high honor and calmly achieved this distinction. Fashioning a study arc of borrowed text books, Little Ace poled his way into the waste land of social science where, under the tutelage of Noah, he learned to Lindy with a Smith-Corona. Whilst in the field he encountered the rare phenomenon femina appassionata. Naturally he succumbed to pure intellectual necessity and diligently pursued the significance of monuments in American culture. With a pair of beaten rubbers in one hand and clutch-that ubiquitous brown jacket in the other, Bob leaves the Hill still seeking a definition of business for a Madison Avenue career.

THOMAS RICHARD PARKER — Tau Kappa Epsilon

Yeadon, Pennsylvania

Hamilton Literary Society 3,4; *College Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Literary Board of ROYAL GABOON* 4; *Young Republicans' Club* 3,4; *Secretary* 4; *Charlatans* 1,2,3,4, *Assistant Business Manager* 4; *French Club* 2,3; *American Friends Service Committee Scholarship; Alpha Psi Omega* 4.

Wonder indeed that so slight a figure could be a man of such superlatives. TKE's best social chairman in at least four years; the man who had changed the most in his four years here; the man with the strangest dates ever seen in the house, Parker has managed to wade through four years to the astonishment of everyone including himself. Three times voted "Most Valuable Player" by the Academic Council, our Pennsylvania seedling finally decided that Law School was for him. Arriving here thoroughly innocent and quite deplorable, he professed his desire to find females, at the insistence of his snickering fraternity brothers, and find them he did. Gin Alley Sally arrived, got well acquainted with everybody, and left Poor Richard preaching celibacy. He soon changed his mind however, at the sight of a vision of loveliness named Sascha. His house made him secretary and as a final touch of irony social chairman.

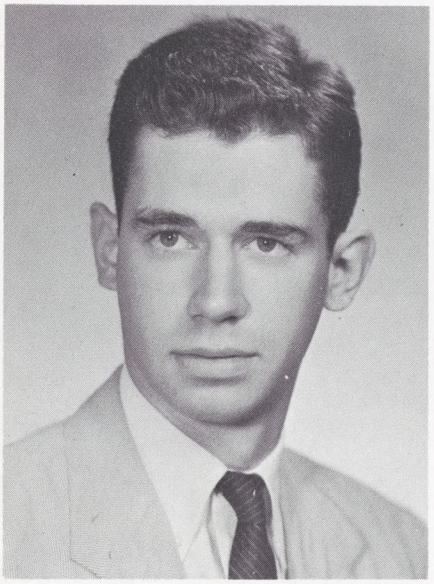


PAUL ERVIN PETERZELL **Squires**

South Orange, New Jersey

Sailing Club 1,2; *I.R.C.* 2,3; *ROYAL GABOON* 3,4; *SUTA* 3,4.

An occasional visitor to our campus, Paul stoutly lived by the mot: "It looks best in the rear-view mirror." Fortunately, for the sake of his sanity, Paul's first two years here were back in the halcyon days when the Student Handbook was funnier than the Funnybook. Perhaps his greatest achievements in college are the records which he set in timed speed trials from here to several other schools — excluding, of course, Syracuse and Cazenovia. However, despite competition from the Tube and the car, Paul successfully developed the fine art of outploying the Philistines. The secret to the art, he feels, is in assiduous study of Parkerism and political science. Aside from his widely-publicised and ill-fated investments in Whiteman's weekends, Paul's behavior became progressively hermitic. Finally and happily stored in the attic of North, he led a double life: solitude during the week, and party on the weekend. Now, euphoric as ever, Paul takes the Big Drive away — into the massive puzzle which he expects to find solved by some mystical process. Truly, he is a metaphysician.

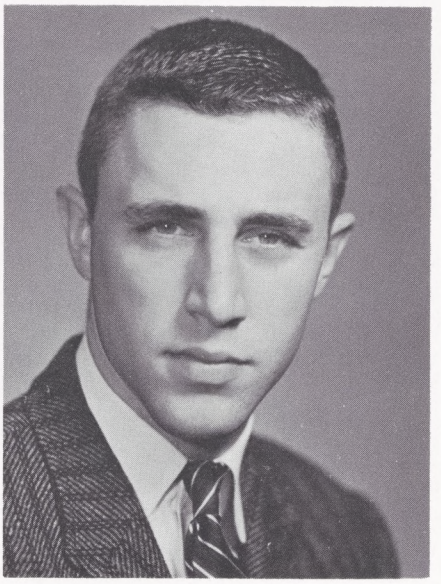


MICHAEL EDWARD PIERCE **Theta Delta Chi**

Chappaqua, New York

Intramural Council 2,3,4, *Pres.* 3; *Nous Onze* 4; *Geology Club* 1,2,3; *Spanish Club* 3; *J. V. Basketball* 1; *SPECTATOR* 1.

"I am a roving gambler. Whenever I meet with a deck of cards, I lay my money down." In the beginning, it was poker and cigars; then it was dice; then casino; then pinochle; then gin rummy; and for a fitting climax, he owned and operated a "slightly unbalanced" roulette wheel. Someone suggested that, as a gift to the college from the seniors, Mike should be sent to Las Vegas with a thousand dollars. But this was the side of Peanuts seen by the many. Peanuts also owned and operated Atlas, Theta Delt's brindle boxer. As sponsor for this noble and gregarious beast, Mike had to fight several bitter battles with the college administration, and the gymnasium workers. During the course of his extra-curricular career, Peanuts held the distinction of being the first intra-mural chairman who was also a member of Nous Onze. But twenty years from today, how many will remember that Michael Pierce was, at one point, the drummer for The International Favorites, the group which immortalized *the* ballad of Oneida County, "Do You Dig John Peele?"

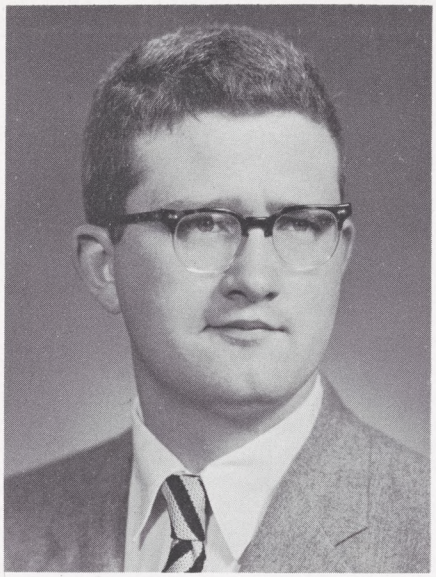


RALPH HUDSON PLUMB, JR. **Sigma Phi**

Buffalo, New York

Hockey 1,2,3; *Lacrosse* 1,2,3; *Block "H" Club* 2,3,4; *Spanish Club* 2,3,4; *Nous Onze* 4.

Untold eons ago, a middling-sized fur-covered carnivore was transported from the wilds of Southern Ontario to be unleashed on the glade and glen. His distinct shambling motion, corresponding to the human walk, was enhanced by the addition of blades to his hind feet (when they were cleatless, that is). Almost everything in sight fell before him as he advanced through Hamster, including a good deal of moss, two toothpicks, a number of alien lacrosse players, and the Hamilton College academic system. When not on the Vassar circuit, Shorty could usually be found in his den, surrounded by the clothes of bygone years and an amount of dried ears. He would be clad, of course, in an inside-out and backwards letter sweater of unknown origin. He was last seen walking with Wayne, headed for Caracas. We could tell he was leaving this time, for a multitude of beauteous young things had ceased to follow him and had slashed their wrists, the 400 had folded, and the keeper of the Lost was weeping inconsolably. He will do well. He always has.

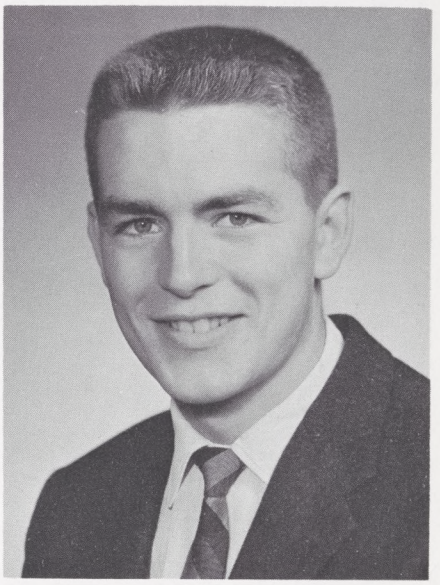


YOUNGER L. POWER

Illion, New York

Band 1,2,3,4; *Biology Club; Wesleyan Fellowship, Sec-Treas.* 3, *Vice Pres.* 4; *SPECTATOR* 2,3.

A smiling face rarely seen on campus from Saturday to Monday was Buds. Throughout his college career on the Hill he managed to have a car which carried him to such far away places as Bucknell, Rochester, and most important, Illion. While on the Hill though Bud worked hard over his chemistry, particularily "phys. chem." He supported the band for four years, was an officer in the Wesleyan group, distributed Spectators, and attended Bio. Club meetings. If anyone ever disliked Commons' food or maybe just food Bud did, but he ate more peanut butter than any other person ever to leave Hamilton. His lanky gait and easy going nature will be missed by those who knew him as he leaves the Hill to go to Syracuse Med. School.



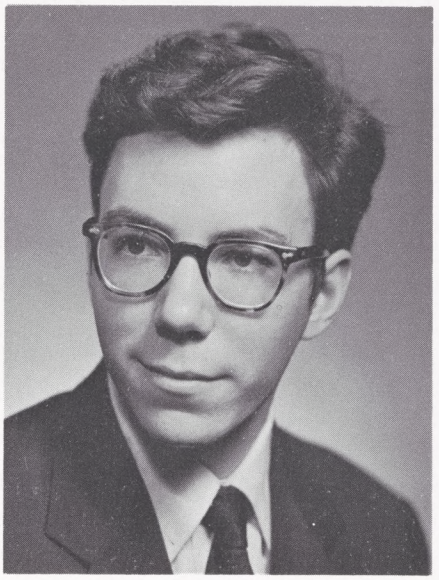
RICHARD PURPLE

Delta Kappa Epsilon

Ilion, New York

Baseball 1,2,3,4; *Basketball* 2,3,4; *Block H; Senior Commencement Speaker, Biology Club Pres.; SPECTATOR* 2,3; *Chapel Board* 3; *McKinny Prize Speaking Contest* 1, *Renwick Prize Scholarship in Biology.*

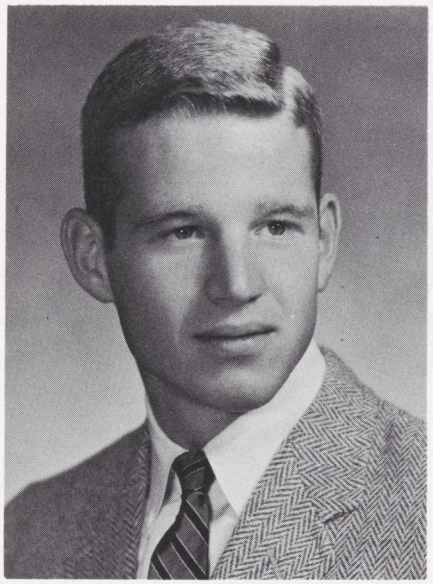
Four years ago, Ilion's straightest arrow arrived at Hamilton with Eagle Scout Badge in hand. Now, four years later, with arrow slightly tarnished, he sets course for Rockefeller Institute as Hamilton's prime biology scholar. The days Rick has spent in the Halls of Tau have been filled with the tide of an evolution. As a lanky freshman, only thoughts of scholarship and athletics filled his head. However, only one year was required for the dormant spirit of degeneracy to awake within him. From the beginning of his sophomore year, no co-ed from Albany to Rochester missed his scruitinizing eye — neither did the contents of her wallet. Mid-week nights in Caz, and lost weekends in Syracuse came to occupy a sizable portion of his schedule. Meanwhile, his marks remained at peak levels. What lies ahead for the valley boy beyond Rockefeller is uncertain, but one certainty remains for him — that of eminence in his chosen field.



MICHAEL RAHM

Princeton, New Jersey

"Little men do big things," is Mike's motto, and he has continually tried to prove his own rule. Early in his Hamilton career, the little chemist learned of the college's espionage network because of his ethereal and incendiary misadventures. Not content with adding to the stress and storm of the physical world, Romulus made a brief excursion into the realm of extra-sensory perception. During his second year, as the driving force behind the Terrible Trio, his contacts with spiritsualism became even more pronounced. In addition to his regular mystical activities, Mike sporadically found time for such diversions as Stirring Up The Animals. As a junior, his affections for Ethel subsided, giving way to Henrietta. Mike's relationship with Henrietta is a classic which stands unparalleled in Hamilton's treasured annals. The Castle that he built to reward her exemplary obedience was acclaimed far and wide as the outstanding example of Collegiate er-Ratic on campus. Finally, though, Otto and Benny combined to drive Rahmnik to his top floor chemical warehouse, where he could be heard declaiming periodically, "Who says all scientists are mad?"



CHRISTIAN MAGELSSEN RAVNDAL Emerson Literary Society

Little Silver, New Jersey

Tennis 1,2,3,4; *Choir* 1,2; *I.R.C.* 3; *Cross Country* 1.

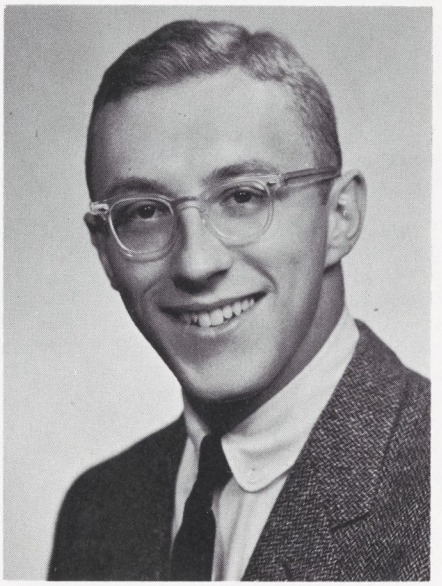
It was a bright afternoon in the fall of 1953. Indian summer and its wonderful lethargy had descended upon the hallowed halls of Emerson. All was quiet, peaceful, and bathed in the golden light of a sun which transcended the baser inclinations of the residents and gave all a feeling of sublime tranquility. Then, with chandelier-rattling suddenness, the silence was broken. A ruddy-faced, red head stood framed in the doorway with a tennis racket under one arm, and a grin which spread over his beaming countenance, and announced that he was a pledge. With this rather distressing information, "Rudy" made his debut in Hamilton society. As may be noted, the dissipates of E. Hall changed the nomenclature of this new apparition. For obvious reasons. But they couldn't change Chris. Hardly. Five long years have passed. Seven roommates and numerous others — from Budapest to Syracuse — have felt the lash of his tongue. Now a new world — necessarily brave — awaits our hero. Will he be corrupted by temporal existence? No. So forward he goes — dismissing an occasionally offered bottle of Utica Club with a broad and thoroughly revolting grin.

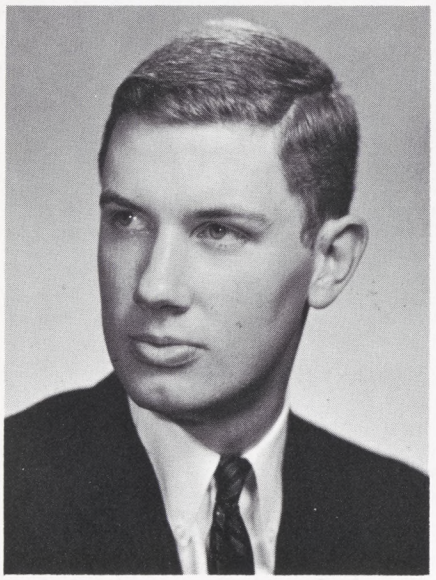
ROGER DAVID REVILLE Theta Delta Chi

Syracuse, New York

Biology Club 2,3,4.

The door of the Theta Delt house swung open and out strolled Roger. He jumped into the big green Mercury and drove away. Where is he going now his fraternity brothers asked themselves? I'm sure he is attending the regular meeting of the Biology club or else our Duncan Hines is eating out in style tonight volunteered an occupant of room No. 6. Could it be that he took his treasurer's books and absconded with our money shouted Tom from the phone booth or do you think he got restless and decided to head East for another four day weekend? In truth, it didn't matter where he was going. To know that Rocky's Travel Bureau was working overtime was good enough for us. But Roger was not all play and no work. Aside from spending time on the road or relishing his usual 12 hours of sleep each night, Roger was able to maintain a very respectable academic average. Next to that, we admired "Mr. Slow and Easy" for his fine principles — no Thumpty Dump animal ever dampened his pure, steadfast, and impecably neat spirit. When his Merc stops in front of Boston Medical School, Roger, in his effortless way will become a doctor.





HASKELL EMERY SMITH RHETT Sigma Phi

Michigan City, Indiana

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES 4; *Pi Delta Epsilon* 4; *Nous Onze* 4; *HAMILTONIAN* 2,3,4; *Editor-in-chief* 4; *Sports Editor* 3; *Publications Board* 4; *Secretary* 4; *Student Admissions Committee* 2,3,4; *Executive Board* 3,4; *Chairman* 4; *SPECTATOR* 1; *Soccer* 1,2,3; *Lacrosse* 2,3; *Cheerleaders* 2,3,4; *Head* 4; *Social Probation Society* 4.

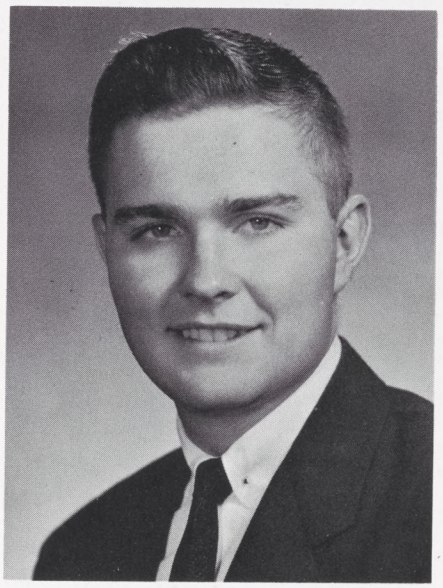
To see Haskell, clean-favored and imperially slim, flawlessly clad, coiffed and scented (one fault: the rose-red *boutonniere* was more often on his chin than in his button-hole), presiding at a Beta cocktail party — this was to realize, in retrospect, the glory that was Sig. For he must be regarded as something of an anachronism. In an age of upstart tastes and fleetwinged fads, he cherished such memorabilia as a vintage Talbot, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and oldtime cheerleading. His seeming indolence deceived. And still the Emu winged his solitary way, Sig's sage and social arbiter, feathered in a motley of moods (not all of them agreeable), warbling pronouncements, to his underlings, shot through with purple patches of Rhettoric. But his tongue will never tarnish.

ROBERT M. RIDDLE **Psi Upsilon**

Chatham, New Jersey

Biology Club 2,3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4; *Young Republicans* 3,4; *Philosophy Club* 4.

After a short stay at the University of Illinois, Bob arrived on the Hill, golf clubs in hand, seeking the advantages of a liberal arts education. After two years of English Composition and four years of French, Bob has suddenly begun to doubt the so called "liberal art" advantages. Bob began his scholastic endeavors as a bio-chemistry major, but after two years he transferred his alegiance to the chemistry department. Then, in his senior year, he dubiously completed the circuit by becoming a philosophy major. During Bob's four years here, his love life has been sporadic to say the least. He proved to everyone that he was human by getting pinned during his senior year, but then in an unrivaled display of humanity, he got unpinned six weeks later. Bob leaves Hamilton, saturated with knowledge obtained from such greats as Balzac and Leconte de Lisle, and heads for whatever he deems most deserving of his talents with the priesthood uppermost in his mind.

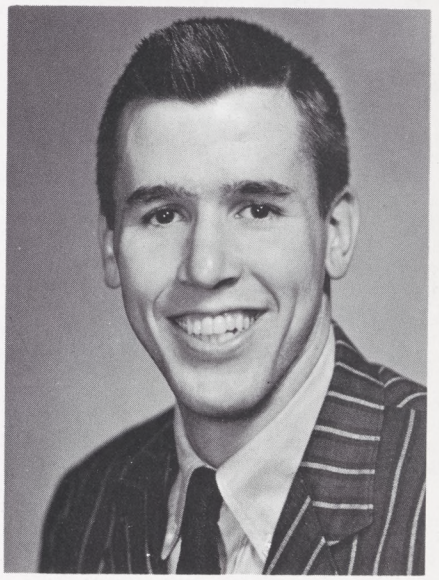


LYNWOOD DAVID SINNAMON, JR. **Emerson Literary Society**

Newburgh, New York

Band 1,2,3,4; *Choir* 1,2,3,4; *Debate Club* 1,2,3,4, *Secretary* 4; *Delta Sigma Rho* 4.

On a bleak night in November of 1955, a dastardly group of modern Phillistnes moved with crafty silence from Room 22 of Emerson Hall. Well they knew that no Delilah could rob their intended victim of his mighty raven locks. Brute force alone could do the job. And, with the cooperation of an electric razor, brute force succeeded in accomplishing the cruel deed. But was our Sampson to lay trampled in the dust for long? Ah, no! He resolutely girded his loins, buckled on the honor of proud disdain and rose to new heights that not even his closest compatriots would have predicted. Believing that the dollar bill is mightier than the sword, he built up a capitalistic empire rivalled by no one. The future will see still further advancement. Armed with perhaps the greatest library of unread books in the history of human intellect, Dynamite moves like an omnious shadow towards Rome. His ultimate goal — to develop the first coke machine carrying earth satelite.

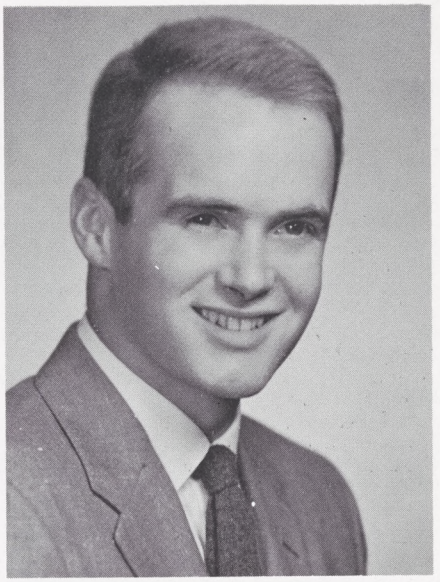


JONATHAN E. SLATER **Theta Delta Chi**

Narberth, Pennsylvania

Charlatans 1,2,3,4; *HAMILTONIAN* 1,2,3,4; *Literary Society* 4; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *Biology Club* 1; *Soccer* 3,4; *J.V. Tennis* 2.

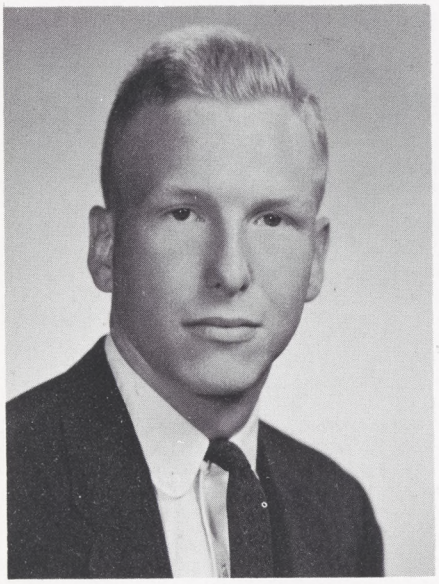
A tall, skinny, black-haired boy in Bermuda shorts stepped across the threshold of the TDX house four years ago, let out a horrid belch, handed one of the brothers his calling card, asked to see the president, and walked out wearing a pledge pin. Jon has always been one to go to the top first and to ask questions later. After taking the count against Rana pipiens, Jon finally licked the science requirement. Uncovering his typewriter and plugging in his reading lamp, he settled into the more relaxing pace set by the English Department. When it came to travel, Jonathan had no peers. He established unbelievable endurance records as he proved to all that the world is indeed becoming smaller. Jon leaves for business school with his first diploma. He never graduated from high school. Then he will, alas, go to work, vote Republican, and enjoy the rights and the indulgences of the rich. Now and then, when he'll be "spoiling for one," he'll uncork the Johnny Walker, gulp down a double or two, and become the eloquent and wonderful Jonathan we now and then knew.



RICHARD B. SLAUGHTER **Delta Kappa Epsilon**
White Plains, New York

Football 1; *Squash* 3,4; *Spanish Club* 1,2; *ROYAL GABOON* 4; *HAMILTONIAN* 4; *International Relations Club* 2,3.

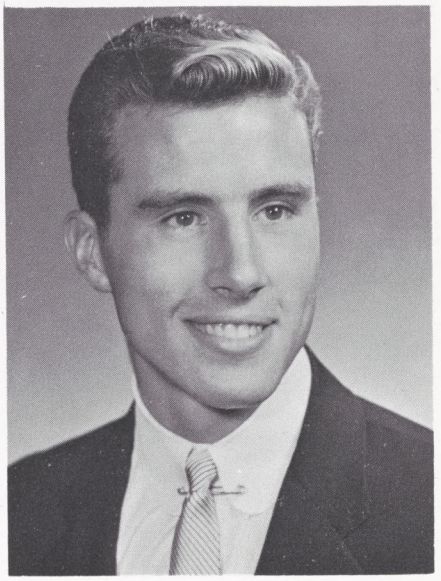
DICK and JANE . . . Football was his first endeavor but it gave way to, "Hi Uncle Henry, your Whyte door is dirty." . . . A constant rise and fall were connected with logical problems that were logically solved . . . Of course, the summer was spent at Hunter's . . . DICK and Jane . . . "Hey guys, I got you fixed up with a couple of queens . . . Yeah . . . And the work increased, he told me so . . . To quarts!? It must be more, she won the prize . . . "I'll never get those papers done, there goes Spring vacation" . . . But Dick, Florida . . . You say modeled for *Playboy* . . . DICK and jane . . . The way I see it we can't make less than $100 a week . . . A-piece . . . No sweat this year, listen to this schedule . . . There goes Christmas . . . Hunting for an educational riddle Don your coat and get your hat . . . I told you Colorado would win. What about Miss A. for Winter Carnival . . . Jane, WHO? . . . But its been two weeks since the last haircut . . . Time to initiate the car . . . O. M. down one at the end of three . . . When I finish this cigarette I'm going to quit . . . Got a cigarette, Ray? . . . We wish you well in public relations . . . DICK.



TIMOTHY HARVEY SMELZER **Alpha Delta Phi**
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Soccer 1,2,3,4, *Co-Captain* 4; *Tennis* 1,2,3,4; *Squash Team* 3,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4, *President* 4; *Biology Club* 2,3; *Campus Fund Drive* 1,2,4; *D.T.; WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES* 4.

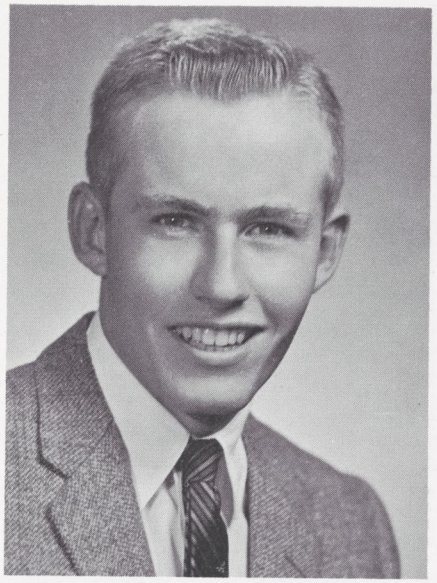
Tim came from metropolis to outpost. Settling down to his first of four years, the Smel quietly accepted his position in South Dormitory. Waiting for the soccer team to get well underway, Smel stepped in during the middle of the season. Sophomore apathy was not at all apparent with Tim, unless running to Wells is indicative. During this year he made a friend whom he kept for the duration of his time at Tech. Regaining his senses during the next-to-last year, Smel was again a starter on both the soccer and tennis teams, undertook a major in English and took his future in Med School seriously. Elected President of the House at the end of his Junior year, Smel thought Europe in order for a little of that cosmopolitan atmosphere which held him in such good stead as Prexy. Entering the final semester with Colombia Med School under the belt, Smel found time to read Ted's Westerns, ski and do Wells on Sunday.



WALTER SMITH **Delta Upsilon**
Westhampton Beach, New York

Football 1,2; *Basketball* 1,2; *Newman Club* 1,2; *Secretary* 3,4.

A tall, good looking, but shy, prelaw student walked into South Dorm four years ago with nothing on his mind but toast and jam. Today the toast and jam are in second place — law is Walt's calling. His keen sense of righteousness gave him cause to find much fault with his contemporaries, but beware believers in evil pastimes, for someday you may be at the mercy of Westhampton Beach's equal to Clarence Darrow. Walt, the Great Afghan, satisfied he had favorably impressed everyone with his athletic prowess, retired from the basketball court and football field to settle down to some serious study. He settled so hard, in fact, that by the end of this year he easily qualified for the Phi Beta Kappa award for improvement. Now, after four years of maturation, Walt is ready to go out into the competitive world of law school — from there, who knows? He's got public service in his veins; maybe someday he'll be governor of New York too.



JOHN F. STANTON — **Delta Phi**

Margate City, New Jersey

Swimming Team 1,2; *Choir* 1,2,3; *SPECTATOR* 2,3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3,4; *Philosophy Club* 4.

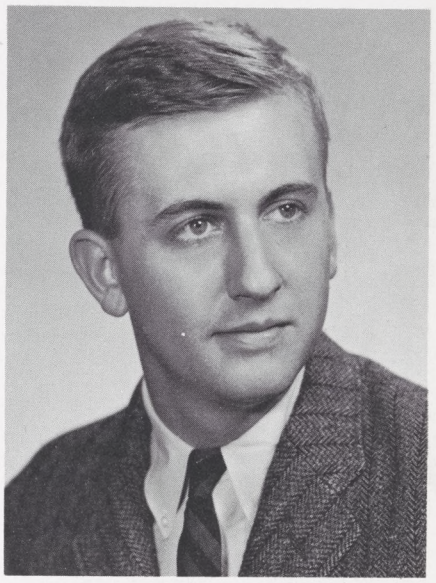
Jack came to the Hill with an unswerving resolve to become a theologian; to this end, he majored in Lit. At the end of his Sophomore year, someone handed him a Block H sweater. Sporadic appearances in sports other than swimming led to the rewards of a crooked finger and a scarred chin. A member of the house's ruling body ever since his Freshman year, he was instrumental in the move down the hill to the Prexy's place. In his Senior year Jack fell heir to the Presidential helm. At periodic intervals he riveted his attention on one young lady. The Newman Club breathes a sigh of relief. Those whom Smilin' Jack leaves behind wonder what repercussions will arise from the questions which he carried back and forth in his intellectual baggage between the Psychology and Philosophy departments. Not knowing what he may have started, our boy marches with militant meekness to assume the funny collar which is the badge of his chosen profession.

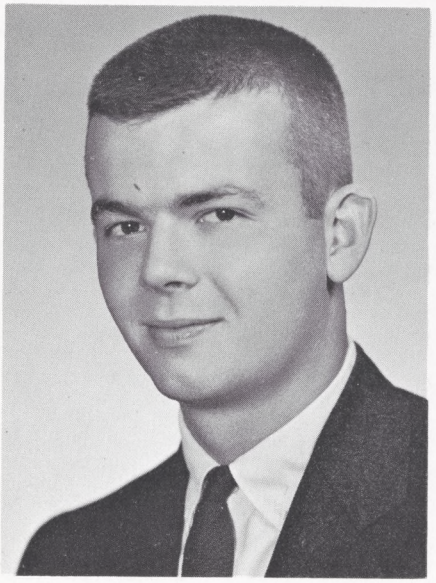
RICHARD E. STEVENS — **Chi Psi**

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

CONTINENTAL Editor; Vice President of Literary Society 4, *Charlatans* 4.

After finally deciding that he was not at Harvard, the ambassador from Woollett swept with a sigh into the socio-academic whirl of Hamster, intent upon dancing out the proverbial answer. Saratoga helped, but our hero's shattered nerves craved the soothing unreality of the Five Womb. Imbued with the fertile atmosphere thereof, Leavings blossomed into a leading light of the literati. Bored with the spirit-life found in teapots, he eventually realized that the Womb environs were better suited for Bacchanalia, and set out to dazzle the peasantry. Consequently, after three years of gastronomical galvanization, he finally met Ralph one March night when things came to a little head. Undaunted, Steeves sneakered his way to the Browsing Room of an eve and, really, what did he say about Francoise Sagan? Having seen the moment of his greatness flicker, Richard winks a tearful eye at the top of the piano and embarks upon a quest for the never-never land of Bohemia-Philistia.



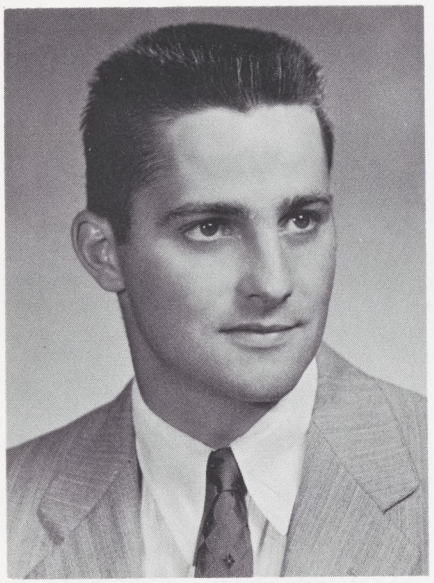


THOMAS CRAIG SUCCOP — **Theta Delta Chi**

Butler, Pennsylvania

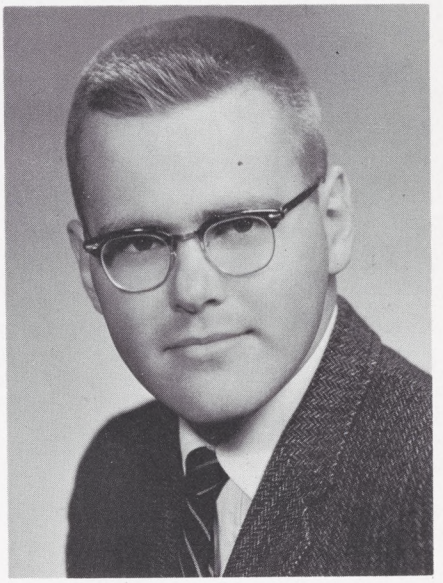
Soccer 1,2,3,4; *Co-captain* 4; *Lacrosse* 1,2,4; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Canterbury Club* 1,2,3; *Squash* 3,4.

"Suck" rolled onto the campus in the fall of 1954 equipped with a new Ford and bag full of soccer balls. In the summer of 1958 he rolled off the campus equipped with another new Ford (this time a convertible), his bag full of soccer balls, to which he had added a lacrosse stick and a squash racket, and a handle of "Tweeker." Being the epitomy of the old cliche that "Still waters run deep" he was never content, but always silent. When he grew tired of preparing notebooks for Dr. Count he threw his bag of balls over his shoulder and headed for the soccer fields and Chip Hunter. And in the winter and spring when the banks of the Hudson and the Connecticut were not beckoning he found time for a little squash and lacrosse. No one knows where the convertible will be in the future, but intimates would be no more surprised to find it on the Champs Elysees in Paris or Main Street in Butler, for Big Tom travels as he acts — swift, silent, and serene.



ARNOLD VICTOR TALENTINO — Delta Upsilon
Oneida, New York

Emerging from a bin of home-grown onions, the DU phantom screwed his noble Piedmontese features into an expression of rugged individualism, threw his lunch bag into the truck, gunned it eastward from Oneida, and, with a brief detour to RPI arrived in plenty of time for first period class. Following his morning gambol through the Groves of Academe, and then a light lunch — his patrician palate rejected all of Dorothy's noontime fantasias — he would scare up a squash partner, or else retire for a mystery-shrouded hour in the library. And as the evening shadows lengthened, he would hop back into his trusty truck and hurry home to sweep out the vestry, play *boggi* with Carmen Basilio, or compete for household supremacy with the Queen of Rock 'n' Roll. When he threw aside his slide-rule and his diplomatic pouch, he became the darling of the Philosophy and English departments. Thus encouraged, he broke into fiction with a brand of hairy-chested realism that caused consternation in certain quarters (Bobo: "Talentino, why don't you write something pleasant?)"



JAMES E. TAYLOR — Lambda Chi Alpha
Vestal, New York

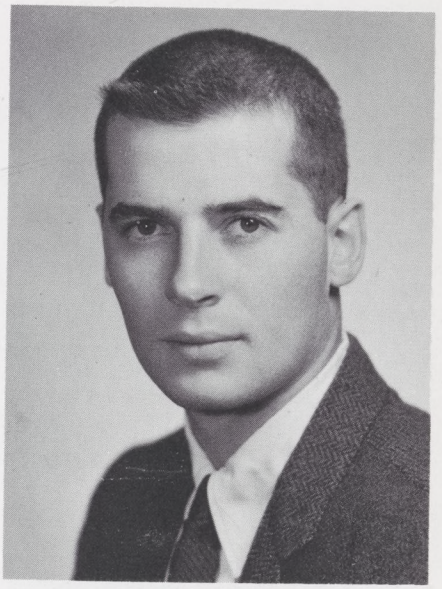
Interfraternity Council 3.

Once upon a time there was a bear who wandered from his mountain retreat to the zoo on the hill. Here he met an owl, a snipe, a penguin, a grub, and later a halfdozen moles. Unpacking his leather jacket, he decided to stay. It was a quiet, happy place, a good place to sleep in the winter. The bear made the most of its advantages. Emerging from his den to go to classes, he made Honor early in his career. Finding no other animals in this group, he retreated. After three long years and a career as treasurer of his club, a motorcyclist and a driver of many cars, the bear returned to his native mountains to work. But the urge for education was strong — Plato and chemistry were calling. So he came back for one last try. He was casually successful. And so children, there is a happy ending. The bear is now humanized and knows himself. He has found a mate, traded his leather jacket for black flannel, and drives a sedate car. He leaves with an attitude somewhere between Marlon Brando and Mr. Chips to seek happiness, truth, and a more comfortable den.

WILLIAM KENT-MILLER TENNANT — Theta Delta Chi
Summit, New Jersey

Charlatans 1,2, *Business Manager* 3, *Director* 4; *Alpha Psi Omega* 3, *President* 4; *French Club* 1,2; *Young Republican's Club* 3, *President* 4; *I.R.C.* 2.

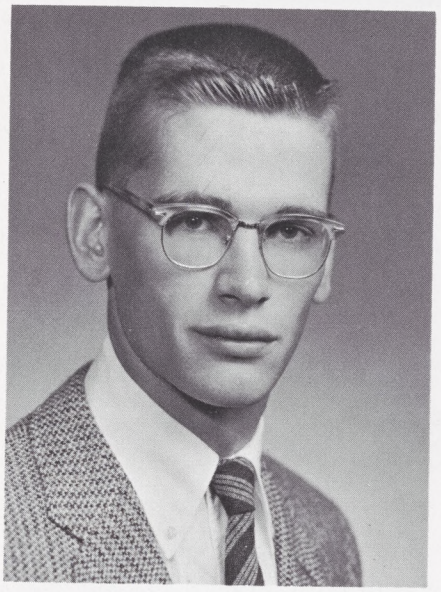
Willy arrived on campus four years ago loaded down with a racoon coat and many "Roaring Twenties" records. From that time on, Hamilton felt the effect of his presence in many organizations. Although he and Mrs. Tolles got Ike elected in 1956, Bill's chief accomplishment was his direction of many outstanding Charlatan's productions. Bill has always had a fondness for wild parties, trips to Florida and Chazy, Katie and "Their Baby." Actually there was only one pastime which Bill didn't enjoy — Work. At the beginning of every semester he would swear on a stack of U.S. Steel placards that he would keep up on his work. But, somehow that evil Oldsmobile always managed to lead him astray. Then at the middle of the semester, he would suddenly disappear into the inner chamber of his rooms for three or four days to finish all of his papers and readings for another month or so. A hedonist at heart, Bill has always tried to get the best out of life.



PHILLIPS THORP — Sigma Phi

Westfield, New Jersey

Early in the fall of '54, Westfield's answer to Wild Bill Davison swaggered onto the glade and glen with his Exeter sweater and a significant thirst for Scotch. Eminence, hard sought after on the blades, has taken some of his time, but his hockey career was cut short this year, and he has taken out all his frustrations on Nous Onze members. His love for math has not detracted from an otherwise ambitious personality which has led to such adventures as the "Cazenovia Crime." The Beta will miss he who seeks the quiet life and a garden filled with Heather.

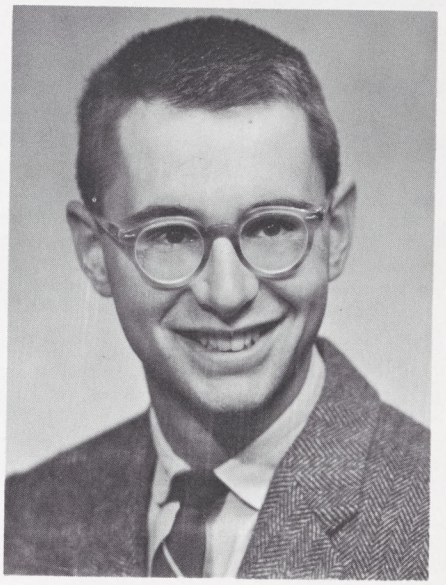


HENRY VON WODTKE — Lambda Chi Alpha

Hamburg, New York

International Relations Club 2,3,4; *Debate Club* 1,2,3,4.

Wandering out of the suburbs to Hamilton, Henry first discovered Elihu Root and then classes. While attending the latter, he decided to emulate the former. He wrote, studied, debated, traveled, skied, drank, and ate. This was all done in collegiate style (adequately but not well). He never did learn to spell. His political philosophy, borrowed from Bismarck and Machiavelli, was used to guide Lambda Chi through a dull year. He is probably the only student more conservative than Sandy. Of course, there were periodic attempts to "urbanize" him, but like a true conservative, he refused to eat raw liver. Further attempts in Poughkeepsie were hastily rebuffed, and Henry ran back to the hill — chaste and sober. But the fellow has a charm — a bit of old Europe in his manner — a sense of honor — a quick hand on the gavel — and a spark of hope for the future. He will succeed in a world where these qualities are needed.

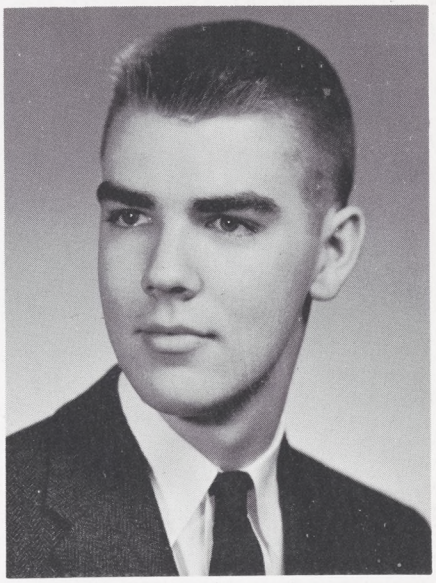


JEREMY ABBOTT WALSH — Emerson Literary Society

Scarsdale, New York

Choir 1,2,3,4; *Buffers* 4; *Brass Choir* 4; *Golf* 1,2,3,4; *Charlatans* 1,2; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Student Senate* 4, *Band* 1,2,3,4.

An unmoving lump deep in the valley of the living pad opens an eye and peers out at the hostile environment. With a superhuman effort he smashes onward and upward into a sitting position, and lo, the day has commenced for the Toy Person, if and only if the subtle hand of morpheus doesn't drag him once again into the depthless grotto of the great cloth womb. But once the rimmed one is mobile, he is a formidable asset to the E. Hall creative few. Armed with a snow axe and camel hair he hews the great mound, preserves Lucik for posterity, or erects another "not quite" display. Besides his artistic sensitivity, he has for four years wielded a mighty towel in the galley of crash, but wasn't Moses "en retard" also? Known for his sane eating tempos while the remainder of the house harvests ulcers, he has been unfairly branded an old man. But with King Farouk's original 2 wood, he takes to the links, exhibiting both his youth and his ability to support the Jones boys by defeating opponents who can see the flag. He leaves us for Eli's drafting salon.

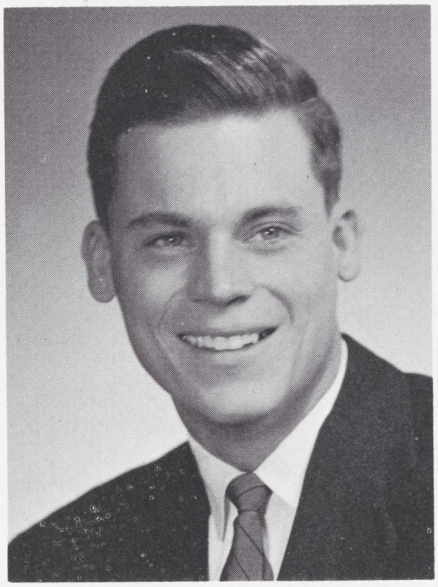


BRENT M. WEDDING — **Lambda Chi Alpha**

Walnut, Illinois

Band 1,2,3,4.

Brent was at Hamilton only a few days when eager Lambda Chi's tried a pledge pin on him, desiring, they said, "to see how it looks," and the next thing he knew someone congratulated him for having accepted. But Brent, or Tiger as his new brothers called him, did not mind. A naive country boy, he was glad to make friends in what seemed a strange, sinful environment. With the fraternity problem solved, Tiger proceeded to establish himself with a superior acdemic record by taking science courses and avoiding, when possible, the liberal arts. Although quiet and shy in appearance, Tiger's great love was noise. He ran extracurricular chem experiments which usually climaxed with a bang. Junior year he discovered that he could make bigger and better noise with Hi-Fi equipment, and soon he had built the loudest outfit in the House. Impressed by the fine bombs which physicists have made in recent years, Tiger has decided to do graduate work in physics. He will probably design the rocket which blasts the first man to Mars.

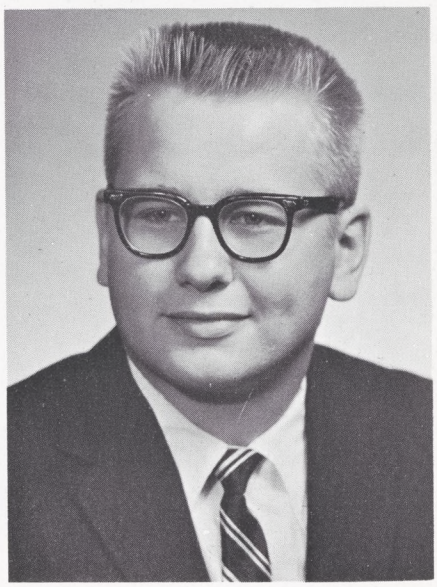


PERRY LEWIS WEED — **Alpha Delta Phi**

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Track 1,2,3; *Campus Fund* 1,2; *Sailing Club* 1,2; *Cheerleading* 2; *Block H Club* 1,2,3,4; *Apathy* 4.

In leaving this minute but ivory-towered monastery, "Luke" cannot honestly say he has lost much sleep here; he was a constant occupant of the nearest couch or bed for seemingly interminable periods of time. A sheltered background coupled with the strong ambition to be a first-rate lawyer kept Perry diligently at his books — when not in the pad. However, senior year rolled around and certain diversions in Elmira and Utica, to cite the most interesting, changed his views on the best things in life. Consequently, our steward emeritus disappeared mysteriously at odd times during the week, only to return smiling and contented, with eyes reddened and full of wonder. The Seaway's answer to John Henry was the first of AD's class of '58 to lose his pin; he was also the first to get it back. The Black Weed reigned in the AD kitchen for two years, during which time he became proficient enough a book-keeper to keep both the house and himself in the black.

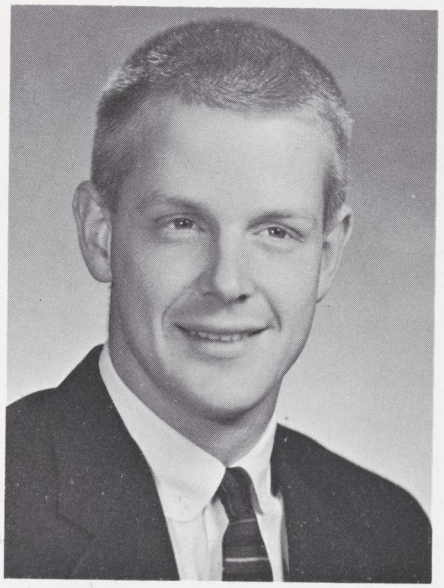


BENJAMIN JOHN WERNER — **Theta Delta Chi**

Hamburg, New York

Baseball 2,3,4; *Basketball* 1; *Neuman Club* 3; *Nonentigon* 4.

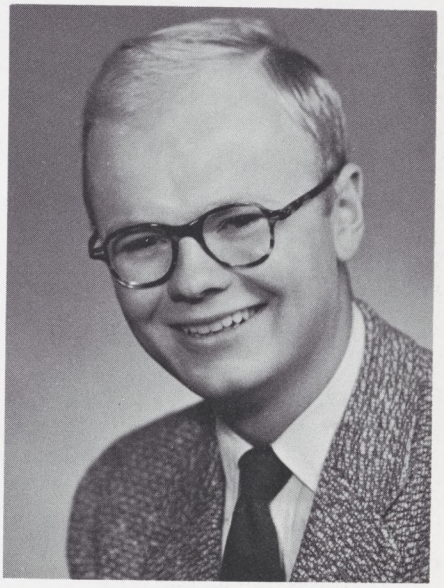
T'was initiation night, the brothers, were tight, and Hootie B took it upon himself to climb up a long, tall tree, where he remained for an hour or so to think things over. But that was four years ago. Blond, silent Ben has long since climbed down the long, tall tree, and has established himself as a unique personality sartorially, athletically, musically, academically, and alcoholically. Hootie was never improperty dressed for anything. He always wore a hat, inside or outside. He did pitch a few seasons for the baseball team, but even with the combination of a Don Larsen motion and the flawless fielding of three vintage infields, he never managed to throw a perfect game. His consummate artistry as a pianist will never be forgotten. As a student he never hit his stride until his senior year, when he made a recovery which will become a legend in the math department. May it forever stand in print that Ben Werner was not a problem drinker. The waistline which seemed to expand annually until the fall of Hootie's senior year was merely an unfortunate change in styles.



G. B. WINTHROP, III — **Delta Kappa Epsilon**

Scarsdale, New York

Grenville B. Winthrop, III arrived at Hamilton with trumpet and hepititis, insisting his name was Pete. A few of his classmates remember that bewildering first day of college when all tension was eased on the first floor of Carnegie by strains of "The Saints Go Marching In" (Upon future investigation they found Pete seated in the bathroom stamping his foot away while blowing his trumpet.) The trumpet was soon to become infamous both in the dormitory and at football games. Upon joining Delta Kappa Epsilon he informed brothers and pledges that he could neither drink nor eat greasy foods due to his hepititis. However, after four years he still looked healthy surviving twelve houseparties and three cooks. His freshman and sophomore years were spent searching the Northeast in vain for a woman whose spiritual and mental gifts were compatible with his own. Finally his diligence was rewarded; such a person was found in Quebec. However, there arose a basis disagreement and after months of concentrated thought, Pete decided his children were not going to Notre Dame. The summer of his Junior Year he travelled abroad and soon forgot the Miss from Montreal.



LEE G. WOLCOTT — **Lambda Chi Alpha**

Big Flats, New York

When Wools embarked upon the great voyage of discovery, he was armed with a slide rule, a set of math tables, and an enormous capacity for irrelevant ideas. For his fearless and ingeneous efforts in the water fights of North, Wools was acclaimed by the Alumni Review. Not content with one victory, he went on to bigger things — a Cadillac, pizza, and flicks. In the classroom his magic sliderule deftly exposed the esoteric intricacies of physics and math. Finally, Wools wearied of the cycle of sack and back, so he left to shed a little of that excess ivory. Unfortunately, his golden locks proved less tenacious than the ivy, and Wools returned to become really polished. With pencil in hand he vanished into the mysteries of expository writing, finally emerging with a neatly bound analysis of his experiences, "Sleep in the Afternoon." He became interested in rats and positive reinforcement, emerging from the Psych lab with a diploma in on hand and a jar of pellets in the other. A charter member of the five-year club finally leaves Hamilton and emerges into a brave new world.

PETER ELLIOTT WORMUTH — **Delta Upsilon**

Seneca Falls, New York

Football 1,2, *Spanish Club* 1; *I.R.C.* 2.

Grammarian, sectional champ, blasphemer, mystic, and lover, a man who is tight-lipped and introspective even among private inner vision. Following the classic pre-engineering pattern, he waded into history's choppy waters, and spent his major concentration scuttling every one of Spooly's hopes. With a stoic shrug more eloquent than a thousand words, he gave himself up to a life of wholesale debauchery, high-lighted by an unnatural relationship with a Great Dane bitch ("you always hurt the one you love") with time out for Honey, Jean, and a host of other trembling neophytes who were duly initiated into the cult of Astarte. And so he goes from us, his mystery still intact, leaving a legacy of disturbing souvenirs, and one particularly etched upon DU's collective memory — Peter at the party's height, drink in hand, his half-turn neatly executed on quasi-tip-toe, his wildly lustrous eyes, his loosely wired jaw, and then that sporting invitation — "Wanna step outside?"

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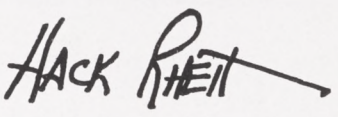
editor's note

Too much has already been said about the purpose of a yearbook. The main purpose of such a publication is to record the events and organizations contained in one year of college life. The importance of maintaining this record is obvious. One of my predecessors once remarked that "a yearbook is like an advertisement. As an advertisement invites the reader to buy, so a yearbook invites the reader to remember." A yearbook also invites the editor into alternating flights of possessive rhetoric and fits of mental wrist-slashing, both of which I shall attempt to avoid here.

Just as important to the editor as the record of events is the manner in which the record is presented. One can easily see that in this manner of presentation, or format, this HAMILTONIAN differs a great deal from its ancestors. This was the year that the yearbook staff decided to break from a formalized pattern that had descended down through several preceding books. Instead of the rigidity of tradition, we sought originality and informality. Whole sections were revamped and new techniques employed. As is the case with most innovators, we often had to make up our own rules. Where we have erred, we have erred on the side of studied informality. The success of the venture lives in the fact that the dynamic nature of the format will provide a forceful, unified, and personal reporting of the college year.

Thanks are due to many who have helped this undertaking. The staff of the book worked long, and, for the most part, well. Next year's editor, Ken Burke, will inherit a capable crew. Tim Hyde, the Director of Public Relations, proved invaluable, and his aid and advice saved more than one day. Bill Pritchard, the College Photographer, gave us a high quality of camera work and much of his valuable time. Hank O'Neill, of our publishing firm, was always ready to help us in hours of peril. Ray Gallman, who took the senior pictures, saved us many days with his careful and prompt work. Our sage advisor emeritus, Tom Johnston, controlled the entire operation with a remarkable steady hand. Terry Meyer, controlling the student lensmen, did a good job in an all-important post, aided by non-staffers such as Bill Schumann, who took many of our pictures, and Josh Kessler, who spent many long hours in the darkroom. Finally, I would like to express my appreciation of the labors of two students: Newland Smith, who did a beautiful job of typing the senior section, and Doc Jordon, who dropped everything to turn out some very fine sports stories. That's about all—it's closing time.



congratulations and best wishes for success
to the graduates . . .

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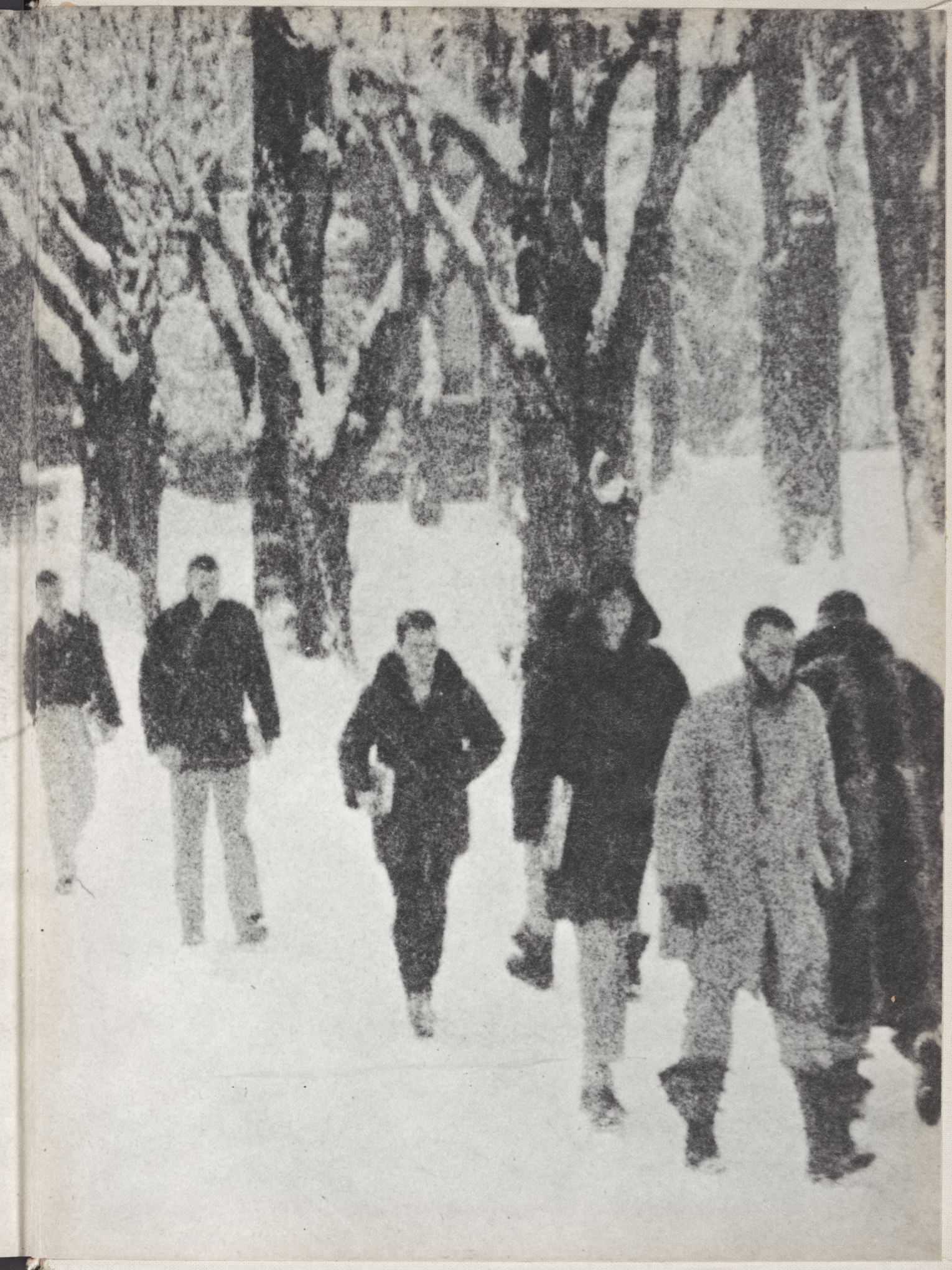
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